MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#345

FEBRUARY 2012
$4 US/CAN

SEX BOMB BABY
STRONG
WINE
KILL
SILLA ELECTRICA
DEL GRADO
ROYAL HEADACHE
CRAZY SPIRIT
CONDOMINIUM
RANK/XEROX
ISTERISMO
TOTAL CONTROL
"OUR ARTWORK SUCKS!!"
AVON DIES
SHOPPERS
BRAIN F≠
DESPERAT
INSERVIBLES
THE LOWEST FORM
HYSTRALCIS

2011 YEAR END TOP TENS!!

PLUS! BIG EYES, DAVE KING, TERRIBLE FEELINGS, ZERO PROGRESS TOUR DIARY VOL.2 THE UNRULED, RAPID LOSS & MORE!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- SPEED KILLS-Como O Fogo-EP
- MARIA-T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL-EP
- BROWN SUGAR-LP and EP
- LONG PIGS-EP / WARNING//WARNING-LP
- HYSTERICS-EP / POL POT-LP
- G.A.S.H./CLEANSING WAVE-split EP
- BLACK AND WHITE-Mortal Sin/World War 3-45
- FORCED LAUGH-Live At Club Anthrax-EP
- BITTER AMERICAN-Infinite Tick-EP
- DISPLEASURE / REPLICA / YADOKAI-live

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE-Cockroaches-LP
- BASTARD NOISE-Skulldozer-LP
- CRIATURAS-Oscuridad Eterna-LP
- BROWN SUGAR-LP and EP
- LONG PIGS-EP / WARNING//WARNING-LP
- MARIA-T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL-EP
- REASON FOR HATE-Why?-EP
- HYSTERICS-Arm Candy-EP
- PIG HEART TRANSPLANT-Weapon/Gut...-45
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-live

TIM BROOKS

- HEAVY TIMES-Jacker-LP
- CRIATURAS-Oscuridad Eterna-LP
- RADAR EYES-Miracle/Me And My Dogs-45
- NO COMMENT-Downsided-EP
- LOVE TRIANGLE-Boomerang Girl/Quick...-45
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-2xLP
- WHITE CRIME-End Of Change-EP
- WAX IDOLS-No Future-LP
- MANIC DEPRESSIVES/0:30 SECOND FLASH-split 12"
- YOUNG GOVERNOR-Where It's Quiet-10"

MITCH CARDWELL

- LOS LLAMARADA-Gone Gone Cold-LP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-2xLP
- BLACK AND WHITE-Mortal Sin/World War 3-45
- FRUSTRATIONS-Negative Reflections-LP
- IMPEDIMENTS-Broken Hits-LP
- CHOSEN FEW-Jokes On Us-LP
- GRUBERGER BROTHERS-Greetings From...-LP
- MANIC DEPRESSIVES/0:30 SECOND FLASH-split 12"
- CYCLOPS-Cyclops-EP
- ARMITAGE SHANKS-All Cisterns Go!-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- BASTARD NOISE-Skulldozer-LP
- YADOKAI-live
- BROWN SUGAR-LP and EP
- WARNING//WARNING-There's Nothing Left-LP
- CRIATURAS-Oscuridad Eterna-LP
- PIG HEART TRANSPLANT-Weapon/Gut...-45
- CYCLOPS-Cyclops-EP
- BLACK AND WHITE-Mortal Sin/World War 3-45
- LOS CAIDOS-demo / METH SORES-demo
- RAJAT-demo / IMPATIENCE-demo

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- BLACK AND WHITE-Mortal Sin/World War 3-45
- SONIC AVENUES-Television Youth-CD
- ARMITAGE SHANKS-All Cisterns Go!-EP
- HEAVY TIMES-Jacker-LP
- WAX IDOLS-No Future-LP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-2xLP
- FRUSTRATIONS-Negative Reflections-LP
- TERRY MALTS-live
- YOUNG GOVERNOR-Where It's Quiet-10"
- SKITSYSTEM-Beväpna Er-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- HYSTERICS-Arm Candy-EP
- MARIA-T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL-EP
- FORCED LAUGH-Live at Club Anthrax-EP
- SCEPTRES-Childsplay/Job Centre Plus-EP
- READING RAINBOW/SUPER WILD HORSES-split EP
- TY SEGALL-Singles 2007-2010-2xLP
- BLACK AND WHITE-Mortal Sin/World War 3-45
- CYCLOPS-Cyclops-EP
- WAX IDOLS-No Future-LP / LOVE TRIANGLE-EP
- BROWN SUGAR-LP /TERRIBLE FEELINGS-EP

DAN GOETZ

" I went to your schools, I went to your churches, I went to your institutional learning facilities"

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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

- STEVEN ADAMYK BAND-Forever Won't Wait-LP
- FUTURE VIRGINS-Western Problems-LP
- MANDATES-Take You To The Dance-EP
- TERRIBLE FEELINGS-EP / EROTIC DEVICES-EP
- MANIC DEPRESSIVES/0:30 SECOND FLASH-split 12"
- NO QUALMS-EP / HIGH SOCIETY-EP
- WHITE CRIME-End Of Change-EP
- VENGEANCE-Are A Bunch Of PC Wimps-EP
- NO COMMENT-Downsided-EP
- REASON OF INSANITY-Violence-10"

KENNY KAOS

- THE PIZZAS-We Don't Have To Do Anything...EP
- THE ILLS-I Kill Me-EP
- MANIC DEPRESSIVES/0:30 SECOND FLASH-split 12"
- ARMITAGE SHANKS-All Cisterns Go!-EP
- BLACK AND WHITE-Mortal Sin/World War 3-45
- V/A-Portland Mutant Party-EP
- READING RAINBOW/SUPER WILD HORSES-split EP
- THE CRAZY SQUEEZE-Gimmie A Kiss/I Need...-45
- COMPLAINTS-Falling Down-EP
- THE MAXINES-Queer Mods-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- NO FUNERAL-12" / HEAVY TIMES-LP
- READING RAINBOW/SUPER WILD HORSES-split EP
- MAGNETIX-CD / CYCLOPS-EP
- THE ILLS-I Kill Me-EP
- ARMITAGE SHANKS-All Cisterns Go!-EP
- THE CHOSEN FEW-The Joke's On Us-LP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-2xLP
- TY SEGALL-Singles 2007-2010-2xLP
- MANIC DEPRESSIVES/0:30 SECOND FLASH-split 12"
- TAV FALCO AND HIS UNAPPROACHABLE PANTER BURNS-live

RAY LUJAN

- CIGARETTE CROSSFIRE-LP / COMPLAINTS-EP
- THE CRAZY SQUEEZE-Gimmie A Kiss/I Need...-45
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-2xLP
- FACTORY MINDS-CD / HEAVY TIMES-LP
- IMPEDIMENTS-LP / THE MIGHTY FINE-CD
- THE NATURE-Allting Blir OK-EP
- READING RAINBOW/SUPER WILD HORSES-split EP
- SHY MIRRORS-LP / SONIC AVENUES-CD
- WAX IDOLS-LP / STOOGES-live
- TOP TEN-live / PIERCED ARROWS-live

MARISSA MAGIC

- FORCED INTO FEMININITY-live
- BROWN SUGAR-LP and EP
- WHITE LOAD-Pig Eyes/Little Black Pig-45
- REPLICA / PERMANENT RUIN-live
- DISPLEASURE-demo
- V/A-Punks Win MPLS-LP
- NO FUNERAL-Six Song EP-12"
- GHADDAR/MARY-KATE AND ASHLEY OLSEN-split EP
- MARIA-T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL-EP
- BITTER AMERICAN-Infinite Tick-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

- FUTURE VIRGINS-Western Problems-LP
- CRIATURAS-Oscuridad Eterna-LP
- HYSTERICS-Arm Candy-EP
- MARIA-T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL-EP
- KOBAN-Solid Gold-EP
- HYSTERESE-Hysterese-LP
- CAROLEE-EP1-LP
- TERRIBLE FEELINGS-Blank Heads-EP
- SCEPTRES-Childsplay/Job Centre Plus-EP
- LONG PIGS-Cut Off-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- CRIATURAS-LP / SPEED KILLS-EP
- MARIA-T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL-EP
- KOBAN-Solid Gold-EP
- JESUS H BOMBS-Life Of A Fly-EP
- WHITE CRIME-End Of Change-EP
- BROWN SUGAR-Tropical Disease-EP
- G.A.S.H./CLEANSING WAVE-split EP
- LONG PIGS-Cut Off-EP
- WARNING//WARNING-There's Nothing Left-LP
- REPLICA / DISPLEASURE / PERMANENT RUIN-live

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Degenerate #9*
- *Modern Hate Vibe #5*
- *Freak Out #3, #4*
- *Making Waves #1*
- *Punks, Punks, Punks #5*
- *Fanzine Mierda #7*
- *Frozen Dirt #1*
- *Kiss Off #14*
- *Taste Maker #1*
- *Overdosing In A Republican World #1*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusfy Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt I, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops. Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege. 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11.Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

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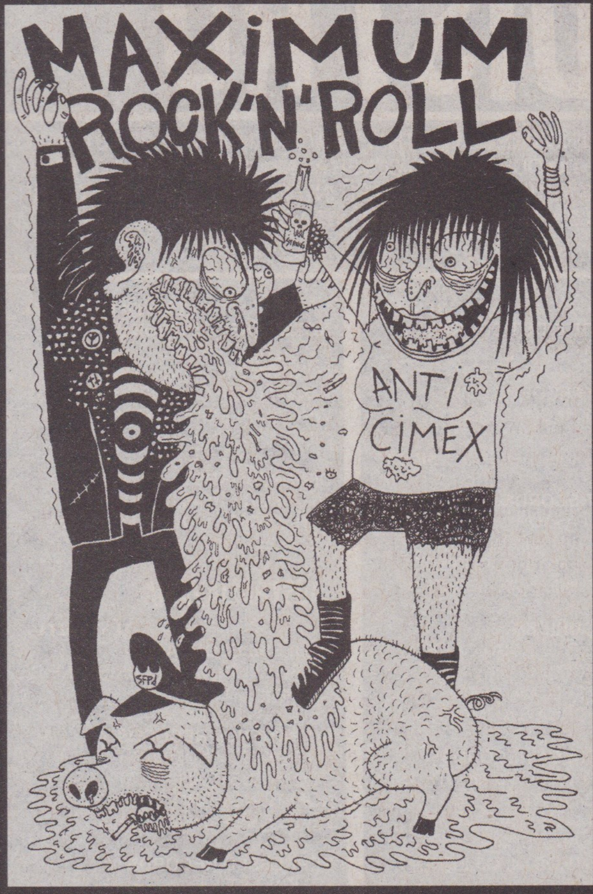

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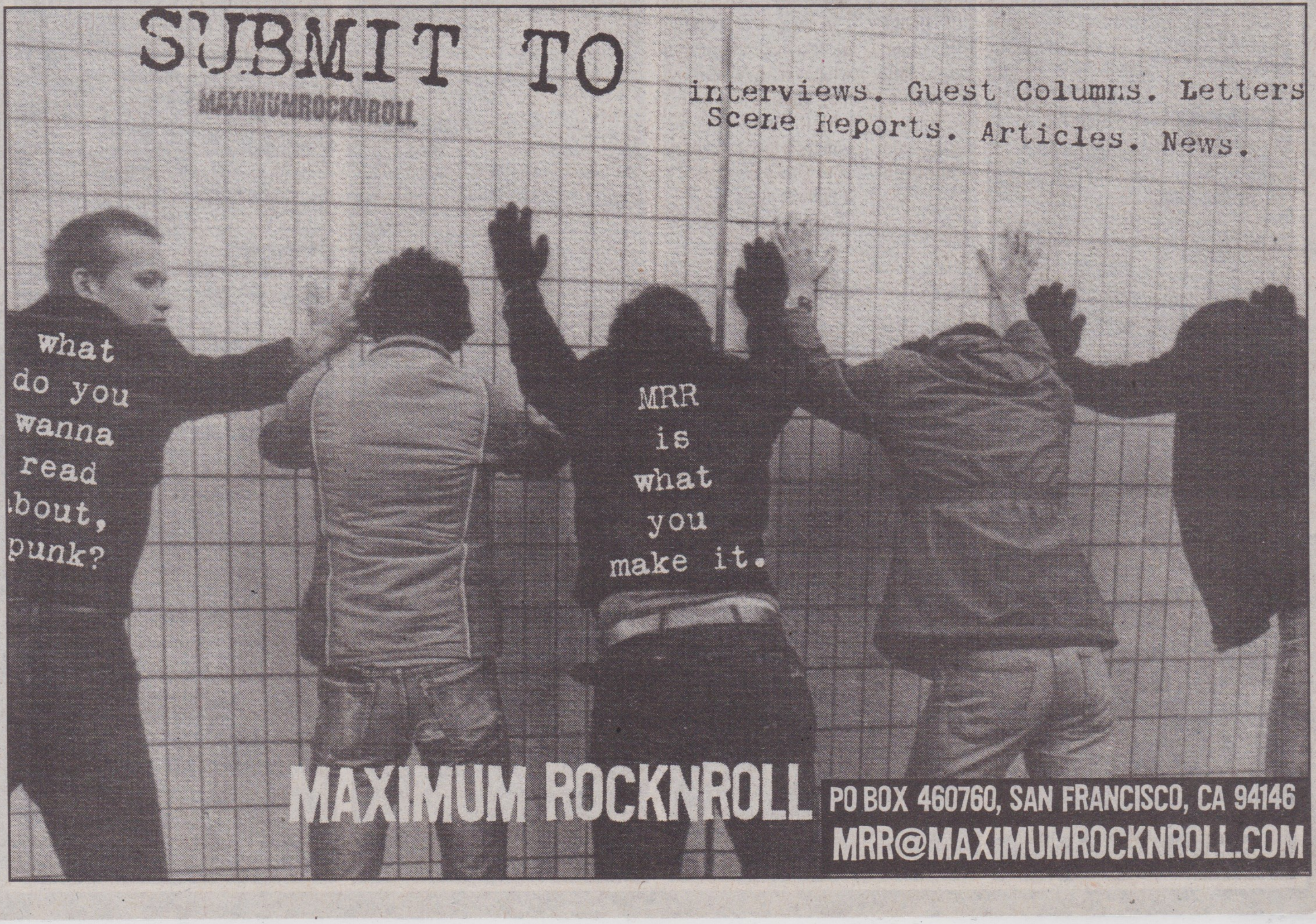

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LETTERS

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Dear MRR—

Who does the artwork (in *MRR* #344) with the picture of the two girls and the dead bird? I recognize the style but can't remember the artist's name, and it's only signed KS. Keep up the good work!

—Captain Microwave

The mysterious initialed artist is Karissa Sakumoto! Her work is INSANE and rad… check out her tumblr:
voidpie.tumblr.com/
She has comics available here I think:
http://www.snakebombcomix.com/
—Layla

Dear MRR—

The address listed for the Necro Hippies tape in the demos section of issue #342 is wrong. The correct address is 223 Jane Place, New Orleans, LA 70119. Punks can send a few bucks or something in trade. Even though the address was listed wrong, I still received a request in the mail from Jon in Austin, TX! Jon, are you out there? If so, I'm so sorry. I lost your return address! Please write again, send a trade of whatever and I will send back an extra special package.

Thanks!
—Candice

Hello Mariam!—

I just finished your column in this month's *MRR*, and wanted to express my gratitude for you and your handling of the situation involving the guys insulting the girl's radio show. That kind of thing really pisses me off as well, and I was glad someone like yourself was there to put those assholes in their place. I just wanted to ask you one thing, do you know the name of her radio show? I would like to check it out and offer some support myself.

Thanks,
—Mike S.

Thanks, Mike. I lost touch with her, but I will do some searching and print anything I find!
—Mariam

Hi MRR—

Chris from Loud Punk Records here. As always thanks for all the support over the years. I wanted to clear something up mentioned in the review of the Germ Attack "Lockdown/Is this really Hell" flexi from the last issue. Being the final release by once of my favorite bands of the last decade I wanted to do something cool and the limited package was way to go. While these are not being sold through the usual suspects in the distro game I wanted to clear up that these are not just mailorder only but if you run or buy for a record store get in touch. Record stores are going under more and more and I feel its cool to be able to walk into your local shop and be able to find something you won't find everywhere online that gives incentive for people to shop locally rather then online, any new releases I always send stores that order some copies on color. *Support your local record store* otherwise it might not be there one day

—Chris
Loud Punk Records

Dear MRR—

(Re: Letters section in issue #344)

I completely agree with Mariam's professional and personal opinions! People can do whatever they want and just like Mariam said, if they choose that path they need to be able to deal with it. Draw, scream, create, sing, play, whatever you feel, just don't be sore when someone questions you. Use your limbic system folks — that is what it is there for.

—Alicia

Dear MRR—

It is funny how the time flies and the next thing you know you've been part of something called a scene, "The World of Punk Rock!" is my scene. I have noticed something lately that has started to question the state of affairs within this scene. Back when I got into the scene, the '80s, it was young, fresh and full of life. It brought acceptance to something — not *cooldom* or *better than thou*. To me it was because of the outcast I was in school and in society, and through punk I became a part of something that I never expected. There were a few of us in a small Florida town — we turned it upside down being those kids that the DK song talks about, or when Social D talks at shows about kids with dyed hair and fucked up clothes. Some of us where in bands, throwing shows with the likes of MDC, Social Distortion, Gwar, Circle Jerks, DOA, Descendents, the list is endless, and others were writing about it. But that doesn't make me Mr. Cool, it just brings me back to the way we used to communicate and how money really didn't matter. It was something about the communication that was happening in a world without computers or cell phones.

Back in those days one of my most memorable moments occurred the day that I received a letter from Bill Stevenson of the Descendents telling me about the change to ALL. It was hand written with info about doing a show. I was a high school kid and the older punks at Jupiter High were impressed — I was a part of something bigger than myself. In those days there were no fights in the pit at the bigger shows, just against the bouncers so we could stage dive, and if you were falling in the pit you were up before you could hit the ground — *unity* (the whole scene was equal). Though I have these fond memories, I knowing people from a 200-mile radius of where I resided and while mimicking the original *Suburbia* (movie) lifestyle at this point, I craved more from the world of punk. I was hooked and I wrote letters all over the world to find out more about this thing that had given me a certain type of meaning in life.

The point that I am working towards is that in those days I was corresponding with punks in all parts of the world through the addresses in *MRR* and the records and tapes I got (no CDs back then). The funny thing is that whomever I wrote I received a response even if it was someone in the farthest reaches of the planet. We would trade stuff or just simply say, "Hi, what's up?" At some point I even took part in punk rock chain mail — those were fun unexpected packages out of the blue. So, eventually led me to doing my own zine called *Scum Zine*. I don't even know why I was doing it at the time, mainly because friends whose zines I had written for usually were more about being cool or pretentious — so I quit writing for them and did my thing. I was always impressed with the response from this, the contacts that I gained at the time and lost through the years. It was a project that I would send out and tell people to copy it at a copy store — by scamming copies. Money did not yet matter in those days we glued stamps so we could reuse them. No matter if people hated or liked what they were receiving, in those days people always responded. It was all about *communication* and *respect* because even if we disagreed we were all part of the scene. I remember the hate mail Mr. Ben Weasel and I sent back and forth, it was even done through *MRR* pages at times. It was just fun at the time. I don't even remember how it started and even though it was hard hitting at times, we still responded to each other no matter how bad the letter was. This brings me to the point of this whole spew. Ready, Set, Let's go with it…

Over the years I have done various things in the scene from zines, touring, booking shows, and now a label — no big deal. I never did any of it to get rich off the punks. I did it to put back what was given to me from the place I call home. I'm no big shot or even that cool. I have pissed many people off trying to express what I think punk rock is and mainly just being an ass while doing it. When I was doing *Scum Zine* I was always running around the country squatting and somehow scamming issues from copy shops. I was distributing them at shows, through the mail, and even randomly at times. Yet this did not stop me from writing people back when I received things for review, letters, trades, or even promo issues. This was weird but traveling never made got in my way of responding to people that contacted me. My mother would check my PO Box on my travels and send me mail to where I was at the time, through this she finally realized that this was real and I was not wasting my life. It meant so much more to me to respond to people than receiving shit from them (that was a bonus to me)!

As if you don't get it yet, it is funny that in this day and age, with all the types of communication available to us, that there is still a lack of communication within the scene unless your part of that cliche' or your kissin' ass. It doesn't really matter if those who do things within the scene these days have gotten to the point to where they don't respond to people unless it is beneficial to their status quo within the separated scene. These people know who they are. They know that they do this get something from someone and fail to respond whatsoever, it's a blatant fuck you type of thing. It is much better, even with this whole email generation, to drop a line and say that "thanks but no thanks, your shit sucks and stop writing me." Yet, many people claiming to be part of this scene have no real compassion for the effort that goes into putting something out, packing it up and shipping it to them for free — not expecting much except maybe a response. You know it's not that people want them to bend over and kiss their ass, they just want a response, a simple, "Your Shit Fucking Sucks!" would suffice. I am not trying to sound whiny; I just want to bring up the point that this type of act breaks the scene apart. Look at all those people that paved the way to your existence toward the current scene. Yeah, many die off or quit, but a lot of them are sitting back and waiting for your move. It really is about the connections that form the links of a chain that can hold the scene together for lifetimes. Look at *MRR*. After 30 plus years they still keep a solid link that holds many of us together. This is a way to shed some light on something that may be overlooked. Not that it matters but actions like not responding to received mail can be considered a step away from punk. Whether your into Noise, Crust, Grind, H/C, Punk, Garage, or whatever your label this week is, it's all the same to me — a scene against an industry that oppresses the true, real punk that does it all for the enjoyment.

Just remember that when you rip open that package having no idea where it came from... it is a gift. Love it or hate it, but a response of some type is truly respectful to the sender. Even sending them something for the effort could make their day brighter in this crumbling world. If you hate it let them know, they could probably save on the postage they spent to get it in your trembling hands. The scene can maintain itself and unite even more while keeping the greedy bastards out. Remember you can even give the stuff to someone who would enjoy the efforts put forth. Letters rule! Communication stabilizes the link as we trudge through our existence. I do know that sometimes it is easy to get behind (it happens to me a lot), but anything is better than nothing even with time delays...

Stay Punk, Stay True,
—Joel aka "Limburger"
Suburban White Trash Records

Dear MRR—

A389 records distributes two different records from the racist murderer, Charles Manson. Spread the word, don't buy from A389!

—Rourke

Dear MRR—

I would like to know where this magazine, or it's contributors at least, get off thinking they can trash a band like NOFX while this publication actually includes advertisements from them. It's true. In the August edition, #339, their is an ad for NOFX's 10" EP of hardcore covers. It was this very record that Felix Havoc mentioned in his column in issue #344. Surprisingly, it seems like he actually enjoyed it. Nevertheless, he went on to describe their past work as "generic, overproduced, mall punk." It is no secret that the Warped Tour and Epitaph bands like Dropkick Murphy's and Rancid have gone right down the fucking shitter with their music and I have found myself disappointed in NOFX's latest effort, but I can't personally regard their '80s and '90s work as mall punk that could be on par with Blink 182 or something. Having said that, I found it rather strange that this "mall punk" is being included in your advertisement. It seems to go against Tim Yo's strict DIY ethic that has been instilled in you guys. Now I love reading *MRR* and I am definitely not looking to stir up a controversy or some bullshit "what's punk and what's not punk" debate, just thought it was worth pointing out.

—Dave

Thanks for your letter, Dave. A label or band cannot buy a good review with an ad. Inversely, if a label or band doesn't advertise, that doesn't mean said band or releases of said label will get shitty reviews. Additionally, DIY punk bands are not discriminated against because of their fan base. Nor will it receive a favorable review because of it's fan base. Lastly, the opinion of one columnist does not reflect the opinion of the entire magazine, in fact there is not one... Punk is different to every person and those various points of view are welcome here, but obviously those critiques often vary. Simply put, Felix Havoc can critique music any way he fucking wants to. Our main concern at MRR *is that the music we cover is independent regardless of the commercial success of the music. Anyone can comment on that success if they want to. After that, we critique the music. Not to be rude, but I don't think you understand "Tim Yo's strict DIY ethic" more than the people who work on and contribute to this magazine. Yeah,* MRR *will eventually cease to exist because print media is dying, and the magazine barely survives month to month and is still all volunteer, but it will always be, at least on my watch, DIY. If you're not now you never were, brah.*

—Mariam

Dear Layla—

Thanks so much. I have been reading *MRR* since day one, when I first bought *Not So Quiet on the Western Front* at the Record Factory in Bay Fair mall in San Leandro in 1982 along with *MRR* issue #0. One day while on my way to a show at the Mabuhay Gardens I bought issue #1 from Ruth Schwartz at Rough Trade back when they were a dinky shop down on 6th St. I have a complete set — every issue — of *MRR* ever printed including all of the 1/2 issues and photozines. Keep up the hard work as it is much appreciated. 30 years after I bought my first issue of *MRR*, to this day I still get excited when I open my mailbox and see the newest issue every month. And every month I always seem to find something in *MRR* that seems to keep me from getting jaded after being involved in the scene for 30 years.

—Dwayne Bonedog Mileham

Thanks so much! That's rad!

—Mariam

Hello Maximum!—

Glenna from Scandinavia speaking. The punk scene in Scandinavia is very big. We are more than 100,000 punx. It's happening and a ton of fun. There are festivals, organizations, bars, books, fanzines, and many occupations and distribution for punk records. The metal scene in Sweden is very big too! We all stick together, we dis-society. One day we will all get clean. Punk rock will never die!

—Glenna

Well, damn it, Glenna! Send us a scene report about the thriving punk over there! Let's us know what is going on!

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Hello to all of you! About a month ago I sent in a copy of my zine, *Blinko's Army*, for review. In it is my PO Box address. I am just writing to tell you that I have canceled my PO Box. I know it might be too late, but I don't want readers to send mail to a nonexistent address. If anyone is interested in getting the zine, email me at cruella_mm@hotmail.com. Sorry for any inconvenience.

Thanks,
—Natasha

NEW BLOOD

BY JEREMY MEIER

FIVE QUESTIONS ASKED TO FOUR NEWER BANDS
1) DATE / LOCATION OF FORMATION
2) REASON(S) FOR FORMING
3) LYRICAL CONTENT
4) SOUND
5) FUTURE?

STEINERS
MUSIC & COCKTAILS
Lounge

MANIA:

1) WE FORMED IN JANUARY 2011

2) THE REASON WE FORMED A BAND WAS BECAUSE WE LOVE TO PLAY LOUD PUNK AND THERE AREN'T VERY MANY PUNK BANDS LEFT IN LONG BEACH...

3) RADIATION. APOCALYPSE. ANARCHY. ANTI- POLICE. DAILY LIFE.

4) HARDPUNK

5) RECORD FOR AN UPCOMING EP AND LP. TOUR THE WEST AND EAST COASTS. STAYING PUNK.

CONTACT: MANIALBC@HOTMAIL.COM

TERRIBLE FEELINGS

NO MORE ART:

1) HAMBURG. GERMANY. SUMMER 2011
2) FRIENDSHIP.
3) MOST OF THE SONGS SO FAR ARE ABOUT PERSONAL TOPICS. RELATIONSHIPS WITH PEOPLE. OBSERVATIONS. ETC... SOUND IS LATE '70S PUNK. KILLED BY DEATH STYLE I GUESS. BUT WITH MODERN ELEMENTS.
4) DEMO SHOULD BE OUT SOON ON KINK RECORDS. 7" EP OUT ON ERSTE THEKE TONTRAGER.
5) WE ARE GONNA RELEASE A BUNCH OF EP'S AND TRY TO PLAY AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.
CONTACT: BORNDEADPUNX@GMAIL.COM

DEAD REICH:

1) WE FORMED IN THE BEGINNING OF JULY 2011. WE ALL LIVE IN BUSHWICK. BROOKLYN.
2) TO PLAY FAST LOUD EAR BLISTERING PUNK.
3) IT'S JUST FAST RAW PUNK. WE MOSTLY SING ABOUT DAILY LIFE. LIVING LOW IN NEW YORK.
4) WE RECORDED A FOUR-SONG DEMO TAPE BACK IN AUGUST 2011 VOL. ONE OF A TWO VOLUME SERIES. VOL. TWO WILL BE OUT SOMETIME AROUND DECEMBER.
5) AS OF RIGHT NOW WE'RE JUST PLAYING SHOWS AROUND THE NORTHEAST. WE HOPE TO HAVE AN EAST COAST TOUR IN THE SPRING OF 2012. BUT THERE'S NOTHING SET AS OF NOW.
CONTACT:
DEADREICH@GMAIL.COM

sarja,hasan

FODDER:

1) BEEN A BAND FOR ABOUT TWO TO THREE YEARS. WE PLAYED OUR FIRST SHOW ORGANIZING A SACRAMENTO GIG FOR THE PERDITION/MUNDO MUERTO WEST COAST TOUR. WE STARTED IN DAVIS. CA AND NOW COLLECTIVELY LIVE IN OAKLAND. PORTLAND. DAVIS. AND RIVERSIDE...SO WE GET TO PLAY SHOWS A LOT...NOT.

2) TO PLAY MUSIC THAT WE WANTED TO HEAR. THERE WAS A PIECE OF SHIT DRUM SET AND A PRACTICE AMP. SO WE WENT FOR IT.

3) MIND CONTROL. HIGH TECH WEAPONRY. PEOPLE'S DISTORTED PERCEPTION OF THE WORLD. AND OTHER SHIT NO ONE BELIEVES.

4) ONE DEMO THAT IS SOLD OUT OR HIDING IN MY CLOSET. RECORDING FOR A 7" SOON.

5) ONE OR TWO RECORDS AND HOPEFULLY PLAYING OUT AGAIN WHEN OUR LOCATIONS CONVERGE.

CONTACT: KPIZANO1982@GMAIL.COM

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SP-012: Jesus or Genome
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SP-011: Sunshine SS
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Ex-Kakistocracy.
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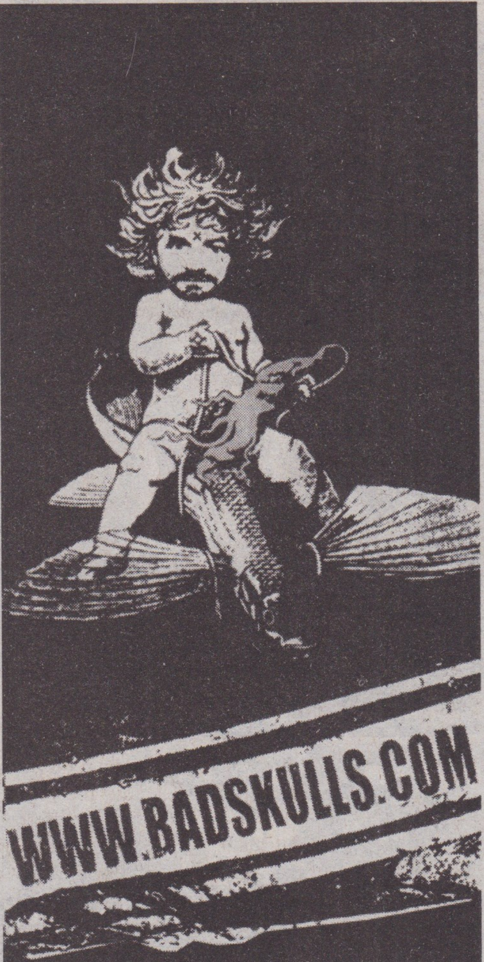

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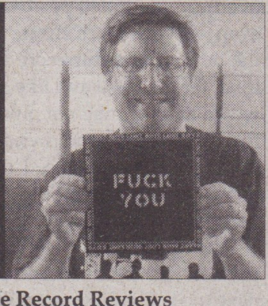

Retroactive Record Reviews

There are times I've wanted a redo on reviews of certain albums/bands I'd praised in the past but now wonder what the fuck I was thinking? I know it's outside of this magazine's scope but, yes, there was a time I gave glowing reviews to the likes of Soundgarden, Smashing Pumpkins, Afghan Whigs, Living Colour, PJ Harvey, and Jane's Addiction, to name a few (note I didn't capitalize those names). Sure, people's tastes change but I should've sussed that out as overhyped garbage even then. I recently put on a Soundgarden album and, while there are some good riffs, I can't get past Chris Cornell's balls-in-a-vice vocals. The Pumpkins' first two albums were just reissued so, out of curiosity, I downloaded the first one, *Gish*. God, what a shit sandwich that was.

But it's not just mainstream bands. There were hardcore and punk bands that desperately need a reassessment. I could spend all day going through past issues of my zine *Suburban Voice* and wincing at some of those reviews but I'll narrow it to a few—DAG NASTY, UNIFORM CHOICE, and DYS. I thought about including the ROLLINS BAND'S *Life Time* album but I put it on and there are some killer songs. Not all of them — I don't need to ever hear "Gun In Mouth Blues" again — but I even played a track on the radio show a few days after.

The idea for all of this came when I was listening to DAG NASTY's *Can I Say* and UNIFORM CHOICE's *Screaming For Change* albums not too long ago. Neither album really moves me quite as much as they did in the '80s but they're still enjoyable, in a semi-cheesy way. I mean, it's kind of tough to take a band seriously when they crib lyrics from an "inspirational" poem, as UC did with Helen Steiner Rice's poem "Don't Quit," without giving credit. Rice's words have been used in different media over the years and I wish to hell I could remember the zine where I once saw the lyrics for "Don't Quit" side by side with a Hallmark card. Still, I always get a charge out of hearing "Screaming For Change" and "Use Your Head." The last band I played in about a dozen years ago used to cover "SFC" and it always got a great response, unlike the rest of our repertoire.

Can I Say was a big favorite of mine in the mid-'80s, the return to hardcore for Brian Baker after his miscue with the 400, a short-lived REM-meets-U2 project he did with his MINOR THREAT band mate Lyle Preslar. After jettisoning original Dag vocalist Shawn Brown (who went on to be in the still-underrated SWIZ), Dave Smalley, late of DYS, joined up and they recorded the album. In retrospect, this album has *not* aged particularly well, it's not something I want to listen to all that often, and I prefer the Shawn demos that finally got a legit release earlier this year. I mean, "One To Two" is a good song although hearing Smalley put the emphasis on the K in *"all the hours I laid awa-K-e"* is rather humorous. Same for "Never Go Bac-K." In all honesty, the vocals are overwrought and the lyrics border on ridiculous. Smalley soon departed and was replaced by Peter Cortner for the slicker *Wig Out A Denko's*. His vocals aren't that bad and they have a hint of a rasp, though he doesn't overdo things. But there are some *bad* songs here, particularly the ballad "Crucial Three." And, yes, "The Godfather" really *does* quote *The Little Engine That Could* ("when I heard the tale of the little train that said 'I think I can.'") Good lord!

Their third album, *Field Day*, was even worse, an attempted move at an overtly commercial indie-rock sound on some songs and the hardcore tracks sound like throwaways. I was actually sent a test pressing of the album by the label manager for Giant Records, who had signed the Dag-sters. I recall he was rather irked that I was less-than-enthusiastic about the album. I'm still friendly with the guy and he continues to insist it was a great album.

But how hard *was* I on it? Let me quote from the review published in *Suburban Voice* issue #25. Some of my comments were, *"A move to a more accessible sound, but* Field Day *is an album rich in strong, hooky power-pop songs with an inescapable grasp..."* I mentioned they were attempting to broaden their audience but *"they've armed themselves with a solid collection of tunes that should be appealing to both old and new fans."* Yeesh—that sounds like pretty effusive praise and I hang my head in shame. When I gave this disc a recent spin, I could barely get through more than a few songs although I did listen to at least part of each track. And it wasn't exactly a commercial breakthrough because Baker's next move in his chameleon-like career was the execrable bloozy rawk of Junkyard, which also involved Chris Gates from the BIG BOYS. There were two later Dag Nasty reunion albums with Smalley but I can't bring myself to take them off the shelf.

Uniform Choice made the colossal mistake of recording a second album, *Staring Into The Sun*. Unlike *SFC*, this isn't enjoyable in any way, shape or form. Yet, I gave the album a positive review and even got thanked on it (shhhh...). In *SV* #26, I wrote it was *"a great album where the pop meets the punk,"* that they *"hit with a hard-edged, hooky collection of songs"* and they *"cover more ground without wimping out."* In addition to reading quite a bit like the aforementioned Dag Nasty review, it's *very* far from the truth. The hardcore songs are tepid, at best, and Pat Dubar goes back and forth between sweetly-sung vocals and poorly-executed stabs at the grit of old. Come to think of it, the reviews should *be* the same since they follow the same blueprint. I'd almost rather hear Dubar's later major label band Mind Funk than this travesty. On second thought, forget I said that.

I should note that issue #26 also had an interview with CRUCIAL YOUTH, who hysterically parodied the poem that ended *SFC*. And I'd also like to do a reassessment on YOUTH OF TODAY's *We're Not In This Alone*. I gave it a mostly-positive review but also said *"the assault is hindered by substandard production—vocals and guitars distorted, with the drums nowhere to be heard."* These days, that's *exactly* why I've grown to love this album—it's raw and pissed-off sounding and you can hear the drums just fine. There's none of the cavernous production that detracted from other records of that era. Totally ass-kicking.

Last (mercifully), we have the second, self-titled DYS album (often misidentified as *Fire and Ice*; that was the name of the DYS CD anthology). As with the other bands from the original Boston hardcore crop, DYS added a second guitarist and went in a decidedly hard-rock/metal direction. So what did I say about it? For that, let's open *SV* #16: *"It's not a hardcore record or a metal disc, either... DYS lay down a solid, kick down the walls barrage of energy"* I mention that Dave Smalley's *"singing has metamorphised* [sic] *from the one dimensional shouting of* Brotherhood *(which I admit I miss somewhat) to a wider-ranged* [sic] *style that shows him to possess a fine vocal ability."* I concluded by saying *"It's just hard aggressive music possessing the energetic spark to make this disc a real winner."* The only energetic spark with this record, these days, is the one that has me leaping from my chair to turn it off.

2012 assessment? Godawful! There are a couple of good songs — the opening rocker "Late Night" and I'm sure most of you are familiar with "No Pain No Gain," which countless bands have covered — almost all of them better than the original version (DILLINGER FOUR's is great). Those vocals? Smalley's higher-timbre emanations verge on the ludicrous. Speaking of ludicrous, he's credited as D. Christian Smalley on the back cover and, in his photo, there's a lizard or gecko or some creature sitting on the shoulder of his shirtless torso. Five of the eight songs break the four minute mark and there's a six minute ballad, "Closer Still," that they *mercifully* omitted from the set list when I saw their reunion show last year. They're more or less back together, after that "one-off" show was released as an album, plus there have been more shows and even new recordings. The first "digital single" is now out and I've heard it, unfortunately. You don't need to. It's not a hardcore record, it's not a metal record, it's not even a record! It's punkish rock 'n roll faintly echoing BAD RELIGION mixed with rock 'n roll, I suppose, and Smalley has gone back to a semi-gruff voice. Not as awful as "Closer Still," but that ain't saying much...

I wonder how many of the records reviewed below will be subject to the retroactive treatment? Check back in a decade or two. Maybe sooner...

Records That Are Better than Later DYS, Dag Nasty, and Uniform Choice

... that doesn't mean these discs are going to be all-time classics but they're definitely more to my liking. BLOODKROW BUTCHER is a Massachusetts band that I would rather see than DYS in 2012. After a flexi that was pressed in a ridiculously small quantity and done with their former vocalist, BKB has released their first 7" with their current three-piece lineup. There's not as much of the wall of distortion as when they first started although the blueprint is still pretty much DISCHARGE/ANTI-CIMEX/etc. and the recording is hardly polished-sounding. BKB is raw, loud, and fast features Brian's hoarse vocals accompanying the scrappy fray. (Total Fucker: PO Box 82, Somerville, MA 02143, whokilledfucker.blogspot.com)

When BLONDIE first started gaining notice in the '70s, there was a promotional campaign to emphasize the fact that Blondie was not a person but a group. The opposite is true for TINO VALPA—it's a guy, not a band—who handles the vocals and plays all the instruments on his second 7" *Walk The Walk*, which features fifteen brief old-school hardcore blasts with bright production and an abundance of well-executed, single-minded aggro. If there's a theme, it's an exhortation that age ain't shit, that it doesn't mean you need to give up what you love, especially playing music. *Walk the Walk* features thirteen originals plus VERBAL ABUSE and POISON IDEA covers. (Way Back When: Taskinlaan 9, 2361XM Warmond, The Netherlands, www.waybackwhenrecords.com / Kangaroo: 9 Corniche Andre de Joly, 06300 Nice, France, www.kangaroo-records.com)

Age ain't shit to VIOLENT ARREST, either. They're a UK band made up of grizzled graybeards, 3/4 of whom were in RIPCORD years back. They've always had a US jones and that remains the case on their latest album *Tooth and Nail*. It's like clockwork at this point, just ripping out the fast ,three-chord fodder with Steve bellowing out the words with all the bellicose crankiness he can muster. Bonus points for the sample from the great movie *Glengarry Glen Ross* right before "PCP." I imagine the songs start to sound the same after awhile. There's not a whole lot of variation, save for an out-of-left-field cover of the JAGS' "Back Of My Hand" and the slower closer "Demons," but they get the job done. (Boss Tuneage: www.bosstuneage.com)

DAMNABLE EXCITE ZOMBIES! as a '90s-era Japanese hardcore band that offered more-than-credible SYSTEMATIC DEATH worship. That's meant as a compliment, not a slight. Not Very Nice has released a discography CD of their recorded output from 1990-1996. Pure rage, with just about all the songs played at a throttling clip with all the hallmarks of the classic sound: razorwire guitar, merciless bash-em-up drums with plenty of cymbal involved, and harsh vocals from Markey on the majority of songs (they were a three-piece with the guitarist and bass player sharing vocal duties in '96). There is not as much of the metal influence associated with the "Burning Spirits" bands, although there is the occasional guitar lead. There's a bonus track featuring a live reunion performance from 2010 that suffers from substandard sound quality. (chaosonmusica@gmail.com)

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BASEMENT SCREAMS

Wellllll it's been a busy couple months for me and the year is wrapping a bit too quick but i'm still gonna try and squeeze out this column amidst the end of the year work rush/holiday food binge.

Over Thanksgiving weekend I had the enjoyment of doing a live session in totally bizarre long narrow basement. Alright not really that bizarre... it was just a long basement, that looked like it coulda been a horror movie set, but it's way different from the usual padded 10x12 cell that I'm used to recording in (our practice space). It was maybe 100 feet end to end, and there was a pretty serious echo bouncing around in there. I was kinda worried about everything just sounding like an absolute mishmash of noise in this place. On one end there was some high shelving with a storage area maybe four feet under it, basically like a loft. Between there and the far wall wasn't much besides a furnace and some pipes. The other wild card though was that the band was comprised of three quarters members who had never played in a band before this one, never recorded anything, and whose understanding of music terminology and lingo was basically nonexistent. The guitarist and bassist were essentially self-taught, although I learned later the guitarist had played banjo as youth. Still there's nothing quite like having to stop and explain "what's reverb " to someone being absolutely sincere.

I got the drums all set on one end of the room, usually even with my close mics I allow a bit of room, but given the very reflective sound of the room, I tried to get these in really tight, with just the overheads getting the room sound. The overheads sounded positively cavernous in here, even with no reverb effects added it sounded like the bottom of a dungeon, which is a pretty rare treat, for me anyway. I like dense massive drums, which may or may not always be best suited for the situation at hand. I ended up adding a third over at the hi-hats too, I usually hate the close mic'd hi-hat sound but it was getting really washed out in all the booming.

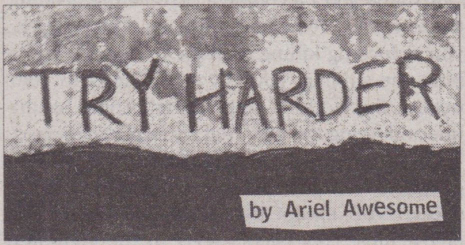
The guitar amp went under the shelf/loft padded with blankets and pillows, and a divider next to it. The bass amp was padded a similar way next to the divider. Sometimes guitar bleeding into the room mic can be a cool sound that adds a lot of life to the recording, but in this case everything was so "live" sounding and echo-y, I wanted to add some contrast, not just sink everything in the din of a concrete room, and overall I found this approach successful.

The first couple of songs were not surprisingly a bit of a rocky undertaking, in part just for the members to get used to playing 50 yards away from each other, as well as just getting comfortable with having a stranger hanging out and fiddling with a computer and a bunch of wires. The guitar player cycled through a couple borrowed guitars before settling on one that was most comfortable to play, and tweaking the amp knobs a little more. After a couple tentative songs the small diaphragm condenser was busted out to give the hi-hats some crispness they'd been lacking, and then it was more or less off to the races. They'd play through a track a few times, gauge each other's reactions, play it back to see if any tiny mistakes were there... basically what everyone else does when they're recording a demo.

I find myself to be a frequently irritable individual, but for the most part it was enjoyable working with these ladies and gents, if for no other reason than they were determined to learn as much as possible, and be attentive to their music in every way. Enthusiasm goes a long way sometimes. Now I may be showing my true colors as a sentimental sap, but it was actually a rare, heartwarming moment when I played them back the first complete take and their faces lit up hearing their music recorded for the first time. Recording music can be the weirdest thing in the world the first time you experience it. You feel really uncomfortable and self-conscious and everything sounds weird and different than you're used to. A big part of the process for this was just trying to find out what wasn't working for people who don't know how things normally work. I still don't really know shit about recording, but I've done it a lot of times, which I guess is worth something in this situation.

It's the end of the year so there's probably going to be lots of year end lists and shit – but here's something that you might have missed because there were only a hundred (?!?!) copies pressed:

BAD NOIDS EP. out of Cleveland carries on the traditions of KBD-ish low-fidelity self-destructive hc/punk that everyone associates with the fine city of Cleveland. I think this was put out by Paul from CIDER/INMATES/FLYING TRICHECOS/MEANSTREAK/etc. but I have not confirmed that. Recorded on 4-track, sloppy as fuck, obnoxious teenaged vocals (I'm told some members still in their late teens)... Kinda get a SICK PLEASURE type vibe here, but I guess maybe more Midwestern in approach if that even means anything anymore. Lots of energy and a good mid-paced clip, you can almost smell the beer you're gonna get sprayed with if you go see this band live (I'm just assuming). Cool homegrown hardcore probably recorded in a basement, and I'm guess that's where they play too.



I got a job writing. It sounds good, remarkable even, when put in a small compact sentence like that. You might even be compelled to congratulate me. I would have to shake my head no, it's not that kind of writing.

Sure, I work in a cool building on the edge of downtown LA, the bottom floor has a little cafeteria with minty blue booths and the smell of frying oil and dust. I work on the top floor in the executive suites. The waiting rooms are an outdated style of fancy with dark wood walls, gold mirrors, overstuffed leather chairs, and paintings of fox hunts. As I ride the elevator up I carefully pull my long sleeves down to cover my tattoos and swipe on a shade of orangey-red lipstick to make me seem better dressed than I am. I ascend upward to the most boring "creative" work I have ever been asked to do.

I write the unreadable. The pointless crap that clogs up the internet. Me, and probably thousands of people like me, are paid to render perfectly good words into useless garbage. This week I have written about Helen Mirren's little red bikini, the sustainability of rattan furniture, why you absolutely need a giant blue apple sculpture, and how reliable, experienced, professional, discreet, and friendly a local bail bonds company would like you to believe they are. I feel like a traitor, a murderer of language. It is as thoughtless and repetitive as any retail shit job I've ever had. If I stop my typing to think, to wonder over a paragraph, to imagine a better thing to be writing, to let my mind wander a bit, then my boss's chair groans under his shifting weight. I'm my typing doesn't resume right away, he asks me "How's it coming along?" I've learned the best response is "nearly done." So I dive right back in; I tear through the words, practically bleeding them onto the page, hemorrhaging paragraph after paragraph of dead prose.

For my clients, the goal of this writing is to attract customers, to define their brand, and to shake hands with google to get a better ranking. I'm not convinced anyone who pays for this service knows how or why it might work. I'm pretty convinced no one will ever read anything I write. I'm pretty sure this job is fake on some level, that I am in a Borges story from the collection. It could be titled "The Woman Who Writes All Day For No One." Maybe it is a psychological experiment. Maybe they want to see how long I can go without losing it.

All jobs feel a little bit like that kind of test though don't they? Every boss seems like the head of an elaborate experiment, asking the age old question: how much meaningless and inconsequential work can one person take?

At the end of my day on the top floor in the executive suites, I drive home in a sort of daze. When I get home the thoughts will not come. Is it my punishment for filling the internet with meaningless crap that my mind is empty when I get home to do the work I want to do?

I have been sitting in front of my keyboard patiently waiting for this column to come into being and for weeks the words would not come.

My mother has been seeing a therapist since she returned home from Afghanistan with a traumatic brain injury. This transition back into daily life is proving much harder than her last deployment to Iraq a couple years ago. "I get so angry sometimes, and other times I'm just so numb Ari, so empty, I don't think there's anything left in me at all."

How do we fill ourselves back up again when we've got nothing left inside?

I've been watching movies and listening to the radio, and calling friends, and drinking tea and kissing my dog, but when I return to the keyboard there still isn't anything there. No stories, no thoughts of my own, just echoes of the lifeless copy I've been spitting out all week.

Today I read Borges and he filled me back up again.

It seems so simple, but I listened to Television, New Model Army, the new Autonomy LP recordings. I stretched out on my bed and read poetry with one shoe untied, and a shot of bourbon on the side table. I read and remembered why words are important. A man that has been dead 25 years was able to make me feel what it was to be old and blind and angry, to feel empty and frustrated but determined to forge ahead. He wrote of contemplating his blindness one Saturday afternoon, speaking out loud to himself in an empty room, alone with his bitterness writing the poem I held in my hands. I felt like the world was opened back up for me. I went to my desk and I wrote. I wrote stories and thoughts and song ideas I had forgotten, and I turned at last to this column.

I wrote out the poem on a postcard for my mother. No beautiful thing should be a secret among the lost and hurting.

***

Send all tales of soul-crushing drudgery and recipes for inspiration to arielawesome@gmail.com

SHE'S OVER IT
BY BRONIEZ

New Fiction Chap 2:
"Why I Am a Restaurant Worker"

I really hate my therapist. Like, *really*. The subject of this session was *supposed* to be *"Why I Am A Restaurant Worker"* and why can't I find the inclination to switch to another line of work. But then of course the conversation degenerates into my absent father and how *I* was molested. *Every* session dissolves into my absent father and me being molested. *So BORING*! (In the head of the therapist there was this invisible, golden string that linked a profession where you're essentially performing alongside being an actual performer alongside this need for attention, which goes back to my absent father and me being molested (Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz)). I cant believe I pay $25 sliding scale just to be *fucked with* but I do it cause none of my friends will listen to me bitch anymore so I have to pay someone to do it. This is called "the future."

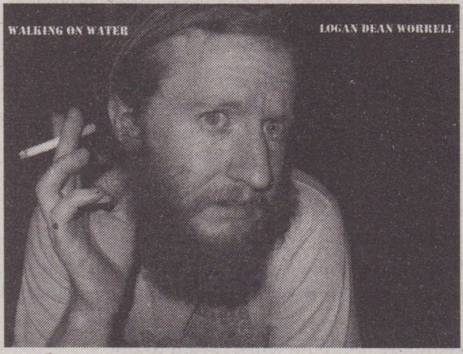
I really had only worked in restaurants and ultimately know it suited me best. I was a nervous soul. I never sat still much. I liked standing on my feet, being present and engaged with people, and flirting with people for tips. Despite everything I knew about the world around me I still had a genuine love for humankind (I wasn't sure *how*—I just felt lucky that I indeed did). I liked eye contact with strangers. I liked being a focus point. The times — being what they were — everyone I knew was either a server, a bartender, bar back, hooker, porn star—sorry, porn actor, or an office worker. I never really fucked with computers so I stayed in restaurant work cause that's where I started.

2.

Five acres "up yonder" was a new destination. There was the name of the barbeque and catfish restaurant many of my distant cousins worked at. It was such-and-such Bar-B-Que, and took its name from the town it was in. Greenbrier. Unlike the seafood restaurant, I could wear whatever I wanted. The floor and kitchen were three times bigger than the other place and a general sense of unruliness went. The restaurant was 30 years old and had two locations — one off the highway, and one a mile and a half down (the original location). My family ate at the original every Sunday after church as tradition. I worked at "the new one" as it was called. I was a busboy and prep. Every weekend I made upwards of 80 (*fucking*) gallons of sweet tea. I left reeking of buttermilk, onion powder, and cornmeal mix—or if you rather, hushpuppies, which is what that combination is called when fried together. I got sexually harassed by this boy I went to kindergarten with before I switched schools, this big white mean redneck motherfucker. His nine-month girlfriend works in the kitchen, big bellied, sliding on the greasy floor. I worry about her a lot. He's a dick. He calls me faggot a lot and always talks (specifically to me) about how big his dick is. This one time he gets me in the bathroom, turns out the lights and grabs my dick. This other time while peeling onions in the kitchen he slaps me in the nuts so hard I can't breath and crouch down on the greasy wet floor for a full minute. I was relieved when he left to join the army.

It's in the same restaurant that I meet Jewlz. Jewlz is this *big ole* redneck girl. Six foot two 230, like big. Not butch, not femme, in between, like me. She fucking *loves* me. She can't keep her hands off of me. She always tells me how much she loves my child bearing hips and girly ass and how hot I am. I start to embody it she says it too me so much. It makes me slightly uncomfortable but when your young attention feels good and she's not some creepy dude. She says "You know you're gay right?" And it makes everything OK. She talks a lot about getting fisted and I'm not really sure what she means. She checks out nearly everyone and I remember wanting to be the type who could check out *anybody*. It seems romantic. She sneaks me into my first gay club at 17 and that "do you think you're better off alone" song is playing. She drinks and fucks a lot. She's super Christian (somehow) and actually slaps me for saying "goddamn" this one time. We have so much in common. We're chubby, andro-ish, both molested, both very *very* stuck here. I often wonder what ever happened to her. Every spring there's the Civil War reenactments up the road near Tennessee. I'm serving sweet tea to a room full of men dressed like Confederate Soldiers and it hits me that life is a bummer. I decide to move to Chattanooga. My last night of work somehow — something that years later is still really unclear to me — a rumor gets spread through town and to my very Christian family that I'm joining a cult up near the Tennessee line near the mountains. My aunt comes one hour before my shift ends and tells me I'm going to be institutionalized if I try to move away. One more hour later thirteen members of my family show up with cameras and Bibles. I try to get into my friend's car and my family attacks my friends and me. I'm being pulled out of the car and my cousin is punching me in the neck.

"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN GOD? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW TO PREY?" she says, as she's beating my ass. All the trashy waitresses are outside smoking and watching the whole thing. The cops show up and shit gets even more stupid. Mom and me tell our life story to the cop, and the redneck asshole looks me up and down (in that "tsk tak" wayward son kinda way) and says "I wish *my* son got to go to college for free." (I know what he secretly means by this and it stands true to this day that I've never seen one fucking cent from that "United Negro College Fund" that the rednecks always get so pissed about. I know this peckerwood can fuck off, but I decide not to talk shit to the white man with the gun). Even in the face of all this trauma I know this is all called "besides the point." I let go and my fearless punk friends are still waiting for me — even though the cops fucked with them — and this is why I still fuck with punks. I remember thinking "holy shit, I'm really out of here." The deliver me to Chattanooga the next day and I immediately get a job at the Pickle Barrel—another fucking restaurant. Though in the future my mom and family still laugh their asses off whenever someone asks, "Whatever happened to your son who ran off with those white devil-worshippers…?"



This month's column is coming live and direct from the intensive-care unit of Baylor Hospital in Dallas, TX. No worries loyal subjects, I'm fine. I'm sitting beside my sister, who is being a real champ, by they way. Doc says she's gonna be fine. I know, I know; "Wow, Logan, you are the best little brother in the entire world for taking care of your big sister during this rough patch that she's in." Thank you, thank you. You're right. Anywho, enough about that. Being here and seeing someone I love so dearly in such pain and agony, I can't help but think of the trials and tribulations that I've faced in my own life, which brings me to the point of all this... I will now tell you the tale of the worst day of my entire life.

The way I see it, aside from getting older or being gravely ill, an average adult male will shit himself about three times in their life. As of right now, I find myself at the ripe old age of 28 and, sad to say, I'm afraid I might have already used all of my "shit tickets" for the next 20 years. Now, this story isn't just about shitting yourself, but also about overcoming the odds. It's about persevering. It's about playing the hand that life deals ya. It's about strength.

The year was 2011. It was summer in New York City, a terrible terrible place. I remember it being hot outside. You could tell it was hot outside because the Williamsburg hipsters were wearing even less clothing then normal and the piss soaked streets smelled overwhelmingly, well, like piss. I had the morning off. The fellas were all at some record store or maybe an Army Navy store, who fucking knows, and my lady friend at the time was at work or fucking someone else, again, who knows. Regardless, I was dead set on making the most of my day. Brunch, a few cocktails, maybe a laugh or two.

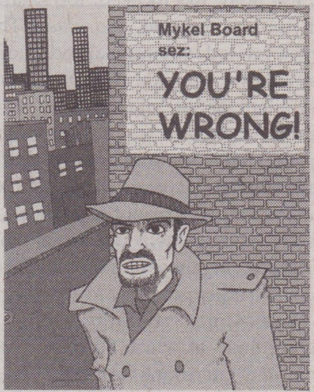
The first stop on my epic morning adventure was brunch. Timmy was in town for the weekend so he and I met a few other folks at a posh little place in South Williamsburg. Of course we had to wait a few hours to get a goddamn table, not to mention once we got a fucking table, everything on the menu cost an arm and a leg. Brunch must be French for "overpriced bacon." Seriously, I ended up paying 14 bucks for two eggs, a couple strips of bacon, and hash browns. Also, while I'm on the subject, let it be known that organic food should cost less than "normal food" because it clearly doesn't taste as good. My friends' selling point was that the hooch was buy one get one free so it kinda evened out the breakfast-price-ass-fucking. Don't really see how that makes, seeing as how if you give me five bucks, I'd get us a bottle of André and a one dollar bottle of crappy OJ and crank out a mimosa that would knock your dick in the dirt.

During "brunch," another buddy, Christiana, texted me that she was around the way working and that I should stop by and sit a spell if I felt like it. Sounded like a plan, so after I was done drinking, I stopped at a coffee place, grabbed Christiana and I a couple a cups before heading to her work. I remember thinking, "Man Logan, you're fucking killing it today. The suns out, the birds are singing, you got a few bucks in your pocket, the world is your oyster." I was feeling fine and living the life. That's when it happened. Turning onto Bedford Ave. from North 6th, I gambled on a fart and lost. Crapped out, so to speak. NBD except that I crapped out in one of the most congested streets in the goddamn universe. Not to mention that this street is comprised mostly of models, actors, rock stars, fucking Justin Bieber... hell, I don't know, but I was bummed. I should probably mention at this point that I was wearing khaki shorts- shorts that tried their damndest to enshroud the bottom of my testicles. (A little back story on the events that transpired the night before the "incident." The chick I was seeing and I got into it because I wanted to stay out and party while she wanted to go home. I complied begrudgingly seeing as, frankly, I'm a pussy and, not to mention, she is very attractive. Once home, I headed to the bodega to grab us a snack, but also grabbed a half pint of Jameson, which I proceeded to consume alone in her bathroom, listening to KISS on my iPod after she had fallen asleep. Now back to the story.) To add insult to injury, the shit, which was not so much a shit as much as a juicy discharge, was running down my inner thighs. Quickly, I booked it for the nearest cab. I had taken my shirt off and was holding it around my waist like a dick cape, so my shit soaked body was only openly exposed for, like, 30 seconds.

The cab driver was a real fucker. Granted I was covered in shit and the smell that was coming from the back seat was straight up insane, so at first I cut him a little slack. I gave him the address of the place I was crashing at in Queens. Now, I don't know Queens well and neither did the cabby. "What do you mean you don't know where it is? You're a fucking cab driver! This is how it works, I give you an address and you take me there!" Eventually the fare got up to 30 bucks so I had to just say "fuck it" and move on. The cabby and I started yelling at each other. He kicked me out of the cab, so, like a boss, I started kicking a huge dent in the side of the cab door. He locked himself in the car and proceeded to call the police. I have a strict run-only-if-chased policy that I live by, but found that this was the exception, seeing as eventually I was gonna be chased, but by the cops. With no idea where I was but possessing an amazing sense of direction, I headed toward what I thought to be the general direction of the house. By this time, I had been duck walking my ass for hours. Little kids started pointing and laughing. Gangstas called me names. Meanwhile, every time a cop drove by, I had to hide behind trashcans and shit. "Attention all cars, the suspect is heading east wearing a Sea World T-shirt tied around his shit-stained khaki shorts. Suspect is considered armed and very stressed."

All of a sudden, I saw a street name that meant something to me. Holy shit, I was in the right place. I had made it back. I headed to that front door like motherfucking Frodo into Mt. Doom. I was broken. First stop was the bathroom. Now, this was the first time that I had the opportunity to actually assess the situation. Wow. I was covered in shit and blood. The combination of my thighs rubbing raw while walking around in 100 degree weather had just destroyed me. I took out my knife and cut my shorts off, threw them out the window, jumped in the shower, and vowed to myself never to talk about this day again. Ever. I couldn't look anyone in the face for the rest of the night. Christiana asked me what had happened to me, but I didn't have the heart to tell her... I was a pant shitter.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com



"As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly."

Proverbs 26:11

I lie naked on the bed... gasping... my mouth half open to let air in and out. Each breath hurts. My lungs whistle as they struggle for air. I'm going to suffocate. Half blind, I feel for something to clear my nose in. A cloth... soft... white... a T-shirt turned inside out as if worn and discarded. I can vaguely see GG Allin through the material... I don't care... I pull the crumpled T-shirt to my face. Using what little lung power I have, I blow air out my nose. *BLLLLLAAAR! BLLLLLAAAR! BLLLLLAAAR*! For a second I breathe. Feel the air through one nostril, like mint on a spring day.

I look at the yellow glob of snot in the T-shirt. It's flecked with red... blood... looking like veins in a leaf... nourishment for the pus... a living organism, that'll drop off the cloth... onto the floor... and start crawling. It doesn't.

The fantasy of crawling mucus doesn't last long. The snot I didn't expel has lodged itself in my lungs. I gag... cough... gag again... manage to pull myself up... to my elbows. The coughing doesn't stop... deep heavy coughs... below my lungs... into my stomach... more gagging... I'm gonnna choke on my own vomit... like Jimi Hendrix.

I can just roll out of bed and crawl slowly toward the bathroom... too slowly... Before I reach the toilet, I cough hard enough to dislodge the food in my stomach... taco salad... shot of ouzo... nacho chips... with beef and cheese... all in various degrees of digestion... all pouring out of my mouth onto the tile floor.... not pouring, but spraying... hard... onto the floor... up and out my nose... everywhere... with enough force to splatter... to splatter my hands... my arms... drip down my face... hang in strings from my beard.

Green... gray... yellow... white... clear... this too, flecked though with tiny rivulets of blood... it's not over... more coughing... violent... puke... not like a beer puke... not like a fever puke... puke without nausea... a hard puke... coughing food from my stomach... inhaling the puke and coughing it out again ... spraying the floor like a machine gun sprays Iraqis.

The fluorescent light in the bathroom brightens the viscous mess on the floor.

Flash to a locker-room in Pennsylvania: *A big, smiley gray-haired man is naked, kneeling next to a pre-pubescent, also naked. The kid is a white boy, with a shock of brown hair, falling Justin Bieber style, over his forehead. He lies on a wooden bench. He too is naked.*

The grey-haired man lowers his buck-toothed mouth over the boy's crotch. He laps, starting low, between the legs... he raises one eyebrow to watch the boy move from limpitude to youthful stiffness. Then he takes that stiffness into his mouth...

I don't know if that's what happened. The coach says he only "horsed around with" the boys. It could've been nothing more than sharing a shower.

You (think you) know the story. You saw it on TV. TV news and the press have turned the adventure into something more disgusting than my vomit on the bathroom floor. They spray it in your face whenever you turn on the TV. The latest, in Pennsylvania: Jerry Sandusky, the defensive coordinator of the Penn State football team is charged with sexually abusing eight boys over a 15-year period. The man played football at Penn State and was a coach there for 32 years, 23 of them as the team's defensive coordinator.

Along with him, Joe Paterno, the long-time football coach — and the winningest coach in college football — and several other people were fired. No trial... except in the press.

Sandusky talks about showering with the kids and "horsing around," which means things like snapping towels... not things like licking testicles. A janitor had reported Sandusky in 2000... saying he saw something lewd in a college locker room shower.

What is the coach charged with? Seven counts of *involuntary deviate sexual intercourse*. What the fuck is *involuntary deviate sexual intercourse?*

We get more. More spew from the press... right and left... from tsk-tsking conservatives who say that's what happens when you let GOD out of your life... to tsk-tsking liberals who say that's what happens when sports and its idea of winning is the only thing take over.

Excuse me while I puke. Did the kids complain? Was there an injury? A visit to a doctor? None of that. Where's the crime?... I'll tell you.

Flash to Zhengzhou in the Henan Province of China: On the 25th floor of an anonymous factory building. It's slave labor. Workers forced into 12-hour days, at about 50 cents an hour. Chung Tang, about 25 but looking 50, has been working for 36 hours straight. He's forbidden to speak to his co-workers... he couldn't anyway... he has to put a circuit board on some pegs. One every seven seconds. If he misses, he's fired... out on the street.

The smell of chemical solvents permeates the air. They use the chemicals to etch circuit boards. They also etch lungs. It's painful to breathe. Straight thinking is impossible. The man's brain is fried from the work and the chemicals. After work, he drags himself to the single room he shares with five other workers. Not today.

All he can do is count. 36 hours... ten more boards and he can go home. Nine... Eight... Seven... His supervisor walks to him.

"You have more," he says. "There is a new order. You must stay."

A scream wells up in Chung's throat like vomit wells up in mine. It escapes. *AAAAARRRRRRR*!

He pushes past the supervisor heading for the window. He jumps. He dies.

It's just another day at the Apple Factory. Another few million iPhones assembled and ready to go. Another worker out the window.

Meanwhile, in America, the Steve Jobs worship continues, despite revelations that Foxconn, their Chinese contractor, operates such a horrible sweatshop that twelve workers jumped out the windows, killing themselves. The crisis is so deep the company installed safety nets between buildings to catch the jumpers. No shit.

Students and Scholars against Corporate Misbehavior (SACOM), a Hong Kong-based workers' rights group, released a report about Foxconn. It details the exhaustion of 12-hour (or longer) shifts, the alienation from not being allowed to speak to co-workers, and the frenzy of a rapid just-in-time production model that has workers putting in a phone motherboard every seven seconds.

With conditions worse than prison hard labor, workers see no alternative to a flying leap out the window.

Two stories:

One: seven young guys who may or may not have fucked a football coach. Two: a dozen people a killing themselves rather than facing Apple's working conditions. Which is worse? Sex or death? Apple or Penn State?

Look up the answer on your iPhone. Me? I gotta go throw up.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog readers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

-->NOT dept: My defense of, and support for the Occupy folks (in last month's column), looks like a direct answer to Lefty Hooligan's column about how they're too tame. It is not. Because of the advance deadline, I had not read Lefty's column before I wrote mine. Not that it would change anything. He's wrong. I'm not.

-->How they keep a majority dept: It's clear that *most* Americans support the Occupy folks and would as soon vote for Jerry Sandusky as any 1% Republican. The only way for the Republicans to keep control of Congress is to prevent people from voting. So, that's what they do.

In Kansas, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Wisconsin, voters will have to show photo IDs to vote. Ten percent of the citizens of those states do not have photo IDs — mostly poor and young — the same people who would wish the Republicans a good ass kicking! Hmmmm.

-->Imagine ordering the cops to do that? Dept: NY Police commissioner Raymond Kelly has ordered his cops to "follow the law" when making arrests for pot. Until that order, cops would routinely stop and frisk people (mostly young, mostly black) and then, when they found weed, claim to the court it was in plain sight. Cops are now prohibited from doing this.

Hmmmm, strange how the rest of us have to *follow the law* all the time, but cops (finally!) only have to do it when making pot arrests. And that's a *new* rule.

-->Fire me, please! Dept: HP CEO Leo Apotheker was fired for disastrous performance for the company. He was replaced by failed California gubernatorial right-wing candidate, Meg Whitman. (Fat chance I'm gonna buy anything HP!) Don't feel sorry for Apotheker, though. His "termination benefits" are valued at 31 million dollars.

-->On my turntable dept: So Shut-Up Records sent me a buncha stuff that laid on my cabinet for months. Then *wow*! I guess you guys know THE STUN GUNS. I'm out of the vinyl loop... I shouldn't be. This colored marble piece of vinyl is so strong, it gives me a hard-on! Quick find me a locker-room in Pennsylvania!

-->Mentioning it again dept: It should be a requirement that every judge spend at least six months in jail. Then he'd know what he was doing when he sentences people to that hellhole institution of new slavery. I've written before about Waldo, my artist jailpal. He will draw you a picture from a photograph, or his mind. For free. I used one of his (me licking a Japanese samurai sword) for my Facebook profile pic. Just write to him and tell him what you want. He's got a lot of time. Waldo c/o Ryan Homslay #747267, MCDC 1120 SW Third Ave., Portland OR 97204

-->Get on the List Dept: It's always a good time to be a spy. How can you fight the bad guys if you don't know what they're doing? Wikileaks? We need 300 million Wikileaks. A front group called United in Purpose, is supported by a couple California venture capitalists. Among them Ken Edred, a wealthy Republican donor, and Reid Rutherford, who, when not working for the Christian right, beats doors to promote solar power. (Yeah bad guys like solar energy too!)

The purpose of United in Purpose is to data-mine, forming a database of "every unregistered born-again and evangelical Christian and conservative Catholic in the country." What happens to that list is anybody's guess... but it shouldn't be. What to do? Register with a Christian conservative group. Put your name and email address on some stupid Right to Life petition. Send for information from *The 700 Club*. It probably won't take much to get on the list... then see what happens. Let me know what you find out.

-->Who wudda thunk it dept: Ok, buckaroos, guess who said this, "Even where the protection of children is the object, the constitutional limits on government action apply. Individual families must set their own rules, without imposing what the State thinks parents ought to do."

Is this the ACLU? The National Coalition Against Censorship? NAMBLA? Nope! It's our own maleficent Anthony Scalia, the most totalitarian and evil of the Supreme Court justices. But this broken clock was right once! He wrote the statement in his opinion rejecting the California video game censorship law. Credit where it's due.

-->What happened dept: For awhile I was getting a buncha *those kind of* DVDs from fans. (I love that *rub it all over me* one from Justin and Samantha.) For the last month, or so, things have... er... dried up. Keep 'em coming! On the edge (but *legal*!) of course. As always (Mykel Board POB 137, Prince Street Stn, New York NY 10012). Don't send me links or attachments. I just delete that stuff.

-->Sure it was an accident dept: Yahoo has apologized for blocking the delivery of emails that contained a URL related to the "Occupy Wall Street" demonstrations. Yahoo admitted that it blocked the emails pertaining and issued an apology on Twitter, saying that the blockage was "not intentional." The mega-corp blamed its spam filters for stopping emails that contained the campaign website OccupyWallStreet.org. *Not intentional?* Yeah, right.

MODERNIST WITCH
WITH JESSICA SKOLNIK
INPUT
ATTACK
OUTPUT
CHECK
SW
NORMAL
EFFECT

Funny Girl/Humorless Castrator

You may have gotten the sense from the last few columns, if you don't know me personally, that I'm kind of a dour individual who takes herself too seriously, or a weird mushy do-gooder (OK, I am kind of mushy sometimes, and I can be dour when faced with some bullshit because that's an appropriate reaction).

The truth is that I smile easily and laugh all the time — (we live in a fucking absurd world, right? What else can we do but laugh about it?) — but that's hard to convey in print, especially since my sense of humor tends toward the dark and sarcastic rather than the obvious pratfall (don't get me wrong, though, ridiculous noises our bodies make? Funny forever).

Anyway, I spend a lot of time in complex, difficult, ugly territory, wrestling with Things That Are Fucked Up About Our Fucked Up World. Because I care about not fucking over other people and am always processing on this tip, there are people in this world who think I am an Oversensitive Humorless Activist. "I mean, she's cool when she talks about music and gear and stuff but *why is she always talking about rape and community and racism and gender equity and and and GOD what a downer!"*

I'm not the only person this stereotype is said to apply to — pretty much anyone who is an active critical thinker, politically engaged and vocal about it will get it at some point at another, especially if that person happens to be a member of one or more marginalized communities. (Hi, I'm a queer woman and a union member. And that informs my day-to-day life. I don't have the option of not dealing with oppressive shit because it is in my face all the time demanding my attention. As I am hurt and frustrated by oppression that I experience personally, I spend a lot of time and energy trying *not* to be an oppressive jerk to people in other marginalized communities to which I don't belong because I think buying into systemic oppression and causing other people to hurt and/or feel alienated is not OK, and that giving other people basic human respect is important.)

This is how our very real criticisms and thoughts get dismissed — we are too loud, too strident, too dour, too focused, too political, too personal, too opinionated, too *much*. These are the charges leveled at marginalized people over and over and over again throughout history when we are vigilant about talking about Why And How Things Are Fucked Up in ways that perhaps challenge the status quo (and I'm not talking about the mainstream status quo, either, and whether you think it's "trendy" or not to share a lot of the opinions I have, trust me, I face actual violence in the world for having those opinions and being who I am, and so do other people who are marginalized in other ways — intersectionality, y'all).

There are times at which I'd like to just focus on records and interesting/beautiful images and making music and circuit-bending and the cool people I know and goofing off in the van and other fairly light, interesting, fun stuff too, and I do. I just don't write about it or present that side of myself in this column or in internet spaces as often. We are all much more complicated than our various social reflections (blogs, social networking profiles, and so on) could argue, much more complicated than a bibliography of topics we've chosen to write about.

The other part of this whole thing is that I like comedy. My partner is a comedy nerd (and sometimes-performer) and I have some other friends in the comedy-writing-and-performing world, and though a lot of standup and comedy shows are *really fucking bad and corny* there are a lot of smart cool people being awesome and sharp and funny too (*Best Show* on WFMU, anyone?).

We have a standing disagreement, my partner and I, about comedy. He thinks all material is fair game, even if he doesn't approve of that material personally, but one has to be willing to expect criticism/backlash if you tackle certain sensitive topics, and I think it's irresponsible to (one example here) make rape jokes (provided that you are not a rape survivor who is trying to deal with what you experienced with humor, because, hey, I have been there and done that too and it's a valid form of resistance. That's what gallows humor actually is — joking as coping mechanism. I'm not talking about that kind of joke; I'm talking about a joke that *actively trivializes* the experiences of rape survivors).

I also think "edgy" "button-pushing" humor that goes for the easy and obvious joke is lazy, boring, and played out, and even smart comedians I generally like a lot (lookin' at you, Louis CK) fall into that trap sometimes. It's not breaking any taboos; it's just covering the same ground that's been covered since at least the '70s. Cool, you can spew a bunch of slurs and hatefulness. So can a lot of people (and they do). I'm not saying humor can't or shouldn't wrestle with difficult or touchy subjects, because a lot of the best and most relevant humor comes out of battle with real pain (if you're listening to Marc Maron's WTF podcasts, there's ample evidence of that). That's different than making light of someone else's pain.

Comedy is a space for the damaged and disaffected as much as punk is. And, like punk, sometimes intensely problematic shit happens and is said in the name of comedy, and it's not doing anyone any favors to not talk about it so that the same mistakes and systemic, oppressive patterns get replicated over and over and over again. We're using these spaces as outlets, right? Using them to wrestle with our demons (as well as creating/consuming entertainment, being part of a community, and enjoying an aesthetic)? There are no spaces in which conflict doesn't exist and which these issues aren't being dealt with at one time or another, of course; that's humanity, and that's the structures we've built and that we live within. But there are spaces that are *less* oppressive than others, refuges, places in which it is safe to wrestle with this pain. Punk has been that space at times for me, and so has comedy; I do not expect them to be Perfect Spaces (that don't exist), but I have the reasonable desire to not have to deal with the same bullshit over and over in those spaces from the same unthinking perspective, the perspective that supports structural oppression by minimizing its impact and attempting to dismiss it.

I am not a fan of callout culture, not a fan of bullying in the name of social justice, not a fan of self-righteousness. But I do like, as mentioned at the beginning of this piece, dissecting problematic stuff (some of which I really like the aesthetics of) with the ultimate goal of disarming it. (Sometimes I enjoy problematic art/music/film/comedy! A lot of cultural product is fucked in one way or another because our culture is fucked in like ten thousand ways. I just need to place it in context and never forget/always be vigilant about why and how it's problematic.)

I like talking about these things, you know. Often, I even like laughing about them.

MUTANT ROCK!
SHIVA ADDANKI

Four Fanzines, Two Tapes, Two Records.

As I'm working on *Accept the Darkness* #8 after what feels like a long ass time off from working on any zine, I realize I've got a serious pile of new zines and muzak slabs stacked up to talk about, more that can fit in there. Since this column is already late, looks like you're gonna hear about some of 'em here. The foremost thing I'm extremely excited about out of all this shit is a zine coming out of NYC: *Frozen Dirt*. As with much of the shit I write about coming from NYC, I have the annoying footnote that I know the people fucking around with the glue n' scissors, guitars 'n' drums, and silk screening ink behind the mess, but that's irrelevant. *Frozen Dirt* is the perfect fucked up and photocopied embodiment of the sloppy, irreverent, drunken, and rotten mentality that is pervading through these scum and trash ridden streets and driving people to make ugly sounds and violent visions. The bass gurgling, bespectacled caveman from Long Pigs and Dawn of Humans hammers out his vividly imaged reactions to punk in a slobbering stupor, pasting together sentences and pictures in a barely contained mess of smeared toner. My favorite stuff in this zine is his writing and artwork, which just happens to make up the majority of the thing. Highlights include an intro that synthesizes MAHO NEITSYT, alcohol, Henry Miller, and FLIPPER into one ramble, a sick center-spread, and a rant that pores over his OTAN, FIRMEZA 10, and ILEGAL records. Figure out how to get your greasy, sticky sausage fingers on this shit, whether you're a sweaty nerd jerking off with the wide-hole of your Toxic State 45s or just an average punk retard.

Down and Out zine from Australia has just produced two issues full of deafeningly good interviews and record reviews. Issue number seventeen includes interviews with hardcore sickoids VILE GASH and sulking teen punks ICEAGE. Eighteen includes interviews with the harrowing, knife-edge maniacs the ROPES, self-abusers HOAX, and (at this point unheard by me) HC Neanderthals MUGGER. There's more to these issues but these were the things that caught my eye the most, along with the reviews that further accentuate editor Sam Vince's impeccable taste (minus the black metal). He knows how to grill a band and get something (un)savory out of them, something that exposes the inner workings of why they do what they do, which is essentially the point of an interview.

Fashionable Activism #2 sucks. A weak-witted intro that disintegrates into internet jargon sets the pace for shitty, half-assed interviews done with little thought with bands who (for the most part) deserve better. Pictures of sick Midwest bands salvage it a little bit, but not enough to ignore how pissweak the writing is. Good thing *Counterfeit Garbage* #6 just came out and I got it in the same envelope, because otherwise I'd be convinced something to the contrary of the implacable truth ("Midwest Rules"). *CG* #6 sports a return to form on the layout front, with the same voracious lunacy for hardcore bleeding outta the halftone dots and text adorning each page. The writing is of high caliber, as per usual, with sick pictures and a good chat with Midwest jazz-funk-fusion band SWEET TOOTH to boot as well. Listening to my NEGATIVE APPROACH reissue and writing this review makes me feel like shaving my head and punching myself in the face, just for shits and giggles.

I've got my hands on two demos from a feral new band of fuckheads called KREMLIN, from a cold and blistered concrete basement in Canada, coming out of the same pool of cum that birthed SCHOOL JERKS, but sounding wildly different. They've got that classic subconscious internalization of a synthesis of DISCHARGE and Dischord Records circa '80-81. This band's sound is abrasively and intrusively raw, with the cymbal sounds cutting a little too close, the snare sounding like cardboard box, the guitar sounding like it's being strangled by broken cables and malfunctioning fuzzboxes, and vocal takes that pierce your eardrums with cruel fidelities. This is the kind of sound that only brings warmth to the nutcases who champion four-track recordings, who nestle up to the speakers for the sounds of their favorite third-gen demo tape dubs and mixtapes of raw, blistered hardcore. This band has the plodding yet vicious appeal of tape-trader masturbation like HELLHAMMER, MOB 47, Crudity, MG15, EU'S ARSE, and RATOS DE PORÃO. "Zero" — from the second tape — is an absolute scorcher, nestled up against other formidable slices of hardcore mania. These are great, raw demo tapes that help maintain the beauty of the "anywhere and everywhere" romanticism of hardcore.

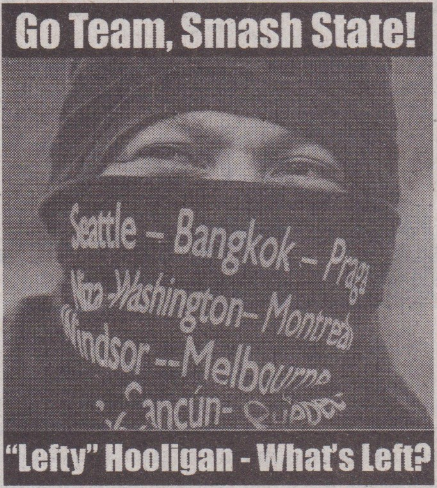
I don't get why these one or two dudes keep releasing demo tapes that sound like scummy, wet-cave dwelling, Neanderthal hardcore punk under the monikers of BOWN AWL and RASBERRY BULBS and calling it black metal. This Raspberry Bulbs tape, *RB Tries Again* gives some pissy, hissy, inept, and hysterical sounding sludgy punk jams that drip with dark, antisocial isolation. This sounds like some pre-homogeny hardcore weirdness, but washed and covered in a thick haze of hiss, feedback, and fuzz. Recorded like a GAI demo with songs that sound like early Japanese HC bands like LSD and ZOUO ripping riffs from the first two RUDIMENTARY PENI 7"s, but playing on Quaaludes or Xanax or something, because this shit sounds spaced out and despondent. Ugly, ugly, ugly music.

I snagged the first SLICES 7" in a trade for a stack of zines earlier this year but never ended up throwing it on. *Big. Fucking. Mistake. DAMN*! This shit is insane. I know it's old and probably out of print but from what I hear this band is still good and have records coming out, so can it. This thing sounds absolutely incredible. It starts off with some reasonably peaceable sounding count off, but quickly blasts off into an absolute orgy of tough, noisy, and blunt hardcore, grooving on the scummiest, most unsavory vibes imaginable. The A-side makes me think of a DEEP WOUND / INFEST covers tape by GISM getting fucked by a mixtape of guitar tracks from BRAINBOMBS. Or something. The whole thing just sounds like a mess of heavy, violent, and abrasive machinery clashing with a serial killer screaming, slobbering, and breathing heavy into a megaphone, calling out deranged, metaphorical encouragement over the whole mess. The guitar break at the beginning of "Desert March" is repulsive.

I don't have the balls to swallow my words so quickly and write about a reissue record in *Accept the Darkness*, so I figure it's fitting for me to shit out some writing on the new Void compilation released. I've gagged through too many self-imposed readings of pasty, limp-wristed internet journalists writing how it's the "greatest hardcore record of the year" or talking the band up 'n' down to catch the cool-points for throwing nods at one of those old HC bands that that one indie rocker claimed as an influence who had a cool logo. Underneath the cum of these anemic, sheltered shitheads is of course, a sick record. The whole A-side kills it; the band sounds something in between the TEEN IDLES / MIDDLE CLASS school of inept belligerence and the maniacal lunacy of the twelve melting masterpieces on the split LP. In my own absolutely retarded and worthless opinion, the eight-second (or so) rager that kicks off the whole thing makes the whole LP worth buying. I shit you not. That fucking scream at the end. Damn. The thing that's absolutely insane about this record, which I just noticed as I am writing this, is the ridiculous growth heard that transpired in a matter of a month (the time between the Hit and Run session and the *Condensed Flesh* session that everyone's heard). These sheltered, pimply nutcases just hammered at it until they were wound up tight enough to go at again. The deranged isolation and passion they commit to this manic noise has had its lasting impact, VOID are one of the most important bands in punk's past, still sounding relevant and important, and still influencing bands to shed inhibitions and disregard all standards and just fucking go for it. Check that photo of Weiffenbach at prom (probably took his sister). Even better, check that skateboarding flick! Distort Suburbia.

That's it for now; Listen to BROWN SUGAR, VIDEO, HAMMERHEADS, and the REPOS.

Oh, and since I managed to score the second Repos 12" through requesting it in here, here's a short want list: Repos first 12", 9 Shocks Terror – *Paying Ohmage* LP, Vile – *Solution* reissue LP, *Killed By HC* #2 & #3, Bone Awl *Night's Middle* 7" & *Meaningless Leaning Mess* and *Not For Our Feet* 12"s, copies of *Distort* fanzine #14-24 (sans-21), Ropes T-shirts and pins, the Hoax demo and second 7". Price this shit within reason if you're gonna sell it, cuz I'm not gonna pay some exorbitant eBay price, if I was I'd have just thrown that list in a search engine. eggmangel@gmail.com



Go Team, Smash State!

"Lefty" Hooligan - What's Left?

I'm not too proud to admit that I fucked up last column in my across the board criticism of Occupy Wall Street. My wife rightly took me and my column to task and pointed out that the Occupy movement has raised some important issues—wealth inequality, corporate greed, political corruption—into the realm of public debate, and therefore doesn't deserve my inordinately pessimistic take on the movement as a whole. The fact that various folks my age and older who haven't been to a demonstration in the past couple of decades are suddenly dropping by their local Occupy encampment to participate has given credence to her argument.

I ended my last column just as Occupy Oakland was taken down for the first time. The orgy of police violence, and in particular the injury of Iraqi war veteran Scott Olsen, triggered a massive burst of organizing energy that saw the reoccupation of the plaza in front of Oakland city hall, and the call for a general strike in the city of Oakland on November 2.

No, of course, it was not an actual general strike, for a number of reasons. For one, only a small fraction of Oakland's workforce left their workplaces without permission. The bulk of Oakland's businesses apart from the downtown area remained open and the city was not shut down. Union members, such as the California Nurses Association, used sick days to participate, while the Oakland City government gave their workers permission to join in. Even the supremely militant longshoreman's union, the ILWU, required protestors to block port gates before official mediators would approve the cancellation of a port workers' shift. An earlier shift of ILWU workers went to work during the day of the general strike. Finally, of the 50,000 plus demonstrators who did march to block the gates and shut down the Port of Oakland, many were not city residents or working class. To argue that the composition of the working class in 2011 is different from that of 1946, or that this was actually a social strike because the social relations in downtown Oakland were entirely altered on that day is simply to play semantic games.

Still, 50,000 plus demonstrators did turn out on that gloriously sunny day, a powerful turnout, and a stupendous culmination to Occupy Oakland's call for a general strike. The boisterous, festive atmosphere of the crowds blocking the port gates, the interaction between the crowds and the *troqueros*, the independent truckers, detained by those crowds, and ultimately the decision by the health and safety arbitrator that dockworkers didn't have to cross an unsafe picket line; the triumph of the port march foreshadowed one of the turns the Occupy movement has made of late, towards an engagement with organized labor. In no way could this mass protest replace or "substitute" for mass working class action, yet it was impressive in its own right. To make these points, and to put this protest in perspective, remember that between 150,000, and 200,000 demonstrators turned out on February 16, 2003 in San Francisco to protest America's invasion of Iraq, disrupting the financial district's "business as usual" and the city's "social relations as usual" in a far more dramatic fashion.

The second important highlight of November 2 was the black bloc's action. Not the midday smashy smashy of bank windows, the spray paint attack on Whole Foods, or the schoolyard skirmishing between black masked anarchos and the peace police. All that was silly bullshit. Even though the Oakland PD had purposefully kept its distance during the daytime's various activities, including the black bloc rampage, the black bloc's tactics were tired and entirely predictable. If every time you play a game of chess you make the same moves, eventually your opponent is going to realize this vulnerability and wipe you off the board. Ironically, the OPD did just that when the anarchos attempted their most daring, and provocative, stunt—the one deed worth admiration and praise—the takeover of the former Travelers Aid Society building.

An abandoned and foreclosed structure, the TAS building was occupied that evening by the black bloc and a healthy mix of Oakland youth, who ostensibly wanted to communalize it and turn it into a community center. To be part shelter for youth and the homeless, learning center, workspace, and library, these plans were dashed by a mammoth police assault completely unanticipated by the occupiers. The black bloc built a pair of barricades, a pathetic defense even under the best of circumstances, but made particularly ludicrous given that the OPD is better armed than many Third World countries. Wave after wave of riot police came in, swinging batons, firing tear gas canisters, tossing flashbang grenades, and shooting rubber bullets, to completely rout the building occupation and arrest many of its participants. But despite this defeat, the actual building occupation presaged another turn that the Occupy movement has recently made in its solidarity with various anti-foreclosure movements around the country. It also heralded a resurgence of squatting activism in Oakland and beyond. In this sense, the black bloc action was *avant garde* in the best sense of that word, and provided the most effective argument against charges of anti-democratic substitutionalism leveled against this powerful deed.

To conclude, my column header is an homage to "ancient" history, the now defunct anti-globalization movement of 1999-2001. Launched with the brilliant shutdown of the WTO in the 1999 battle for Seattle, the movement eventually devolved into chic protest tourism that gave us horrendous riots in Gothenburg, Sweden, and Genoa, Italy, before being strangled by the international security clampdown promulgated after September 11, 2001. The Occupy Wall Street movement, in its tent/park occupation phase, hasn't lasted three months, nor could it last two years, in part because of the intense militarization of local police forces as a consequence of 9/11. Even the movement's initiator, *Adbusters*, has suggested that it is time for Occupy Wall Street to move on and find other directions.

Occupy's engagement with organized labor and anti-foreclosure activities is thus a positive development, denunciations of "union pie cards" or "middle class property owners" to the contrary. The diffuse "Occupy Our Homes" campaign from Brooklyn to Oakland was matched by the only partly successful west coast port shutdown actions of December 12. Oakland was completely closed, and partial disruptions were effected in Portland, Oregon and Longview, Washington. But Seattle and San Diego experienced severe police repression, and the region's largest ports, Long Beach and Los Angeles, were almost entirely unaffected by the protest. Couple these spotty results with mixed support from the ILWU rank-and-file, and independent truckers, and it is clear that the Occupy movement has a long way to go in achieving a working solidarity with organized labor.

My undue pessimism regarding the Occupy movement stands corrected.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

ANDREW UNDERWOOD
COLUMN

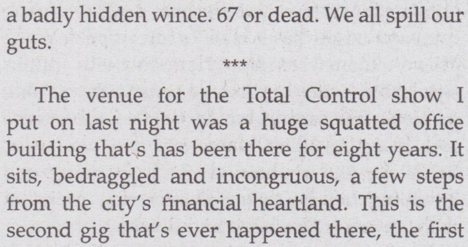
Aaaaaaaaarrrgh! *Aaaaaaarrgh!*

For once that's not an approximation of lyrics, but an actual expression of rage, as the pressing quality of the new SCHIZOPHRENIA EP is so *fucking shitty* that it's virtually impossible to listen to. My needle skates across the surface of this record with all the grace of an Olympic figure skater, and the scraps of songs I can hear are so tantalizingly good. I mean, my god, this is the band that was chosen to accompany MOB 47 on their first Japan tour, and it was for a damn good reason, as their brand of raw punk is a brilliant blend of early Scandi-style fuzz and the hectic Dutch/BGK drive. It says across the top of this record, in usual homage style: "This fucking SKIZOPHRENIA still a raped ass." Unfortunately, my turntable needle was violated as well and I can't properly report on what is probably a great piece of wax. This is a rare but really startling lapse in quality control from Hardcore Survives. (Hardcore Survives, hcsurvives.exblog.jp)

On a brighter note, I fucking love CONTORT. Not just because they're a great band (they are) but because they've totally embraced a workmanlike style of releasing cassettes and gigging instead of jumping right into the vinyl stakes as most bands do these days. I was quite enthusiastic about the earlier demo, but this new release is quite a step up! *Endless Myopic Bastards* isn't just a great looking and well packaged tape, it's got practically an album's worth of new material that joins the Kyushu noize sound to songs that draw from both primitive DCHC and menacing BLITZ-style atmospheric plodders. The addition of eerie backing vocals and some really nifty new guitar effects (perhaps showing a bit of WANKYS influence in the braindrill sound of the feedback parts?) really fill out the sound. The drumming is rock-solid as always, the bass sounds like it's been dredged from the bottom of the Liffey, and there seems to be a real effort here to create an atmosphere of claustrophobic reverb and noize that joins all these tracks together like a suite. It's rarer and rarer these days that I hear a recording and think "fuck, if I had the dough I'd put this out on vinyl in a heartbeat," but this is a definite qualifier (along with the KIBA *Violent Liberty* CD, another must have from 2011). Track this down by any means necessary. (Distro-y, www.distroyrecords.com

"Am I Punk Yet?" This is the question (and song) that starts off the FILTHY HATE double flexi EP that made my fucking Xmas. Sometimes I feel like I'm on a one-man crusade to back the fuck out of this band, and I sure as fuck won't stop because they have an incredibly interesting sound. They marry the Brit-core sounds of HERESY and INTENSE DEGREE with blast beats and melodic breakdowns like the crazed offspring of NAPALM DEATH and JFA. This is 100% high-energy hardcore fucking punk, by and for the kids of all ages. Both vocalists kill, but the female vocalist (credited as "Mad Mother" on the demo) brings some serious fucking chops to the party, harmonizing like Exene sometimes and screaming like Chitose at others. These are not the most perfectly-written or performed songs I've heard this year by any means, but they're fucking good and fun as fuck. FILTHY HATE is a band that I can't imagine ever being boring or not fun to listen to, and at a jaded age in a jaded time that means more than anything to me. Plus, these guys seem to have slipped totally under the internet radar, probably by choice as they have no web presence at all. I dunno what the availability of this totally awesome clear/blue flexi set is at this point, but you can't go wrong by at least dropping the band a line to say hello. Are you punk yet? You're more punk than 90% of the bands I've heard this year. (Bat Man Records, filthyhate@hotmail.jp

Hope you all had a nice holiday season — please feel free to fill my inbox with late gifts. Always looking for that DDE 12" and Rabia EP! Otherwise, hate mail, demos, and the usual to me c/o *MRR* oragunderwood@gmail.com.



Useless limbs, warm eyes, burning laptop heat belly. Cocooned here from that late onset shocker unshocker of a winter that really shouldn't have taken anyone by surprise. Nothing to say. Stare straight ahead, pretty used to wearing glasses now, pretty used to the smears from clumsy eating greasy fingered light trails always. With that in mind, a bad time to be trying to focus, but still. Perfectly still. Did you ever try and make a point and just make a diversion instead? Cul-de-sac architect. Withering looks. No full sentences, no major plans, no natural light. Still a skipping strained voice preens the speakers, floppy hair says he says takes a something-something just to get him outta bed. Don't mention the riots. Stay inside your bedroom while this all blows over. General strike is right all right. Gold-plated pension stiff upper lip take it on the chin for your kids and work 'til you're 67 or dead. Suffice to say, Christmas might happen before you read this. Nothing much'll change, you might be a little older, a little more fraught with your siblings, more aware of your parents' mortality, creeping in here and there with a searched-for-but-unfound name of someone's cousin's son, or a badly hidden wince. 67 or dead. We all spill our guts.

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The venue for the Total Control show I put on last night was a huge squatted office building that's has been there for eight years. It sits, bedraggled and incongruous, a few steps from the city's financial heartland. This is the second gig that's ever happened there, the first being Inservibles, which we did last month. Existence through secrecy, a Polish guy who had doggedly begun attending my shows the previous year told me a little about the place he was living. Crammed between a huge silver and concrete monolith of serviced offices, and some other weird buildings, the place itself is made from red bricks that look so very out of place. Google shows that the address was slated by the council for "Demolition of existing building and construction of a four-storey office building," but that was in 2003 according to the document, and the owner now can't even sell the place since the bottom fell out of the property development marking. Poor fuckin' millionaire. As its "non-residential," the law which is about to come which criminalizes squatting will not make felons out of my friends living there, but will undoubtedly result in a clampdown across the board, and will of course slap a £1500 fine and a year's jail time on homeless people who do take shelter from the rain in one of Britain's 930,000 empty residential buildings.

"All space is occupied by the enemy. We are living under a permanent curfew. Not just the cops – the geometry."

Everything tastes like you said it would. How many people will write about Total Control this month? Ears are still ringing from yesterday and another Big Takeover to be proud of I think, I hope. At best, at least, another hole poked in the devastating normalcy of the lie/live musak "experience" of the bars and pubs you can keep, and the deadening futility of a future that is coming, regardless. At worst, I was accidentally plugged into the clean channel when we played. Tone hell and the purgatory of "is this thing on?" Who needs the clean channel? Pulled through. Instead of sheeping and schlepping through the right bars at the right time, in the right costume, kids come to shakedown, deathdance, vibrate the bones they didn't know they had, to these exploding febrile now songs, that sound like the past thought the future might. Skittish convulsions. Any which way, the presence of Australians in my peripheral vision/living room seems to make things work better when it comes to having fun, and I drank four coffees today. I'll sacrifice solid shits for my guests, I'm that good a host.

How many other people live the same life as me, or thereabouts, in a different city, a different life, society sucker priorities accidentally lining up, staring confused at the future for a second, a sensible voice piping up then silent, while you're kickin' over those right choices like stupid tombstones. To do what instead? Drunk or sober, committed to both/either/neither, living it, and feverishly making and doing, in the secret hope of adding up your endeavors to some prime number that allows you to cheat death in a song someone might think back to after you're gone. This is the sweetness of productivity, punks sure that maybe we can stop time with this shit, just for a few seconds, to register your existence as a true thing that happened, that you were, definitely, and without doubt both living and breathing for at least one miniscule moment, there, down in the buzz and howl and sweat of absolute and total sonic something. Total sonic you-tell-me, cynics cast out as the lights peak and it stops mattering. That something, about more, now, than label schedules, pre-order schmeorder, choosing the dirtier meaning of release over the other. Invert yourself. Electric shock from strands of spit spiderwebbing the microphone. Concussion in place of orgasm. Safer, littler deaths. Plug yourself in. mainframe. Let your eyes peak red now. Cheap infinities.

Last night, a small floodlight, the kind made for screenprinting studios, that was plugged into a four way extension, the ultimate squat power source, fell onto my head from a ladder hanging across two beams in the ceiling, down to where I was bent double retrieving a kick pedal for the next band. In the split second that I heard it fall, sensed the flash and heat coming towards my face, hitting my neck, I thought, perversely, not of blood and pain and serious injury, but of a string of jumbled prayer words all said at once (like when you're a kid and you write notes to your classmate by writing each word on top of the previous, checking they follow as you build an illegible scribble-secret in the ultimate fuck-you-teacher argot). I thought only, please please please please dear sweet god in the sky if you're there don't let the light that is about to hit also blow these amps, not tonight, not now before things are done, not now when there is more than my yearly salary's worth of gear plugged in, only one shitty head of which is really mine, not now. I was safe, in fact, and no one seemed to really notice too much, as I was far below eye level, and the floor was too dirty there to really tell where all the glass had gone. Cheating death. Later on, while cleaning up, I would find a totally un-shattered piece of glass from the front of the light hidden behind the amp. However it hits you, it's coming. Maybe it'll be short lived, maybe it'll be a low, homely buzz that continues for a month, two months, still always gone before you realise it's on the wane. The excitement while you're at should be enough, though, soul fuel, and if it isn't, revisit and make it. Again again again. Maybe he didn't want to say "punks," but he said something like "music people," something we could all agree on. We all spill our guts.

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Afterword: I heard the "if you make it to 25..." rule when I was 16 and laughed and then went quiet at what 25 might look like. Yeah, create the punk you want, sure, be a role model, be the best you can be, but you may still find yourself in your own living room, casually discussing the latest band, everyone agreeing that this is great, and then the killer sum up from your friend, your roommate, the person you run a label with, which is that "yeah it's totally great, just totally boy's music." Throwaway terminology, slap in the face, 25 and still that sinking feeling. There are no responses to how much of a bummer this is, too tired to school, and why bother? Leave the room. Put a record on. Forget it. A fact I wish I'd known ten years ago is that I can't and don't want to separate or dull down the double alienation, being a girl and being a punk, and having decimated the secret code of the riff and to find it, not the impenetrable Masonic lodge of shred it's so often lauded as, but nothing more at all than a few ways to move your hands, (and in any event useless without ideas) the last time I checked you play with your hands not with your dick. The sinking feeling of not being enough is buoyed up by the ability to go and dissect "hard" and play it on guitar, and find an immutable truth still glinting all deep and down in the bullshit, which is this: there is no such thing as music for boys, girls, men, women, but only music for evenings, fight music, noise not music, Xerox music. 2012 may be here by the time you read this. If the Mayans were right and we're all dust now, these pages included, at least go out knowing you tried. We all spill our guts.

Happy New Year. bryonybeynon@gmail.com

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Hey RETARDS--so you know how this is a music magazine, and all? I mean it's a *punk* magazine but *punk* is *music*, I guess so it's a music magazine, that's that. Anyways, ever since rock music started sounding like shit in the '80s, almost every magazine besides this one has devoted at least half of its content to weird revisionist lists that read like some crumb bums "blog," like, say, "100 Greatest British Blues Guitarist" or "10 Best Songs about Krampus." That sort of thing. I find it boring, I find it intellectually offensive. *Maximum Rocknroll* is not exempt, though they keep the listing down to once-a-year (barring the ones at the beginning of the issue, which everyone scans for their own band and once they don't see it puts the magazine back on the shelf at whatever shitty record store they're in), it's still too much for me. So, instead of doing anything remotely constructive or useful, I got blind drunk on nutmeg and typed this awful "experimental" column out (experiment failed by the way).

Year-End-Lists. Who has the memory for this shit? I can't even remember if I brushed my teeth today, let alone if that fucking Hoax record came out this year or next year or if I even like it (I certainly don't own it). Guess these people load up on gingko balboa. Me, I load up on lorazepam and cooking oil and jerk off when I'm supposed to be doing reviews. New music bores me. Old music is even worse—most of those people had beards. But can I still be a punk without having to listen to punk, or any, music?

I'll be totally real with you—music, as a facet of punk, is totally useless. Obsolete. Who needs to listen to old-man hootenanny bullshit like Crass or Murphys Law when you can simply listen to nothing? I personally find silence relaxing, soothing, even, and I like to begin my day without having to hear some sixteen year old toothless Brit whinge about the dole. My new routine is far more satisfying and, in my opinion, mature. I use a pill crusher to demolish three 10mg Adderall pills, pour the powder in 20ccs of water, and use a needless plunger to "plug" the drugs using my asshole. It's a bit time consuming but at least I don't have to listen to Blanks 77.

I also save a lot of money. I am no longer stuck in the childish "I Must Have That" mode that so many adult babies are locked into. Now, I spend my money on massages and back issues of *Mojo Magazine*, the pages of which I use as kindling during my camping trips with the Rotary Club (a fantastic organization). I've also taken to subscribing to pornographic websites. Thank god my 50x50 vault-like room is no longer clogged up with crummy Monochrome Set records—I finally have room to squat-thrust. I purchase obscene amounts of Grey Goose vodka.

You might say, "But Brace, you gave up on punk several years ago when you realized that you could get laid without having to corner girls in the Gilman bathroom," and you'd be totally correct. It's no secret that I believe punk is for babies and babies make me sick. I'm a hipster now (sort of like a punk but not Mexican), and this new lifestyle has afforded me many, many delights de eros, the likes of which I would have never glimpsed had I stayed a bisexual leather boy forced to get his kicks lapping up the spittle dripped from jowls of fake-manic singers in bands with "The" at the beginning of their names. Now I suck the lentil soup out of freak-folks beards and can truly get my rocks off.

Anyways, back to how *music* is bullshit and useless where punk is concerned. Punk is all about being a rebel, right? Clearly, punk music is for girls and children, and rebels are all males in the early stages of adulthood. There is a total disconnect there, and if you can't see it you're dumber than I thought, which, man, is

My Favorite Punk Bands of 2011: 1) 2) 3) 4) 5) 6) 7) 8) 9) 10) (there's no good punk bands) I feel like I've made my point.

Also, in the Spirit of Christmas, here's a list of things that I'm good at: Looking at myself in the mirror, admiring my talents + abilities, having sex, talking to girls, talking to guys, turning in my column on time or anywhere close, dentistry, praying, "skanking," eating w/ chopsticks, playing the song "Chopsticks", telling long, boring stories about myself, watching people sleep, text messaging, complaining, throwing up, giving "the bird", listening to the Stranglers, doing an old-person English accent, "prankin," fingering, calisthenics, crossing my eyes, "air bongos," masturbation, making tasteless jokes, saying the word "foodie," talking to my Aunt Cecille on the phone, eating popcorn, doing dishes, chopping down trees for firewood/pleasure, saying the word "pleasure" huskily, reading, taking the bus, figuring out which direction is North, male floristry, getting a haircut, ordering Chinese food by just saying the number of the item instead of the name, crossing the street without getting hit by a car, celebrating holidays, making puns with my name in them, saying "get thee to a punnery" when a person besides me "makes a pun," tipping graciously, ordering drinks, flirting with old women, grocery shopping, snorting any drug, smoking heroin, putting my legs behind my head, probably painting, telling off-color jokes to old people, taking out the trash, unlocking locks with keys, escaping conversations with punishing sort of people, whining, winging, wincing, mincing my words, telling right from left, getting creeped out by Ron Paul, drawing Hitler mustaches on pictures in magazines, petting dogs, sleeping around, sleeping in general, being quiet in bookstores, returning movies to the video store, making cute little comments about the situation at hand, jerking off while staring into my own eyes, cleaning my glasses, making my bed with hospital corners, responding to criticism by calling someone names, passing the buck, yelling, making bouquets, stealing from my parents, scratching myself, putting out campfires, going to gay bars, raising my eyebrows as if I'm expecting some unsatisfactory response, calling girls I've had sex with when I'm drunk, saying the word "liqueur" in a really snobby voice, bathing in gold, shooting, loading guns, plucking excess petals from fresh roses to make them look picture-perfect, plugging drugs up my ass, popping things (pimples, blackheads), looking at money, pretending I'm smart, buying records then regretting it ten minutes later or when I get home, looking at Lou Reed, fantasizing about sex, jerking off at work, loafing in general.

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HARDCORE charade

A couple of Fridays ago I went out boozing with my friends from *Team Smod*. We went to a bar in Soho where they played heavy metal — and AMEBIX! BLACK FLAG! And MINOR THREAT! Mixed between cheesy melodic extreme death metal and whatever else today's metal heads listen to. What is the world coming to? The day after that, we went to a fashionable fixed bike and black metal nightclub in Dalston. The DJs played GISM! BROKEN BONES! VARUKERS! And GBH! And the DJs played air guitar while playing punk. Duh. Punk, intersected with MAYHEM, DEAD MOON, and SKREWDRIVER, as well as mainstream pop?! Fucking weird! Thankfully they did not play CONFUSE! After that weekend I was hungover for days. I am just 33 but it feels like I am 66. I am out of touch with the world. Is punk dead? Am I still here? What's the point? Ta era jävla batonger och kör upp dom i röven. They owe us a living.

One of the best Swedish hardcore zines in the mid-1990s was *Painkiller*, named after the ANTI-CIMEX song and mini-LP, of course. *Painkiller* came out in some seven or eight issues, all of them with a plausible print run of no more than 100-200 copies each, yet for awhile *Painkiller* was knows all over Sweden as a chaotic, fun, shit zine for all raw punx. The editor was one Karl Oskar Liljeberg, or more commonly known as Painkiller-Kalle, a Norwegian who had lived in Sweden since a kid. Before I knew Kalle in person I used to see him out on town — town being the small town of Vänersborg, Sweden. He was the town's only proper punk. Indeed, he signed off as "Vänersborg enda supa/dräggråpunkare" — "the only boozing raw punk scumfuck in town." Kalle was a few years older than me. I'm not sure how old exactly, but I remember that he was old enough to buy booze at Systembolaget long before I knew him — meaning he was over 20 — because every time I saw him he was always carrying a crate of beer or the classic green Systemet plastic bags full of wine bottles. I also remember that he had a mohican and a leather jacket with an over-sized MISFITS Crimson Ghost painted on the back. (Can you remember when Misfits were still obscure enough that only punks and freaks knew about the band?)

The town of Vänersborg had this great historic live house called Café Eloge. I am not sure how much truth is behind this but the story goes that it had been a prog live house in the 1970s, then a punk house in the 1980s. Either way, by 1993 or thereabouts the heydays of punk at Eloge were way past — I remember hearing about a punk show at Eloge that must have been in '92 or something, the Strebers and a bunch of other bands had played, but that was before my time. Just before I moved there with my mum around '93 or '94, Counterblast and Rövsvett had played… But now the venue was taken over by a new generation of local kids playing US hardcore and crossover stuff. At first that scene had a healthy mix of skateboard kids playing US hardcore with just young people who came for the very lively party atmosphere; a year or two later, the scene had evolved into an almost entirely vegan sXe scene with vegan food, no drinking, and big name international sXe bands passing through town to play almost every weekend (at least that's what it seemed like at the time!). I am not sure if it was the first Eloge show I went to or not, but I do have a faint memory of being really drunk in the lobby, sitting by the entrance charging entry fee off late-comers and spending all that money on buying more beer, and all the while Kalle sitting next to me, passed out. Years later, Painkiller Kalle would eventually decide to go straight edge himself — after years of decadent raw punk living, and years of spreading raw punk scumbag propaganda in his zine (!).I think Kalle had a love at first sight moment when he saw the femme fatales in sXe band DOUGHNUTS perform, and consequently realigned his life according to the mantras of clean living.

Anyway, I got to know Kalle before his sXe days, after he got in touch with me after having read my fanzine, no doubt surprised to see a local address in a punk zine. Ironically, Kalle was just about to move away, having made up his mind to move to the town of Mariestad. But we stayed in touch by sending letters and some time later Ola Beglert and me went to drink with him over a weekend. I think the reason for coming was possible because fucking DIA PSALMA were playing in Mariestad or something, but I have no memory of us going to that show anyway. But it was great; we got some bottles of Kir and sat around in Kalle's house listening to great music. I think he introduced us to a lot of stuff we never heard before — this was before you could download everything ever recorded within minutes straight off the interstjärt. I remember Kalle played us tons of GG ALLIN stuff I had not heard before, which was great. I got some mixtapes that I'd go on to play for years and years. Sadly, Kalle never did make me a mixtape of that rare, unreleased ANTI-CIMEX material that he had—given to him from someone in the band—and I still wonder what those songs were to this day. I seem to remember that Kalle also introduced me to a US band that would become one of my all-time favourite hardcore band, namely VOID. Finally, I vividly remember Kalle denouncing the RAMONES as a fucking lame surf band no better than the BEACH BOYS, which was strange because us Tidaholm boys were born and bred on the fucking Ramones and had no clue that any punk would ever hate on them. Anyways, I guess around this time Kalle would have been up to issue three or four of *Painkiller*, which I think marks the classic era of the zine. Of course, I have lost all my copies of *Painkiller* over the years except for three issues, which I just re-read for the first time in years.

The first issue—with Anti-Cimex's "I'll buy all the uranium you've got" on the cover—is a great enthusiastic first issue that's all messed up with photocopied record artwork with text written on a cheapo typewriter pasted on top. There're several interviews, with local bands alongside better-known Swedish bands. There is an interview with my friend Per Stålbeerg talking about his band BODYBAG, and one with Cliff from Anti-Cimex talking about the final breakup of Cimex and the beginnings of his new band DRILLER KILLER. There are also some amazing, retarded comics (Supamannen! The boozing Superman!). Reviews of records, zines, CDs, and gigs are all minor historical documents of the then-contemporary punk scene! For example, the review of the first TURBONEGRO album *Hot Cars and Spent Contraceptives* (1992), which begins "I think this is some guys from Disorder…" (!!!!) As usual with zines from this period there's a mess of random notices on the pages, like distro lists for friends, flyers for zines, records, and gigs, etc. What strikes me reading the zine today is how much stuff is crammed in the zine; it's no wonder this is one of those zines you could read a million times. The third issue's the first Kalle made in his new HQ in Mariestad. Needless to say, it's another great zine, including interviews with TOTALITÄR and TIMES SQUARE PREACHERS as well as fucking BEYOND DESCRIPTION from Japan! There's also a fun DIY article about building one's own home distillery for vodka (with blueprint illustration), haha! Sadly, my copy is totally destroyed. In fact, it's barely readable; it looks like someone threw it in the toilet bowl or something…

The other zine I still have is the fifth issue. It's also a totally thrashed copy, but at least you can still just about read the damn thing. While the zine is more of the same stuff that readers of *PK* expected, Kalle is now sXe and starts his editorial by asking for other raw punk sXe people to get in touch to start a raw punk sXe network of friends. The zine's got an interview with his new favourite sXe band Doughnuts, as well as usual raw punkery interviews with the likes of GREENSCAB and KATASTROPFIALUE from Finland. The latter is funny, because one of the questions Kalle asks is if there're any good current Finnish bands like SAIRAAT MIELET. The guy from the band says that yes, there are good bands today, but does the Swedish fanzine editor know what the lyrics of Sairaat Mielet are about? The lyrics are fascist straight edge fundamentalism at its worst! Upon reading this answer, *Painkiller* answers back that, yes, he does know the message of that band, and that he agrees with the sentiment, haha! While a lot of the zine is cool — there are plenty of great reviews of Swedish raw punk and hardcore, but now also sXe bands like ABHINANDA — in retrospect it's easy to spot a slightly defensive touch in the zine. There is a lot about Kalle's conversion to straight edge, which very few people understood or agreed with. There's even a lengthy interview with Kalle himself in the zine, conducted by another zine editor. I am saddened by how narrow-minded the scene was back then, and I wonder how much has changed since then — probably not that much. Having lost touch with Kalle over the years, I found him—as one does—on the internet and thought I'd drop him some questions about the zine.

Why did you start Painkiller? I remember you said that the Tidaholm zines were a big influence?

Like so many other fanzine editors, I had read some really shitty zines—*Korsarkoff* I think one was called?!—and thought that even *I* can do better than that!

How many issues of Painkiller did you do?

I'm a bit unsure about this... but I think it was seven or eight.

What issue did you like the best?

I like all of them. One cannot choose which of the children one loves the most. Sure, the first three (or four) were not very original, but they had lots of enthusiasm. The ones after were more serious but I never looked back. I just wore my heart on my sleeve and did not think so much about what others would say. Punk?

Why did you stop doing the zine?

There were several reasons. Time was certainly one of them. Also I started to get some backlash about not being "politically correct" and/or "punk" enough. Let us say that I ran into the "punk dogma" wall. "Think for yourself," but only as long as you have the same views as the punk community. There were also rumours around that I was a racist, a Satanist, and god knows what else. But the biggest reason was that I had started to work and did not really have the time.

When did you last listen to Cimex?

Haha, a classic! I have been working the evening shift this last week, so there's not much time left for any music at all. So I think it was a couple of weeks ago... I blasted the *Raped Ass* EP. Great record!

What were your favourite zines and why?

My biggest early inspiration (except for the rubbish zines that got me going that is) was undeniably the mighty *Sikä Äpärä*!!! I still love that zine and my copies are cherished treasures that I will never sell. Otherwise I liked *Hymen, Absurd, Träsket Brinner, XRather BeenX, Pie Mag, Jävel, Riot, Taskigt Drag, Hulkarsle* and surely many others I cannot remember right now. I also liked *Banka Bäver / Backlash* until they got too rock'n'roll for me. What I liked about *Sikä Äpärä* was that it was funny, original, not politically correct, and had that we-do-not-care-what-you-think-we-do-it because-we-have-fun attitude. In short, the fundamentals of a punk zine.

What do you think about the Sikä Äpärä copycats?

Any zine editor who makes an effort to put it out deserves respect when thinking of the enormous amount of work making a zine takes. But that said, I think that after an issue or two a fanzine should find its own voice. There is only one original after all.

What era of Swedish punk do you think was the best?

There is good stuff and bad stuff in every "era" so to speak. But musically it was the early/mid '80s no doubt.

Do you still like Doughnuts?

Do the bears shit in the forest? Do they eat rice in China? Is water wet? Doughnuts have a very warm place in my heart. I am still in contact with Linda and Sara (drummer and guitarist). They are all great people whom I love dearly, but I see too little of them since they both still live in Umeå.

What do you do nowadays? How come you live in Norway?

I work in a factory (is that not punk or what?!) in my hometown of Larvik, Norway. I grew up here and moved back four years ago. Should have done it earlier but better late than never.

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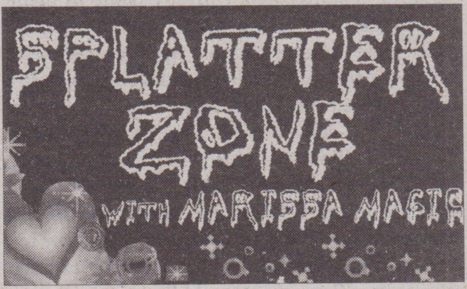
And there we have it. The condensed history of a foreign-language raw punk fanzine from fifteen years ago that you had never heard of! Next time I will probably write a little about *Sikä Äpärä*, the all-time greatest Swedish raw punk zine. By the time you read this, yet another issue of the worlds' poorest excuse for a fanzine—namely *MOR eNOIS*—will be available through the usual DIY importers of this world. If anyone's got any issues of *Painkiller* for trade, sell, or give away, I am your man. Photocopies / scans will do! Write me at slobodanburgher@gmail.com



The year began with an intensely excellent set by American Splits in an abandoned theater in San Francisco minutes before the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve (would that make it last year? I probably mentioned it in last years year-end round up.

It bears repeating). Somehow I ended up with a mic in hand and was flattered to sing backups. Days later, I embarked on a short jaunt down the West Coast, vocalizing for an improv set dreamed up by No Babies, who were on tour with Sisterfucker. Long ago and far away. Around that time Weird TV graced us with their presences at Thrillhouse, and as per usual they blew minds. I managed to tour with No Babies again, though this time around the real guitarist and singer couldn't make it so me and Vanessa from Sisterfucker filled in, writing a set in the span of two weeks and travelling down and up the West Coast with the likes of HRS/DYS — which is Wyatt from Slaughter High — playing some heavy table noise. For the downward chunk of the tour, Forced into Femininity tagged along, jumping on bills and entrancing audiences with manic electro jumbles and screaming-without-a-mic vocals, not to mention aerobics in formal wear. When Nü Sensae and White Lung ambled through town they managed to play two epic shows, one on the day the world was predicted to end that featured something like an eleven-band bill and a dance party to the wee hours. The next day they played in the arcade of the bowling alley in Colma, which is a wondrous place to play an all ages show — those over twenty one can sneak over to the bar to indulge in karaoke, laser bowl usually starts around ten, and the snack bar features Filipino fare.

At some point around then I caught Displeasure play, a band that I initially approached with caution; they promptly dropped my jaw (they have a demo tape being slowly birthed as we speak and I cannot wait.) Livid played a ton of shows at the beginning of the year, one of them involving the singer, Meals (who happens to be one of the best leads to ever grace this planet—she also sings for American Splits) wearing rubber gloves and offering "safer spanks" to the audience. Uzi Rash finally won me over with their weirdo stylings of Chuck E. Cheese garage rock; my friends and I have picked up the habit of referring to them as "Riverbottom Nightmare Band," a label I'm pretty sure they'd be jazzed about. Firebrand and Vegetable played on the famed bus during the summer, and a good time was had by all. No Babies played a tour kick-off show in an old candy shop that at the time housed a skate shop that also sold fudge. That particular bill also featured the wondrous Meat Swap, a grunge throwback guitar and drums duo that make use of tape loops and light sculptures, along with MOM, a terrifying noise project that has included everything from hamburger cakes to peeing on floors to throwing raw meat around to the tune warped '60s musketeers jams.

After I spent a good while drooling all over their demo tape, Hysterics finally made it here and played a rager in Oakland. Lead singer Stephie answered some dude's remark of "it smells like girls in here" with "*that's* why you like it." They also played over in San Francisco with the ever-excellent No Statik and Displeasure at a place packed to the gills with yuppie hipsters ready to party (waawaa). Moving on, Cacaw braved a wheel breaking off of their van to play a couple of Oakland shows, both being highly amazing and heavy, the second of which invoked a mosh pit that broke a mic stand. Milk Music slid through town with The Men, and I ended up at their San Francisco show; it was a shit scene but Milk Music played well. The Men, however, were missed by yours truly due to the Cinderella Syndrome that kicks in when you live on the other side of things (BART stops running ridiculous early). I managed to catch Rind play a couple times, the solo project of the amazing Lee Relvas, who wrote an entire album focused on the happenings and aftermath of the oil spill in the gulf, incredibly haunting indeed. I managed to miss all of the Limpwrist shows, but I did catch Needles here and there and fuck shit, they are good.

I went on an All-American family road trip that travelled through Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks (nature is fucking crazy), returned to work wearing a wig, and then kept on peacing out for a week at a time about every three weeks on leaving town ventures, leading to the possible belief by my coworkers that I have cancer (maybe? I'm not sure...). One of my out of town adventures was to Olympia for the *Nuts!* #8 release show. Ben Trogdon is like a magician, I swear. An all-day punk rock extravaganza held in a burnt out building downtown Olympia during arts walk? Done. Highlights of the show included Hysterics, White Wards, Red & Black (singer fully got his face smashed in by a gigantic plastic pumpkin, or maybe it was the giant plastic ghost? I've slept since then)... basically everyone on the bill. Yradiazei — an acoustic all-lady black metal band — also played, and let me tell you that really most of the time when someone pulls out an acoustic guitar I run for the door, but Joey Casio recommended this to me and it was really, really good. A general note to all acoustic black metal bands — for real, this seems to be a thing — take a cue from this band and adjust vocals accordingly, because cookie monster barks sound pretty dumb over violin. The Broken Water set that evening managed to land right as everything got dark, which worked well for the projections stretching across the walls, glimmering along to the ploddingly hypnotic bass and dreamy guitar forever solo. By the time Son Skull played the rain was pouring and only the band got the shelter of a tarp hastily stretched across the stage, the rest of us moshed and crowd surfed along in the downpour that was starkly illuminated by floodlights (I managed to headbang into a cymbal, gashing my eyebrow open). I stuck around the northwest for a week, writing songs with what could be considered a super group, culminating in a show opening for current obsession Sewn Leather in a tent in a store front that was nothing but a continuous crowd surf.

The Occupy movement came bursting forth internationally and the Oakland faction was launched into the national spotlight in a wave of martyrdom and police brutality. The general strike gave me hope and maybe it will continue with the upcoming West Coast port shutdown (by the time you read this, this particular action will have proven to be a success or a failure).

Went and saw Burmese and Sissy Spacek the other night in one of the many once-was-a-church-now-is-a-house-full-of-weirdo places. Burmese terrified with two drummers, a wall of amps, and a singer in head-to-toe stripes. Sissy Spacek destroyed as per usual, featuring a guy throwing up onto a mic for the entire set, making the awkward stops in between songs even more awkward. Permanent Ruin and new band Replica ripped Thrillhouse apart last night in fine fashion. There are a couple real good shows coming up due to Sewn Leather and Forced into Femininity separately blazing through town, and I am lacking New Years plans. I probably forgot to mention a lot of things here but yeah, this year was pretty great.

MINDLESS CONTENTMENT

WITH CHUCK BARRELS

With the long and cold months of winter settling in, we find ourselves with more time to kill while hibernating inside our caves, huddled around the fire while we wait for warmer days. Spare time that can be spent reading books, listening to records or perhaps even watching the NHL on the television. As far as hockey goes, who could believe Phil Kessel would be leading the league in scoring, Sidney Crosby would return looking well (oops, maybe not...) and the Florida Panthers would look like contenders for the first time since The Beezer and the Russian Rocket were still lacing 'em up. Crazy times out there on the ice.

Speaking of crazy, how 'bout all these sick reissues coming out these days, huh? It's like you don't even have to buy records by new bands anymore. Not really a terrible idea, perhaps... but that's fodder for another column, when I'm in a lousier mood. Right now, I'm too stoked on this GRUBERGER BROTHERS retrospective called *Greetings from Reading, PA,* to bitch about anything. It's just too dumb and too good to allow anything to put the damper on me. For those unaware, the Grubergers were part of the whole GIZMOS axis of teenaged bonehead fanzine punk rock via a friendship with Kenne Highland, who joined them in seminal acts O.REX and AFRIKA KORPS. This record compiles recordings the brothers made circa 1978-80 and were meant to originally be released under the name SPIKE, but this never happened. Eighteen cuts of dum-dum rock'n'roll and proto-punk sounds from some small-town weirdos that sounds just incredible. Chock full of innocent fun with some smart-ass humor and lots of songs about broads. "Here Come the Pussies" is going to be a mix-tape staple for years to come. They just don't make stuff like this anymore. Issued with love and care by the Rerun Records folks, who really made this a nice package with great sound and in-depth liner notes, and any self-respecting record nerd should own this one. Goes great back-to-back with *Never Mind the Sex Pistols...* or *Music to Kill By.* Check out the MANIC DEPRESSIVES LP (NOLA KBD) on Rerun as well. (www.rerunrecordsstl.com)

"I Hate the Sunshine State" is a comment I've made myself a few times, and I don't even live there! But even if that humid swamp of a state gets my goat, their music scene makes me feel better about it all. In recent times Mr. Richard Evans has spent his life and savings bringing us modern hits from sunny FLA via his Florida's Dying label and his relentless work helping touring bands, playing in his own outfits and running a record store/distro (picking up where Bob Suren left off perhaps), and now he's gone even one step further setting up the Florida's Dead reissue label which will focus on punk classics from his home state. We fittingly begin with the ROACH

MOTEL LP *It's Lonely At The Top* (featuring *MRR's* own George Tabb), which compiles their singles and some unreleased tracks from their never-realized LP. It's all hits folks, 21 cuts of drunk early Eighties hardcore punk rock, like young BLACK FLAG with a sense of humor or even the very early JABBERS stuff without so much of a power-pop lean. Wimpy era QUEERS is a good one too, which I stole from the label description. *Lazy*. This is perhaps the most noteworthy of all Florida punk rock here, right alongside the EAT, SCREAMING SNEAKERS and F. Great tunes about beer, drugs, fast food and killing Brooke Shields that have held up to the test of time. I'm honestly surprised at how well this stuff sounds over the course of a full LP, which speaks to how good a band these cats really were. I mean, they wouldn't have toured with Flag if they sucked, right? Here's to hoping a BROKEN TALENT retrospective is up next! Highly recommended. (www.floridasdying.com)

There's even great "reissues" of modern bands happening these days. And there are few better modern rock acts than Michigan heroes TYVEK, who have done some of the best and messiest DIY-punk rock of the past decade. M'Ladys Records have finally issued *Fast Metabolism* as the LP length monster it could have been. These songs were broken up over their early singles and EPs, and almost every one of them is a modern classic. "Mary Ellen Claims," "Frustration Rock," "This One or That One," "Honda," all their hits and standards are here in one 12" package. I loved these songs as they came out chronologically, and I remember how "new" and exciting that first single sounded. But packaged together like this you somehow see their greatness more clearly and how frighteningly realized they were from even the earliest days is evident in retrospect. Kevin Boyer is a genius, and this also features post-FELLS and pre-PUFFY AREOLAS members to add bonus weight. A different (but no less great) band than the TYVEK that went on to make the future punk of *Nothing Fits*, this record will stand as one of the highlights of the era. Buy or die. (www.mladysrecords.com)

Enough about the old and old-new, how about a record by some old and gnarly dudes? I'm talking about the fucking CHEATER SLICKS, and the first volume of their live retrospective series has finally been released by the warriors over at Columbus Discount. This three volume collection will feature only the choicest of nugs from three epic Slicks live sets recorded in 2010. If you're anything like me (and I'm sure you are), the Slicks are one of the only bands in the universe that can play for an hour plus and still leaving me wishing they hadn't stopped. Sound quality and song choice is phenomenal (eight tracks on this volume, including "Destination Lonely," "Motherlode" and more hits) and this is just what the good doctor ordered. I can't wait until we get to Vol. 3, which contains only two tracks: side-long versions of "Sister Ray" and "Thinkin' Some More." SHIT! That's gonna be a hot one. Anyway, you kids should jump on this band now, you don't need to wait until you're 30 to appreciate these guys anymore. I'm really hoping the reissues of *Don't Like You* and *Forgive Thee* come out in 2012 as well… (www.columbusdiscountrecords.com)

Before I start closing up shop for this month, I feel the need to plug at least one Australian record. And my pick of this issue is the DEGREASER LP called "Bottom Feeder" on the always dependable Negative Guest List Inc. This record is so sick I feel like showering every time I hear it. I actually feel bad about wanting to listen to it. Ex-members of SEA SCOUTS and BIRD BLOBS, and mostly a guy named Tim Evans, this really goes deep into the burrow. It's not just your typical BIRTHDAY PARTY or SCIENTISTS type of mucking about in the swamp, this one twists and gnarls things into a wholly different headspace via sickening repetitions and hammering rhythms and a vocalist who sounds like he roofied himself just before the recording sessions began. This one might actually make you not want to take drugs. Now that's crazy shit. For advanced listeners only. (negativeguestlist.blogspot.com)

IN THE RED RECORDS DEPT.: There is absolutely NO ONE out there who wants to hear me talk about a new OH SEES record… but I'm gonna do it anyway. *Castlemania* was pretty lame, even for a Jon Dwyer solo LP, I've got to admit. But I think the guy really made up for it in two ways. Firstly, the new LP *Carrion Crawler/The Dream* (it's two EPs combined into one LP) is pretty god damn good, and I mean that. Three of these songs are already integral parts of the live show and are direct fucking hits. There's a couple annoying cuts on this one too, but the good ones more than make up for it… if you're keeping score, the winners are both title tracks and "Contraption". It's worth a pick-up for sure. The second way he atoned for his sins was by adding the mighty Lars Finberg of INTELLIGENCE and A-FRAMES fame into the line-up as second drummer and jack-of-all-trades. Genius move, great band, great record. And touring with TOTAL CONTROL was pretty damn smart and one hell of a show. Stop hating and just admit they've got some good tracks… (www.intheredrecords.com)

SMALL GAUGE DEPT.: I really think quality 7"-es are becoming harder and harder to come by, but maybe that's just me. There's still punk bands making good ones out there, and one I'm going to recommend is this new HUNGRY GAYZE single out on Florida's Dying. There's something really, really dumb about it that I like a lot. Mongoloid weird-punk that has some SPITS and/or ELECTRIC BUNNIES to it, maybe even some WIZZARD SLEEVE or HIBACHI STRANGLERS even. Deep fried and having some good and trashy synth sounds, primitive guitar solos and great girl vox. Three tracks, all choice cuts, and a ridiculous drum break for added pleasure. Just a nice and weird little record overall. (www.floridasdying.com)

LOCAL BANGER DEPT.: Stop the presses, the debut LP by the wrecking crew known as PLATES is ready for public consumption after what seems like a decade in the making. I have to tell you, much like those fabulous cretins in BROWN SUGAR, I would love PLATES as a band even if they weren't from my burg. They're that good. Heavy dudes doing some heavy lifting and asbestos removal, this one's got much of their already-classic set list included on it and it's being released just in time for the debut of V.3 of their line-up, which I think is going to lead them down the road to getting them the acclaim (outside of Buffalo) that they deserve. For fans of FANG, KILLDOZER, William Faulkner and cheap drugs. (www.bigneckrecords.com)

I'm trying to keep it tight for this month, as I have to rattle on about some Best of 2011 stuff on another page (here's the short version: every record released by a Cleveland band, plus the Brown Sugar LP), so that's all the time we have. I apologize. I'll see you tough guys next time. RIP KEN RUSSELL.

George
Tabb
sez
Take
my
life,
please!

So, I'm hanging out with my stepfather, Nick, a few years back

We're in his second bedroom where he keeps all his camera equipment. And his tools. As well as objects from my past failures.

Like the heat transfer hat machine.

The Argus super-8 camera.

The silk-screen machine.

My screenplays, and other things including band related shit. I have no room for the crap at my place. Nick has no room at his place either. But he still lets me keep it there. Sucker.

"Ya like my new camera?" Nick asks me as I'm looking through an old *Playboy* that I found in a box with some old love letters from college. It's the issue with that tennis player's wife. The one with the un-tan knockers. Just the way I like them. There is something about unradiated flesh that gets me hot.

"Uh-huh, fine," I say to Nick, not taking my eyes off her racquet or tennis balls.

"It's my pride and joy," explains Nick, "It's got a vertical travel shutter, multi-meter finder, dual curtain shutter assembly, Tungsten alloy shutter balancer, 6X high magnification finder, 250 multi-control back, center-weighted metering system, and can handle all three types of Nikon lens communication systems."

"I'm impressed," I say to Nick, not understanding a damn thing he just said, and wondering why this girl's turn-ons include sunshine, whirlpools, and athletes. She should like punk rockers.

"George," continues Nick, "with this camera, I can just point the lens in the general direction of whatever my subject is, and it will come out perfect." I've see what "will come out perfect" means. But I humor him anyway.

"Really, Nick?" I say, "You go!"

"Thanks George," says Nick, as he opens the camera to show me how it works.

"See this little thing here?" he explains, "it's the shutter release, and this is how I adjust the f-stop. And this? It's a 20X zoom lens. And this light meter on top tells me what my speed should be."

I nod my head a lot and make believe I understand. Actually, I'm still looking at naked girls, and wondering how they got those tan lines oh so perfect. Nick continues to explain his new camera to me, and I keep pretending to listen. Eventually he catches on that I'm more interested in flesh than f-stops. "You don't care, do you?" asks Nick, hurt.

"I do Nick," I say.

"No you don't. I can tell. You don't care how my camera works. Or what it has." And he was right. I didn't. But I did care what it could do. Take pictures. Like the ones of the naked ladies I was holding in my hands.

Or take pictures of me, on stage.

Or take other pictures, like the ones Nick usually takes. Like of drag queens, frogs in jars, gorillas, and more of me. That, I cared about. "Nick," I say, trying to not hurt his feelings, "I'm glad you got a nice camera. But I'm just not interested in how it works and all that technical stuff."

"Well," says Nick, kinda in a huff, "I am!"

And that's why Nick was using a PC at the time, and I used a Mac. Still do. As does Nick. Now. But most people use PCs.

Idiots.

***

Back in the late eighties, Nick and my mom got me my first computer. At the time, it was the hottest thing on the market, costing them an arm and a leg, and a side of ribs. It was an IBM XT/AT with, get this, a whole twenty megabyte hard drive.

Wow!

But back then, that was a really big deal. How big your hard drive was. Of course, now, it's not how big it is, it's how you use it.

Anyway, the thing was from like the computer year two, only slightly evolved from the standard PC, and that dinosaur, The Wang.

The Wang.

Gotta love that name. But not the machine.

It weighed a hundred tons, and was harder to use than a typewriter.

My IBM XT/AT, on the other hand, was only slightly easier than The Wang. It ran on something called DOS. Disk Operating System. Every time I'd turn on the computer, I'd see all these numbers and symbols scroll by, followed by the C prompt. I think it looked like C:/>. Or something.

Anyway, when I wanted it to do something, I'd have to give it a command. Kinda like a dog. Only dogs followed commands better. "Rover, roll over," and usually, the dog would. When I'd give my computer a command, it usually would say back to me through a typed message "Abort, Retry, or Fail?" And I'd have to pick one of the three. While all I had to do was shout a verbal command at the dog, like, "Rover, lick the peanut butter off my penis" — which he did, by the way —with the IBM XT/AT, I'd have to type in the command.

Like for WordPerfect. I'd type, "cd/wp." Then the cursor would blink a "WP:?> thing at me. Then I'd type "wp." And either it would work, like ten percent of the time, or I'd see that annoying "Abort, Retry, Or Fail." Fucking pussy machine.

***

As the years went by, I learned to hate my computer. Although it supplied me with a much needed spell checker in WordPerfect, it was a huge machine and a huge pain in the ass. It had a black and yellow screen, and all this stuff my pal B.J. installed on it that I never used. Until one day.

So I'm searching through the hard disk, all twenty megabytes of it, and seeing what's there. Besides the only two programs I used, WordPerfect, and Printshop (which made some excellent Iron Prostate fliers, especially when I got those porno cartoons), there was all this stuff I'd never used. Like XTree Pro. Or Norton Command. Or Auto.Exc, and Config.sys. Neat stuff. I had no idea what it was, but it looked like fun. I open XTree Pro. It's this program with these lists of all my other programs. Fucking useless. I open Norton Command. Same thing. Useless.

Then I try the Config.sys thing. It doesn't do anything. I try it again, and still, nothing. I start to get pissed at B.J. for putting such a useless program on my twenty megabyte hard drive, and wasting the space. So I delete it. Like I learned in the "DOS For Dummies" book. It says, "to delete a program, simply type "/delete *.*". So I did that.

D'oh!

It turns out Config.sys runs the damn computer. It *is* DOS. I just deleted everything. Even the thing that made the computer run. When I turned it on after that, it said, "Can not find operating system." It cost me mega-bucks to have the thing fixed. All because I typed in like a couple of dots that looked like assholes or something. Stupid.

Useless.

For Idiots.

***

During this period of my life, I met some people with computers called "Macintosh." They'd tell me I should get a Mac, that it was easier to use, and more fun. I didn't believe them. Who would trust a computer named after a fruit?

Please. "IBM XT/AT P.C."

Now that sounded official. Like something a man would use. "Macintosh?" Oh yeah. "Excuse me sir, would you like your document typed up on this apple, or should I just use the banana?" Pussy name.

But, as it turns out, not a pussy computer, by any means.

Eventually, My IBM XT/AT P.C. became extinct. It used five inch floppy disks, and three inches was now the standard. Again, it's not how big it is, it's how ya use it.

Anyway, so finally I got rid of the thing. It had started to crash like every time I turned it on, and I couldn't run any of the new programs coming out because, well, the thing, in computer terms, sucked. So I gave it to my brother, Luke, the now family computer genius. He dismantled the damn thing and used it for parts. Like an old car or something. The day it left my house I was kind of sad. It was like losing an old enemy.

A short time later, I broke down and purchased a very expensive piece of fruit. A Macintosh Powerbook. And my life changed forever.

The thing not only blew the IBM XT/AT P.C. out of the water, it blew it off the planet. This thing had a black and white screen. No pussy colors like black and green. Or black and yellow. This was good old black and white, like those old movies I watch on channel 35 where the girls take off their tops. It was easy to look at, and it was kinda like I was watching television.

Second, this thing took those three inch hard disks. Not those big floppy things that were hard to stick in the hole. No.

These were little, and hard. And held more information. I swear I got an erection every time I put one in the slot.

Third. This computer actually ran graphics. I mean, like Photoshop. Like real pictures. I could have photos scanned, put them in my computer, and then fuck with them. Like switch people's heads. Or change the name of a band on someone's T-shirt. Or make my penis look larger than it already is. It was incredible.

Of course, the main reason I needed a computer was for word processing, and that, worked well also. Instead of having to know what all those damn function keys were on top of the keyboard, like "F6, F12, and F14", all I had to do was move the little cursor thing to where I wanted, and click. Like, if I wanted to check the spelling, I'd move the cursor over to spelling. Amazing.

I didn't have to remember a bunch of codes like "Command F5" and "Control, Escape, Delete." Just point and click. And that, was the beauty of the Macintosh.

Pointing and clicking. In fact, it is so beautiful, that Bill Gates stole the idea, and used it for Windows. All Windows is is a dime store version of Macintosh. And get this, fucking Windows runs on top of DOS. That thing with the C prompt. Windows is actually a program that can crash, so you are back to typing in "cd/wp" or whatever, and getting that "Abort, Retry, Or Fail" sign. And this is good? The Rolling Stones should have been ashamed of themselves. They shoulda changed the lyrics to "Jerk me off, won't you jerk me off baby, yeah." Cause that's what you're doing. Jerking off.

While, on Macintosh, you are actually doing something. Like, your work?

The PC, the Piece o' Crap, on the other hand, doesn't have a trash can on it's Macintosh wannabe software operation system. No. It has a "Recycler." What the fuck is that? That is pussy shit if I ever saw it. "Oh, let's be P.C. and recycle what we have used, even though it really is nothing but electronic pulses, and recycling has *nothing* to do with anything here." But I guess it's no wonder. Its inventor, Bill Gates, lives on the Left Coast.

Back then, I had this argument about PC versus Mac with Evan, the bass player in Furious George. Evan loves his PC, and continuously tells me that my Mac is a piece of crap. I was over at his apartment and he showed me his computer. He wanted to show me a cool game. Quake. "Look George," said Evan, as he turned on his computer, "this thing kicks ass on your little fruitcake Powerbook."

I nodded my head and looked at it, and around his apartment. There were cockroaches eating the rest of his cupcakes, and candy bar wrappers all over the floor. "It's a PCP," Evan explained, "You know, like Angel Dust!"

I told him I wanted to see the game, not hear stupid jokes. I could hang out with Nick for that. "Listen George," he said as it began booting up, "It's a 486 DX4, with a 512 megabyte hard drive, 120 megahertz, version 6.2 of DOS, 16 Megs of RAM and runs Windows 3.1."

"Uh huh," I said to Evan as I began to leaf through a *Penthouse* I found near his bed. Some of the pages were stuck together.

"It's got a 32 bit Wave Table Sound Card with Midi abilities, an 8X Creative Labs CD ROM, Koss HD50 computer speakers and a Trident SVGA video card."

"Yup," I said, looking at *Penthouse*, and wondering if Nick took the pictures since they were so out of focus.

"And, to top it off," continued Evan, "I just got a 28.8 Zoom Modem with 14.4 faxing capabilities."

"Wow," I said. I could actually see into the vagina.

To be continued….

Endnotes:

1. Ned Hayden, from The Action Swingers, is starting a new band! If you haven't heard The Action Swingers, you missed some great music.
2. My pal Clint from MVD is now making Jello Biafra "Throttleheads." You know, big bobble heads. I didn't think his head could get any larger...
3. Happy New Years and Blessings to all of you this year! Yay!!!

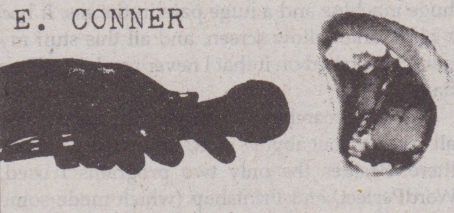
ALL FOREIGN JUNK

ALL FOREIGN JUNK TOP TEN

2011 was the year that I retreated from new music that was not Australian, and spent more time writing tunes than writing about tunes. As a result, my column slackened. Apologies.
Thankyou to Layla and Mariam for tolerating my incessant tardiness.
This will be the last writing I do for *MRR* as a columnist.

1. LAKES – "Winters Blade"
2. NAKED ON THE VAGUE "Twelve Dark Noons"
3. FLESH WORLD "Planned Obscelescence"
4. EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING "So Many Things"
5. ROYAL HEADACHE "Royal Headache"
6. AVON LADIES "Guns and Gold"
7. STAB "Stab"
8. TOUGH TROUBLES "Illnesses"
9. VARIOUS "Those Shocking Shaking Days"
10. DICK DIVER "New Start Again"

E. CONNER



GUEST COLUMN

Sept 21st, Oakland, CA at The Velvet Whistle: The Body, Negative Standards, and more.

I ran over after band practice to catch THE BODY. Last time they were in town they played the Terminal in East Oakland. For various reasons (probably the "remote" location) it was modestly attended, even though Amina Slor penned an awesome poster for the show. I guess I was expecting something of the same. The show (thankfully) changed venue from the large abysmal hate tank of the Oakland Metro to a cozier scene down at 8th and Peralta.

I walked in to a stacked room and THE BODY finishing up their set. I was greeted by friends and their famous gut rumbling style. Dan offered me earplugs and everything was real groovy. They ended their set and I noticed a scuffle starting next to me, a physical argument between a man with a shorn head and a woman with facial tattoos. We, the people, decided to split the two and while I was trying to grab the dude to keep him from pummeling this lady (who admittedly was literally asking him to hit her) I caught a bittersweet blow to the cheek. Flustered and glasses askew I remained faithful to my initial task of mediation. They were separated and my face hurt. Everyone was real nice to me after that.

I walked around trying to find my friend from out of town. I tried to talk to the dude that punched me, a friend. It didn't go well. Francesca left because the dudes at the door were giving her a hard time about door money. I remembered that one of the dudes in THE BODY used to draw a really cute comic called *Robots 1 Humans 0* but I was too chicken shit to talk to him about it. I tried to watch NEGATIVE STANDARDS but I was too pissed and just wanted a beer. The show was over and a bunch of us rode north down Adeline, which I don't usually do.\

Sept 30th, Oakland, CA at The Swamp: Rayos X, Generation Suicida, The Adults, and Dust Ward.

Another show after band practice. We walked in and some band of young kids was playing. Everyone was a total teenage nerd. I love shows at The Swamp. It always feels like high school but better 'cause you're removed. The bassist played the Sinefield riff and Kyle the girl thought his tone sucked. The singer was cool he had his inner anger blaring but must be a nice guy.

We sat on top of the ramp in the back between bands. Alex showed up and we made fun of Kyle for asking too many questions about drug dealing. I saw Cassie, which was cool because it's rare. We bonded over the time we all took mushrooms in the woods for Lacy's birthday but how nothing really happened. Kyle the boy couldn't believe that the guy named Opie had never heard of *The Andy Griffith Show*.

I went back in to see GENERATION SUICIDA. They have the best melodic riffs and it was cool how everyone sang over the *"ooohs."* It felt really layered and intense. Later, listening to the demo, I was shocked how totally karaoke style it sounded. Too flat and whiney though later it developed a sort of charm. The drummer has really long hair and it's cool to see it move around when she plays and sings: total coordination.

I tried to watch RAYOS X but got shoved out 'cause I was feeling too tender. I went to pee on the side of the house and me and Kyle the girl started talking about relationships. Alex joined us, to talk not to pee. I rode home down Market, which happens all the time.

Oct. 8th, Olympia, WA. At the empty building next to Dumpster Values: NUTS! #8 release party w/ Milk Music, Christian Mistress, Broken Water, Gun Outfit, White Wards, Red and Black, Hysterics, Vradiazei, Bone Sickness, Dead Head, and Son Skull.

We drove up for the weekend because Julia had a page in the new issue of *NUTS!* and everyone likes Ben and sometimes needs a vacation. The weekend was quiet. I walked around Olympia all agitated and shit. I tried to quell my nerves by deep thinking, loudly complaining, and buying a $30 copy of Umberto Eco'S *On Ugliness*. It didn't work.

The morning of the show I woke up too early and thought about my outfit too much. We drove Ben to get a cake from Albertson's and drive the huge tub of magazines to the venue.

DEAD HEAD started off the show and watching Yianna play drums is always a treat. Neil's got a huge plate of pedals at his feet and Caroline knows how to use her echo pedal to sweet excess. They play that epic style of stoned out metal but know how to keep it just short enough not to bore me. We had to hide beers in cups and I kept having to go next door to Phantom City to pour more Rainer into my 8oz paper travesty.

RED AND BLACK and WHITE WARDS share some members and a similar straight forward hardcore style. I like that Red and Black shit. It sounds real and there's always blood.

More lukewarm piss piled into the paper appendage and HYSTERICS started. The singer of this band has a real mad dog glare. I wanna know, do you practice that shit? She storms around making serious eye contact that bores a feeling of uneasiness into all who view. Adriana all too occasionally shows her prowess as a shredder and the feedback is blissful.

VRADIAZEI brings in the somber vibe but

it's hair raising really. They are a dark (dare I say black) folk trio with occasional extra vocal lent by the front woman of CHRISTIAN MISTRESS. Vocal harmonies rise up out of a soft litany of viola, banjo, and guitar. The result is haunting and appropriate for the dark clouds that started gathering up top.

As the day wore on and I got drunker and needed to satiate myself in a hand dipped corn-dog topped with honey mustard I wandered in and out for BONE SICKNESS and MILK MUSIC. Lots of long hair is what I remembered.

GUN OUTFIT and BROKEN WATER were both meditative and trance like. Complete with projections. I watched from behind the impromptu stage crafted by Ben and Althea mostly out of pallets and plywood with a scavenged tarp for overhead. Erick and I talked about Void releasing their demos and he said, "Finally, we'll figure out the mystery of *"Who are you to wash my hair?!"*"

CHRISTIAN MISTRESS started in the rain and the lead singer's hair got caught in the tuning pegs of one of the guitars. It was mighty. By this time the paper cup had been discarded for a more carefree approach of swilling straight from those white and red cans. Julie and I walked to the beer store and talked about how cool some people were while others were stupid.

While SON SKULL was getting set up the crowed stacked in. Julie and Lizet were trying to hide huge spear shaped blooms by facing the crowd. When the band started to sound check they whipped around to pummel Mary with blossoms. This is probably what everyone came to see. Hayes led the first ditty with a somber poem song. It was sparse and featured a crystal bowl (the kind they use after my yoga class). It's not a secret that Hayes is a poet. They played "Perennial Death" and everyone went crazy. Something hit my chin hard and the excess water collecting on top of the tarp fell down between my hoodie and my shirt and my glasses flew off a little. It was the perfect mood for a show: careless and careful. Lizet was bucking like mad right in front of me and I could all but pay any close attention to the band. It was a mutual performance.

After the show Ben had to kick everyone out I sort of wanted to hang out but just went back to Ben's house with Julia and fell asleep to *Wayne's World*. We drove home the next day down the 5 with a Frenchman in tow. My ass still hurts from sitting in that middle seat.

SAM LEFEBVRE

GUEST COLUMN

Lately, I have been playing the same handful of records so often that the actual musicians shown on the record sleeves have become animated. They speak to me, and interact with the other records that alphabetically neighbor them on my shelf. In the case of Rick Nielsen seen on the back of Cheap Trick's *In Color* and Rozz Williams on *Only Theatre of Pain* by Christian Death, they avoid eye contact and moodily resent each other. I was awoken the other night by an argument between the two of them over whose black and white album art was better. Since their tiff, they have annoyingly and relentlessly complained to me about the others' fashion choices. Granted, Nielsen's goofy Pee Wee Herman-esque, checkerboard pattern centric outfits are rather gaudy and mildly like some child-fetishists wet dream, but Rozz's ghoulish get-ups are as contrived as they are enticing. However difficult it is to believe, I have implored them to resume speaking, since I firmly maintain that they would truly appreciate one another's sense of humor. Rozz is certainly depressed, he begs me to put his record in a resealable plastic outer sleeve because he enjoys the sensation of asphyxiation, but I contend that much of his morbid lyrical output is tongue in cheek. When we chat casually about home décor, he enthusiastically praises spacious modern foyers with a far too fey affectation and clever giddiness to be dead serious every time he screams "Blood!" on the track, "Cavity."

However, Nielsen endlessly engages Rikk Agnew with caddy fervor. The leviathan demigod of Californian punk guitarists solidified his dynamic versatility on *Only Theatre of Pain*, but Nielsen and Agnew rarely discuss music. Instead, their conversations revolve around a mutual admiration for the culinary arts and they giddily exchange stories of sampling eclectic cuisine while abroad on their many tours. I am kept up at night by their incessant chatter, but the only time I've asked them to keep quiet Nielsen convinced his other neighbor, James Chance, to run dissonant scales on his saxophone until the sun rose.

In line with my recent fixation on gloomy death punk from the '80s, Legal Weapon has seen heavy rotation on my turntable. I wrote an entire article on their first LP in my fanzine, *Degenerate*. My long-winded praise of their sullen and dejected school of dark punk can be found there, but a short digression is in order. Frank Agnew plays guitar on that album. What cosmic deviance delivered so many talented brothers to the early Southern California punk scene? I imagine the Agnew's playing poker with tarot cards in a gypsy gambling shack in New Orleans as toddlers when Frank's full house, Emperors full of Chariots, was beaten by a gypsy's four-of-a-kind. They had waged 30 years of a damaged psyche and lost, and I confidently assert that gypsies have done nothing else for punk besides that. Maybe Iggy Pop sneezed on the Escovedo and Kinman brothers when they were bloody newborns?

Legal Weapon and Live Skull are nearby neighbors on my shelf. The personalities behind such demented punk are naturally not predisposed to play well with others, but in the case of these two groups, their banter is venomous. My interest in Live Skull comes to a screeching halt after the first EP, so when Kat Arthur from Legal Weapon remorselessly screams at Marnie Greenholz that Live Skull's later career was a smoldering train wreck of underwhelming art-damage failures, I must agree. Of course, I only share that with Arthur in private. Greenholz usually responds to Arthur's attacks with her own critique of Legal Weapon's later career. She considers the third Legal Weapon LP to be a superficial product of over-produced '80s hard rock. Yes, *Interior Hearts* is a slick album, it lacks urgency, but Greenholz overlooks the primitive rock 'n' roll aspect of earlier Legal Weapon. *Interior Hearts* simply hones their conventional rock aesthetic, and it's difficult for me to argue with that.

Poised hunched above their peers is Red Scare, whose sonic impact is potent enough to make their goth-punk peers discussed in this column seem like frauds sipping martinis incognito in a hotel bar. Their sole album, *Then There Were None*, is where even the bad times go to suffer. Vocalist Bobbi Brat stares into the corner of whatever room she's in and quietly curses. She will never speak when beckoned, especially by myself, and I beckon her often. Indeed, the other records in alphabetical proximity to Red Scare lean away and *Then There Were None* defies the laws of physics by standing straight up by itself. Red Scare's members share a comb to tame their greasy hair that sheds cigarette ash as it is brushed and they mutter savagely, unable to engage in normal social interaction but united together under the banner of alienation.

The sickly, pale creatures behind this handful of gloomy punk bands from the '80s seem were certainly brittle and emaciated, but their cultivated intimidating demeanors were a self-preserving reaction to an increasingly dystopian world because, to quote S.E. Hinton, "Even the most primitive societies have innate respect for the insane."

***

There is more to be written about Red Scare in the next issue of *Degenerate*, and even more was written about Legal Weapon in issue #8. Fortunately, copies are available at degeneratemine.bigcartel.com more of my derivative writing and reviews for this magazine and others can found at degenerateephemera.blogspot.com and send any gloomy '80s punk recommendations to degeneratezine@gmail.com. Cheers

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It's the year end top ten issue, which means there has been a lot of reflecting on the past year... One thing I really love about working at *MRR* is the constant exposure to so many killer bands, not only living with the archive but also what comes through the PO box each month. So many incredible demos and records, proving that punk is a living breathing form not just an ancient artifact; there is still so much that is possible within its constraints! Every time we do this issue someone complains how there is just not enough stuff to fill a top ten with this year, and maybe I am at an advantage because it is my job to listen to every single release we get sent, (or disadvantage! Sometimes this is a soul destroying task of wading through the most tepid bar rock!), but I have never had a problem coming up with a list of things that made my year. This year my list was especially epic, and I skipped so much! I mean there were some months that it was a serious struggle to come up with my top ten, but there were always some serious jams each month, in general 2011 was a great year for punk and hardcore... There is always something to lose your shit over, this month it has been Maria Teta, legendary Peruvian art punker lady from the '80s (yeah, 2011 has been a killer year for reissues...) and the Forced Laugh EP from present day Canada, with its mutant Dave E vibes. Last month I jammed the Cruddy LP a lot, but it didn't make my year end list...

You possibly might have noticed in the Year End layout that we uh, sort of ran out of room by the end, so my list and Mariam's list are not as wordy as the other compilers, but that is not because we had less to say! I edited so much outta mine! There were also some crossover between our lists, as you know, when we are working together until the early hours of the morn we jam out to Total Control, the Omegas, Aluminum Knot Eye and the Hygiene LP. Then when we go to our rooms Mariam slaps on the Speed Kills 7" and I the Household LP. Or whatever. Brace made some comment that I was more of a garage reviewer nowadays, which I am actually not sure is true. I listen to everything from Television Personalities to Poison Idea to the Pandoras, do not have a one track mind in regards to music... I love garage music but only if it is channeling Childish or Gories, not reverbed out Turtles-esque beach wavvve gentle garbage. I want mutant destruktion in all sounds! You will also note I have an epic tape list in my top ten; so many sick demos this year!! It's been a great year for new bands, from staring Problem to Crude Thought, Index to Vixens, so many bands have made me stop and stare into space in a bewildered yet frenzied manner! Punk rock *is* an endless adventure and if you don't feel this anymore it's because you are detaching from the reality of our times. So many new and older bands stand by ready to destroy the boredom and complacency: C30, C60 C90 go! I make a tape every six months or so of the music I am freaking out over, and am gearing up to make my tail end of 2011 version as I type... this isn't because I am some purposeful luddite anti technology type; my computer is so old iTunes does not work on it, so tapes are the easiest way to digest new sounds. Plus I have the advantage of living upstairs from the sickest record collection in the world! Tape it to the limit!

Oh yeah; I am leaving *MRR* as a coordinator in the next month. I will still be here shitworking, writing, volunteering and working on the magazine, but am attempting to move out in the hope that some magical human will appear and step in to take over from me. You too can blast the TNT (Swiss) 7"s (or TNT LP {Spain})while making breakfast and planning out the next issue of the magazine. Apply already suckers. You get to live for free in the compound and pick what runs in the magazine!

Anyway, short column from me this month, hopefully that is something that will change when I am not coordinating; I will have more time to focus on writing this shit! Ha! Up the punx and off the pigs.

Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com/Layla@maximumrocknroll.com

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Hey everybody! It's my birthday month! By the time you are reading this, I will be old as fuck (please send gifts of money, records and non perishable food items to the PO Box). So old that I should not be punk anymore, but for any nineteen year olds who wanna get some "experience," I am still very firm and limber. This is a half joke... Seriously though, for the first time in my life I am starting to feel old – only because my body is starting to give way. I can't really dance at shows because of a knee injury, I have liver damage, I have some wrinkles and cellulite. Luckily for me, all of this is well concealed. So much so that oddly when I walk down the street people still say, "dang, was that a woman or a super fine cheetah?" not because I am a cougar, but because I move like a graceful feline... Anyway, I even though I loathe nostalgia, I have recently started to think about my past and not surprisingly, a majority of my past has some sort of punk presence involved I am not a great storyteller nor do I do this often, so indulge me...

One of my most vivid punk memories was a show I went to at the shitty VFW type club in my hometown in Il. It was the summer around '91 or '92 and Naked Raygun was supposed to play. I was still in Junior High and this venue was one of few all-ages spaces in my home town. My pals and I were all charged and ready to go, but decided to party before hand. My friend T had this fucked up looking, rusted out '80s Buick Skylark that she bought off an ex-white power dude-turned-hippie in Kenosha, Wisconsin by selling shitty dirt weed to our fellow classmates and occasionally her mom's boyfriend. It had no insurance, expired plates and no shocks left in the rear so every time we hit a bump the loud crunch of metal on metal made us cringe. We piled into her heap and headed to one of two liquor stores that never carded us and bought a ton of PBR (when it was just cheap, not cool). There was a used car lot off the highway a few miles from the show space. For what ever reason the cars on the lot never had their doors locked. Sometimes we would go party in this huge '70s conversion van that seemingly unsellable with plush carpeting, bench seats and enough room for a mattress in the back. We drank the beer, smoked weed and listened to tapes on my friend's Fischer Price "sing-a-long" tape player that she swiped from her little twin bother and sister. After a few hours we were pretty faded, so we decided to walk to the show. We never drank and drove, which is sort of surprising to me now, but we had lost a really close SXE punk pal the year before on super bowl Sunday when a drunk driver hit his car. After that, we all vowed never to drive fucked up... Anyway, we started walking to the show, which meant we only had to walk along a minor highway for a little while then down residential streets. As we were walking along the highway, wasted, laughing, joking, playing our mini tape recorder, a few full size pick up trucks passed us by with rebel flag and NRA bumper stickers. They honked and yelled unintelligible insults with a few racial slurs mixed in. We just did what you do at that age (or any age), screamed "Fuck You!" and gave them the finger. This was a common occurrence...

One of the neighboring towns was, and is, notorious for having white power activity. By activity I mean Nazi punks, boneheads, a KKK headquarters, various weird hate group all working together and all of whose participants were not closeted, but very vocal and physical regarding their "beliefs." There were fights, arson, beatings, flaming crosses, bleached swastikas on people lawns — overt blatant racism and hate. BUT there was also an active resistance. I am not gonna lie, the lines were sometimes blurred. When I was in my early twenties I dated two people who had been white power in their past... I have a very close former skinhead friend who once became involved with White power skins. At one point I was his only, secret friend of color. When he did decide to disassociate it was because his mother was incredibly sick. The Latino guys that had worked along side him noticed that he hadn't been to work for a week. When he returned they had learned the story and regardless of his "fuck off" and "speak English" attitude toward them, they approached him with a bunch of food, cards and whatever words they knew in English to let him know that their families were praying for her. He cried right there in the dingy, shitty breakroom of an injection molding plant while they hugged him. After that, he abandoned the idea, but even then, he slept with a loaded pistol grip pump action shotgun under his pillow because of all of the threats and assaults he endured. I digress...

We finally get to the show almost sober and slightly sweaty from the three miles we walked just in time to see Naked Raygun. The club was sort of like and Elks lodge or a VFW hall. It had a pretty dingy looking faux leather upholstered bar with a Formica top. There were cracked glasses and musty beer signs. The decor was late '70s "Bavarian" lounge with lots of strange browns, blues and yellow. It was pretty shitty...

and pretty typical of that town… The whole show was a disorganized mess and the only people there were my friends and I, a few random punk friends from neighboring high schools and junior highs and a couple SHARP skins I recognized from the Lake County area. A few of our pals said that the show had been fraught with starts and stops because the owner kept telling each band to turn down. Naked Raygun was all set up and ready. Jeff Pezzati said nothing into the mic and they started into "Treason." I knew from the moment I walked in that they weren't happy playing at this shitty club in the middle of fucking nowhere to a virtually empty room, but I—was thrilled. The room started to fill a bit but I hardly noticed as I was dancing my ass off and watching this band I had heard only on a decomposing mix tapes give these familiar songs a new life. As much as they hated the place, they still played with all they had. I fell in love with punk that night. I knew I was a lifer.

Unfortunately, a few songs in the club owner came over and started waving his arms around. They ignored him and played on. Suddenly all we could hear was the drums. The fucker had pulled the plug. We were panting, pissed and bewildered. There was some yelling and swearing, as I was standing next to the tiny stage an argument between the guy that did the show and the club owner ensued. I looked up to see Eric Spicer arms folded behind the drum set, his kind face wearing the expression of a disappointed toddler. He smiled at me and waved me over, "Hey kid, wanna beer?"

"Sure, Thanks!" I stepped up and he handed me a beer. I was pretty stoked that this weird old dude in a band I really respected handed me a beer (not in a lurker way, fools…), especially since I was no longer drunk… Noticing that the room was almost empty again, I realized a teenage girl drinking a beer might get caught. My friends were milling around the merch table while the same two guys, were yelling at each other about money and amp volume. What the fuck… I walked outside to drink my beer in peace. I remember it being an unusually warm fall night, so I didn't have anything with me but what was in my pockets, which didn't have enough room for the knife I usually carried as a teenager. It was quiet outside, the area was for the most part residential, but there were rows of shops, a church and a couple small factories directly around the club. I walked a few feet to the parking lot in front of a row of closed shops adjacent to the club so that no one would spot me drinking this beer. It was dark by now and the only real sound was the rumbling of the cars on the distant highway and the trees rustling a bit from the cool wind that would soon turn frigid. Ahhh… My little Zen moment was suddenly interrupted as two big Chevy pick-ups squealed into the lot. Their headlights on high were straight on me. I was struggling to see what the hell was going on. I was pretty startled, but I quickly realized that these were the same trucks that had passed on our walk to the show. Shit.

I had been similar situations and I quickly assessed that it was time to get the fuck out of there, because if there is anything that is more predictable than the sun rising is that these guys meant for me not to see it. They were boneheads, alright. These guys, being mighty tough in a crowd, were here to kick someone's ass… and I was that someone because I was there. Additionally, I am not white, so this was going to be big points for them (nevermind that I was about fifteen at the time, unarmed, alone and a girl, but what the hell, it's a race war, right?). I started looking around for an escape route, but the way back to the front entrance was only accessible if I were to climb over the front of one of the hate wagons. I knew that no one probably realized I was outside and that the confusion inside was likely still preoccupying everyone. As I assessed the unlikelihood of any aid, one of the trucks starting revving its engine. From what I could see, someone was stepping out of the passenger side of the other trunk. I could tell it was a man. The top half of his body was blurred out by the burning white of the headlights, but I saw his big oxblood boots with white laces. I remember thinking, "My blood is gonna make those laces match his boots…fuck it," and I threw the full beer in the direction of the death boots. Now, I would love to tell you that I fended off the whole new Reich with a garbage can lid and superior Amazonian gladiator skills, leaving me to step over a groaning mass of bloody neo Nazis, but the reality was that only way I was gonna get out of this unharmed was to run like a motherfucker.

I heard a cry of pain. I knew my beer lob had made fleshy contact, which made me feel a little better as I was running for my life along the row of shops. But then heard a series of yells followed by the sound of boots on the pavement. I don't remember how many I thought I heard, but at the time it sounded like all of Himmler's Volksliste was on my tail. I ran around the side of the shops and down the ally behind the club. I tried the back door, but of course, it was locked. I yelled and banged for a split second when I finally got a look at who was chasing me. As I had suspected there were six nazi skinheads a little older than I was wearing their bleached jeans, boots and braces almost on top of me. I abandoned the back door and ran around the side to the club parking lot. Yelling "Fire!" as I rounded the corner one of the boneheads had grabbed me by the back of the shirt and pulled me down. I fell back and started swinging. I managed to hit the guy who grabbed me hard enough so that he toppled over and ahead of me. His face smashed into the pavement right in front of my feet and I started kicking him in the face. I know this sounds dramatic, but I really thought I was going to die. But if I was going to die, I was taking this asshole with me (or at least horribly disfiguring him…). At this point there were boots coming at me from all directions, making contact. All I could do was cover my head. They got a few good kicks in until I heard someone yell, "What the fuck are you doing?"

In a split second, the kicking stopped and through a small space between my arms I saw a pair of boots near my head come off the ground. There was no sound at all until I heard a thud. I spread my elbows and peeked out from my arms. In front of me was a group of SHARP skins fifteen deep with one of the boneheads on the ground in front of them. Everyone was motionless. Then I saw one slight movement, the reveal and rise of a baseball bat. I let out a giant breath and before all the air had left my lungs my attackers were running back down the ally. Some one pulled me up and a flash of bodies moved past me after the guys who seconds ago were about to beat the shit out of me. I was a little dazed and ran over to a car. I checked my face in the side view mirror. There was blood. I heard glass smash off in the distance. I began to check the rest of my body for damage. There was a loud voice behind me, "ey, you alright, girl?" I turned around scowling and quickly backed up. "Yo relax, I ain't gonna hurtcha." Standing in front of me was a 6'6", beefcake-y skinhead full garb with a distinctly Italian American accent. I looked up at him with my neck stretching back as far as it could go and all that escaped my mouth was a faint, "holy shit…" He reached his giant hand in his pocket and handed me a handkerchief. Yeah, a handkerchief…

"Yeah, I think so," I was looking at my arms and realized my shirt was torn exposing most of my back and there were raw bleeding scuffs on one of my elbows and on my shoulder… There was pain but I couldn't tell were it was coming from. "Ya got some blood coming outta yer nose," He signaled me to put the handkerchief over my nose. "Lemme take a look atcha," he sounded like Tony Danza. He gently but firmly took my shoulders, turned me around, and scanned my body. I felt a tug at the spot where my shirt was ripped; he was looking at my bareback. This stunned me, but I knew he was not motivated by bad intentions. "Lemme check yer skull." He gingerly moved his fingertips over my head, mussing my hair a bit, checking for blood and scrapes. As he was doing this I was feeling around my ribs. I yelled out a little. "Shit, looks like they got ya…" he was looking at me holding my left side. "Where's it hurt?" I looked down at my hand and said, "here..." He hunched over a little and put his giant hand over mine. With a bit of pressure guided my hand up and down my rib cage. "Ow!" "Looks like they cracked one uh ya ribs," I was looking up at this giant, mean looking skinhead, with a concerned face treating me like a kitten. His hand lingered for a second and he moved his other hand to my shoulder where I was bleeding, looking at my face he said, "They got you here too." The rest of the SHARPs came around the corner just as my friends were approaching. He suddenly stood up straight and stepped back. Blushing, he tried to conceal a smile, "Aw, you'll be fine, just take it easy for a few days." His friends came over asking if I was alight then engrossed him in conversation about who my attackers were and what had happened. My friends ran over, swept me up and started asking questions.

The scene calmed and everyone was heading off into different directions. Before leaving, I thanked the skins who had saved me from a horrible beating. "No big deal," was their general sentiment, "All in a days work." Most of them weren't much older than I was. Over the years a couple of them eventually turned white power, some of them died, a few went pretty ape shit and went to prison for violent crime, but most of them just disappeared into sub-normal life. Of course at the time I wasn't thinking about the future or if they were even good people, but that night they saved my life. My friends and I had to get back home, it was a school night, but before I left the big Italian skinhead came over to me and asked my name. I told him and gave him as much of a hug as I could with a broken rib. He kissed my hand and said good night.

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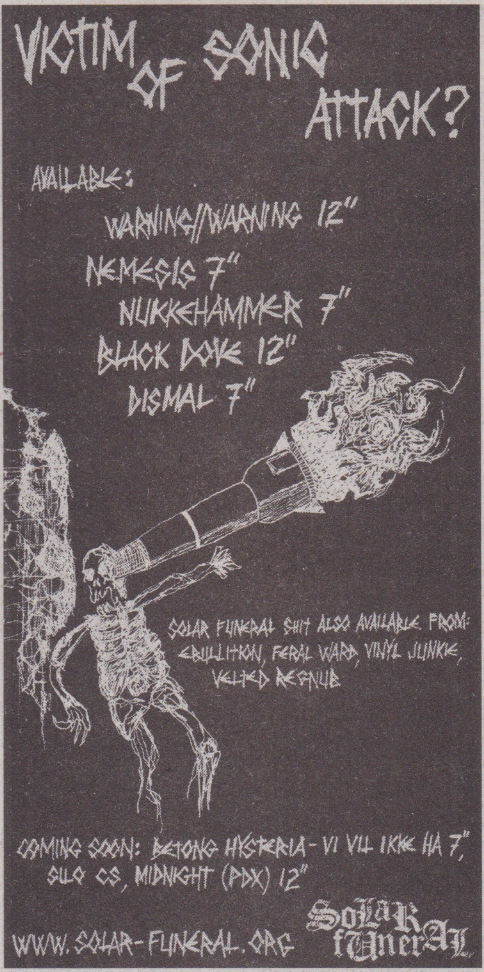

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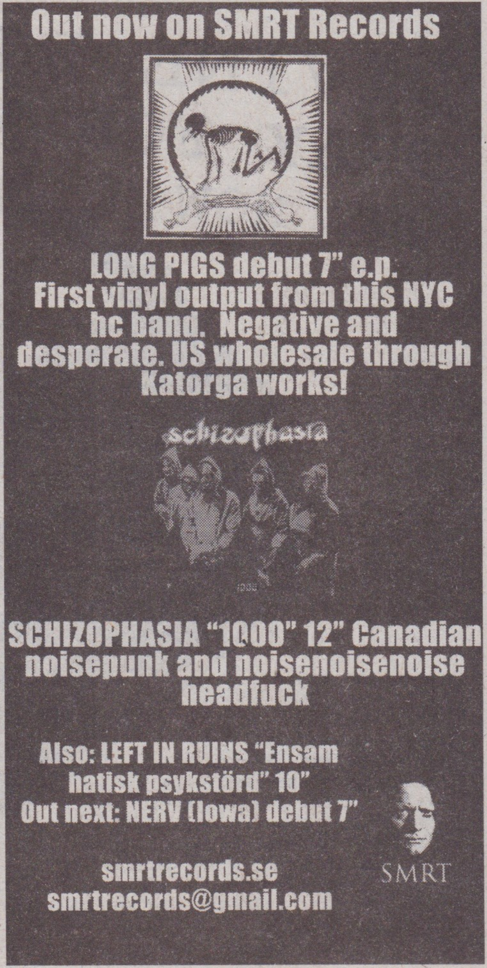

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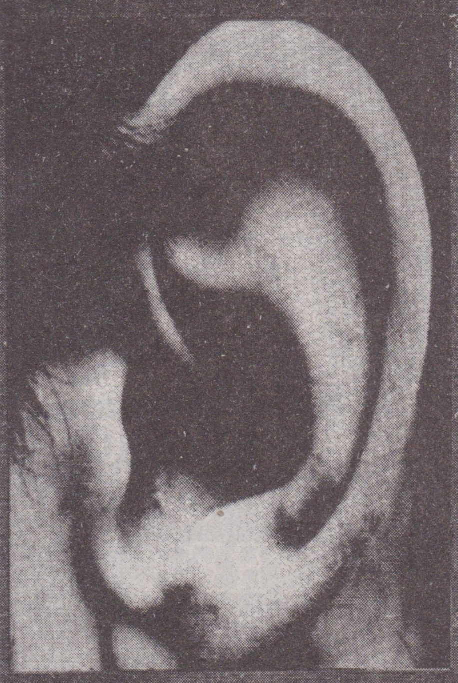

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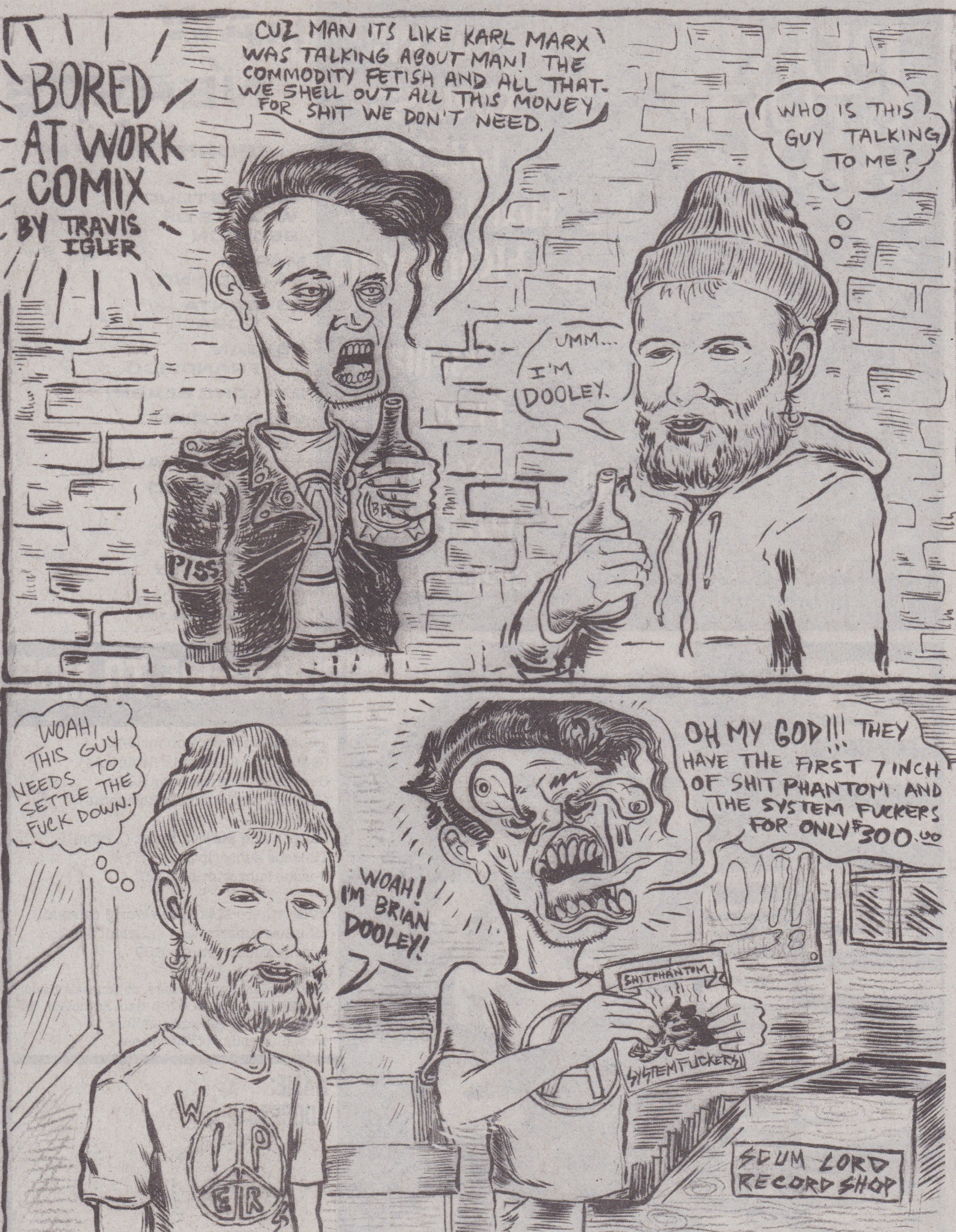
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NEWS

NEWS COMPLIED BY RUSS SKELCHY AND MARIAM BASTANI

ACEH INDONESIA PUNKS
"I'M AZHARI, I'M A PUNKER: WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?"

From: AcehKita ("Our Aceh") http://www.acehkita.com/berita/punks-not-dead-3/Release date of article: December 15, 2011
Translation from Indonesian and intro by Russ Skelchy in Yogyakarta, Indonesia (Dec 26, 2011)

The following is my translation of excerpts from an editorial written in response to the arrest and subsequent detention of 65 punks at a show in the province of Aceh, located on the northern tip of Sumatra in the Indonesian archipelago. Historically, Aceh is considered to be the region with the strictest adherence to Islam and is one of the earliest points of contact between Indonesian people and Islam. This area has also had a long history of resistance movements, beginning in the late 18th century when Acehnese rebelled against the Dutch colonial government. The Free Aceh Movement (Gerakan Aceh Merdeka, GAM), which began in the 1950s and intensified in the mid-1970s, was fought primarily by Acehnese guerilla troops and the Indonesian Army—only after the devastating 2004 tsunami did fighting subside, resulting in a ceasefire agreement. Although the movement was based on various points of conflict (economic, political and social), a key issue was the desire to establish Aceh as an independent Islamic state based on syariah (a fundamental system of laws and values governing an Islamic state). In order to appease the separatist region, the Indonesian government in 2001 expanded its autonomous privileges of self-governance under the principles of syariah law—even though, Indonesia as a country is NOT governed under these laws. The arrests and detention of punks in Aceh serves local and regional political interests on a number of levels—it shouldn't be assumed that they are only religiously driven, nor should it be assumed that all areas of Indonesia are hostile towards punks. Excerpts from the editorial written two days after the arrests:

I'm Azhari, I'm a Punker: What's the Big Deal? Hello Tukang Garuk (a term addressing the police and government officials responsible for apprehending the punks, it literally translates to "Scratch Workers")! I'm Azhari Aiyub, and I'm a punker! Is there a problem with my political choice? Apparently there is because politicians have rounded up punks in the city of Banda Aceh. I've been a punker since before General Soeharto fell (the former dictator/president who ruled Indonesia for more than thirty years). I have no criminal record, I've fought against drug users and pedophiles, hate corruption as much as politicians hate their rivals, pay taxes every year and sometimes I give donations (alms).

So I'm not misunderstood let me explain, punk is a political ideology. In this way punks are no different from other streams of social democrats as well as right-wing fanatics, or even anarchists influenced by the ideas of Mikhail Bakunin (certainly since these anarchists do not rob banks or attack police stations, there is no need to capture them) and people that make the Muslim Brotherhood their political affiliation.

You have already caught punks in the street and have violated the constitution of a country that protects the rights of its citizens. Certainly in capturing people or groups of citizens you need more than a piece of paper, you need to have an explanation as to why these people are being caught along with the crime they are suspected of committing. Political groups in years past have made laws for capturing cows who wander around the city. But, even for capturing animals you need a proper license. Maybe the people you catch and shave are helpless. But I'm the type of punker who is highly venomous and dangerous, especially when facing politicians who panic when they see mohawk haircuts and studded jackets while allowing thieves to run wild in the streets!

So this is the appropriate time to explain to you that punkers are as just as politically aware as politicians. This political awareness makes us almost the same as humans—yet at the same time, this awareness makes us different in a number of ways, especially in our definitions of morality.

Politicians' desire to control public morality is not a new idea. Ideas like this have been around since democracy was introduced in the era of the ancient Greeks—the same secular ideas and democratic model used by politicians to round up punks in Banda Aceh. However, political systems born of parliaments and political parties have never been able to defend ideas meant to establish morality among citizens. Furthermore these intentions have to measure up to the current times, especially for politicians who round up punks and surrender authority to theologians. Policies surrendering authority usually don't enter the heads of secular politicians, on the contrary we often see it used by theologians to wash their hands of the dirty deeds that they've done. So, you contemptible politicians are not the right party for a job this sacred.

Certainly it's debatable whether or not we need secular political authority directing the morality of citizens so that they act according to religious values. But before we even reach that discussion, you (the politicians) have engaged in filthy activities that have damaged the principle of morality itself.

Politicians, themselves, aren't exactly clean in the ways that they attain and maintain their power. You, politicians, don't need to deny the harsh realities (that become diseases in clean governance) of achieving high-ranking positions within the Indonesian political system—it is not as easy as picking up trash in the street like we, punkers, do on a daily basis, you all need large amounts of political funding. This isn't just a matter of money or how you exploit (the system). After all, one doesn't have to be too smart or know much about money politics to know what's going on with Indonesia's decaying system of governance.

This is the time to recall the old saying: Politics itself has no morals, there are only moral politics. Moral politics are deceitful acts such as getting rid of political opponents to maintain power—and you, contemptible politicians, employ these skills as much as possible in order to avoid scandal. However, you are never quite able to cover up your depraved scandals. You are the ones behind tax evasion, banking crimes, political murders, allowing babies or children to die due to poor nutrition, manipulating decisions in the judicial system and so on. So forget the idea that your secular power can manage the morality of citizens. In other words, even the most ignorant person knows that it's impossible to hand over the cleaning of a chicken coop to a bunch of hungry foxes.

Meanwhile, we, punks around the world, stand atop the ruins of morality that you, politicians, have created. You, despised politicians, have made this world so filthy. It is from this filth, like bacteria, we were born almost three decades ago and later spreading across the entire world. Where you have created filth, there we have settled—amidst the blankets of deceit that you've woven. So, you want to kill punkers, the bastard children of your own political sins? Of course, this isn't hard to imagine. Like the larvae causing dengue fever epidemics, we are not so easily destroyed. Except maybe on one condition, that you must clean it entirely first, so that that we will disappear by ourselves. However, contemptible politicians, it's not so easy to be clean right? So if that's how it is, why can't we share life amidst the cracks of dirty spaces in this world, or even in filthy Banda Aceh? We will continue to live on the smelly embankments while you live in the filth of parliament and the rotting state bureaucracy.

In addition to being similar in terms of filth, we also have political morality to share with you—perhaps, to make the world better and know the consequences that will result from mankind today. We don't have to be communists to understand that the powers of financial capital have sucked the poor of the Third World dry. For us, the paths travelled by left-wing parties in order to achieve power have been more disturbing than politically fascinating. But who can stop us if we are furious with: a war that has destroyed Afghanistan, sunk the holy city of Baghdad, the slaughter of innocent Palestinians by Israeli soldiers or even closest to us, the politically driven killings of people in Aceh? Punkers are the first to oppose this sort of hellish world because of the morals that we live by. One must go through stages of morality first in order to be called a punker. Not as easy as becoming a politician right? The issue of studded jackets or the way that we cut our hair is only a matter of style, in the same way that you all choose to wear suits or shorts when you govern.

You, politicians, in recent years have made anti-corruption issues (in Indonesia) the standard of morality. Meanwhile, from the very beginning, our (punk) political concepts have worked to expose the rottenness of a corrupt government. To oppose corruption we wear studded jackets—looking like hedgehogs in the presence of other citizens. If only these citizens, troubled by our clothes, knew that they are meant to be weapons piercing the mask of your hypocrisy and warning law abiding taxpayers that their money has been robbed in parliamentary budget discussions. Look, despicable politicians, how far behind you are in adopting these high moral standards both in the practice of modern democracy and in the most basic of religious teachings.

You dream of making Banda Aceh a modern, civilized city. Is this only for the architectural style of city hall, meant to represent the city's vision of modernism, while you simultaneously drive punks out because we don't fit in with this vision? It's clear from the city hall dome that you're so proud of. Unknowingly, you've copied our Mohawk haircut and put it on top of its roof—you hate it. You politicians don't hesitate to model our haircuts during the General Elections (to draw attention). And most disturbing, you've used a picture in a (tourism) promotional video for "Visit Banda Aceh 2011" where you recorded a woman with a Mohawk waving to foreign tourists! I suspect that the punk kids that you've rounded up and shaved are the same people who influenced that video—which you made with our own tax money! The majority of characters (i.e. punks) that you consider insulting, actually come from within your own soul. In this sense, Freud wasn't wrong when he said: People hate those who are most similar to them.

—Azhari, a punker

PRIVATE PRISON CHARGES INMATES $5 A MINUTE FOR PHONE CALLS WHILE THEY WORK FOR A DOLLAR A DAY.

by Amanda Peterson Beadle from www.thinkprogress.org

Last year the Corrections Corporation of America (CCA), the nation's largest private prison company, received $74 million of taxpayers' money to run immigration detention centers. Their largest facility in Lumpkin, Georgia, receives $200 a night for each of the 2,000 detainees it holds, and rakes in yearly profits between $35 million and $50 million.

Prisoners held in this remote facility depend on the prison's phones to communicate with their lawyers and loved ones. Exploiting inmates' need, CCA charges detainees here $5 per minute to make phone calls. Yet the prison only pays inmates who work at the facility $1 a day. At that rate, it would take five days to pay for just one minute.

CCA's abuse doesn't stop at outrageously priced phone services. One woman reported that her diabetic husband does not receive enough food, so she has to deposit money for him to buy more. Occupy Nashville recently protested outside of the company by holding a "human auction" to illustrate how CCA profits off of human suffering.

As Alternet points out, in the past few years, CCA has spent $14.8 million "lobbying for anti-immigration laws to ensure they have continuous access to fresh inmates and keep their money racket going." Recent anti-immigration laws in Alabama and Georgia keep their facilities full and CCA profits high. Since more prisoners translate into more profit, private prisons like CCA continually push lawmakers to enact harsher policies and longer sentences, according to a report by Justice Policy Institute (JPI).

For more please watch this video: http://youtu.be/81dch5uQs7M

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R.I.P. LUCY JIMENEZ

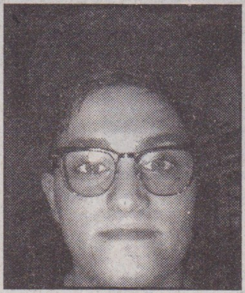
By Monika Bella Negra

Lucy Jimenez was one of the baddest Latinas in the punk scene of Chicago. With a killer voice, she was the front woman of the band Mandatory Abortions. Her cheerfulness, optimism and badass attitude secured her space in the punk community. She inspired many grrls to take charge at shows, dance in the pit and prove that grrls are a force to be reckoned with. She's survived by her blood family, as well as her punk family, and she will never be forgotten. Lucy passed on Saturday November 5th 2011 at age 21. We love you Lucy! We'll be moshing together once again.

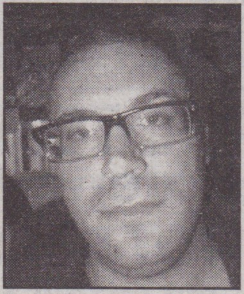
MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month: what's your best record score?
(SPECIAL SHITWORKER EDITION! Asked at the MRR year-end party)



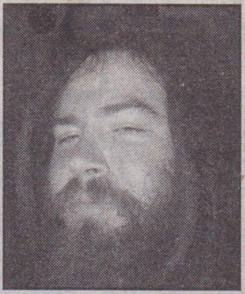
Max, 22, San Francisco
The first Crucifix LP on red for $5. But I sold all my records, so it doesn't matter.



Justin, 33, San Francisco
The *Schematix* 7" for $1.49 at Amoeba, which I immediately went home and traded to Martin for the Sedición *Extintos* LP with the white sleeve.

Robert, 39, San Francisco
Afterbirth's *Who's In There* 7" for $2 at Ear Wax Records in Madison, WI.

Greg, 35, San Francisco
Fred Lane's *From the One That Cut You.* I bought it when I was seventeen for $7 because it looked cool, and it changed my life more than any other in my collection. Never seen it in any store since.



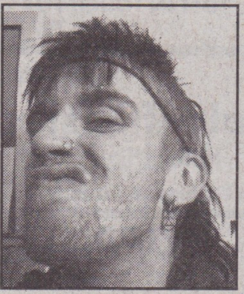
Brad, 32, Oakland
Last year, I stumbled upon the Blacks *Hate You Like Gold*, and blacked out a half hour later.

Kat, 24, San Francisco
The Vario LP for $10, because it had bunny bites.

Laura, 26, San Francisco
The second Annihilated LP for $8 at an open-air market in Boston.

Amelia, 25, San Francisco
The G-Zet LP from Joel Gomez for being Brain Tumors' tour mom.

Marcelle, 26, San Francisco
LSD 7" from a sidewalk sale in the Karoo part of South Africa.



Andy, 27, San Francisco
The Shitlickers *Cracked Cop Skulls* 7" in exchange for keeping a secret.

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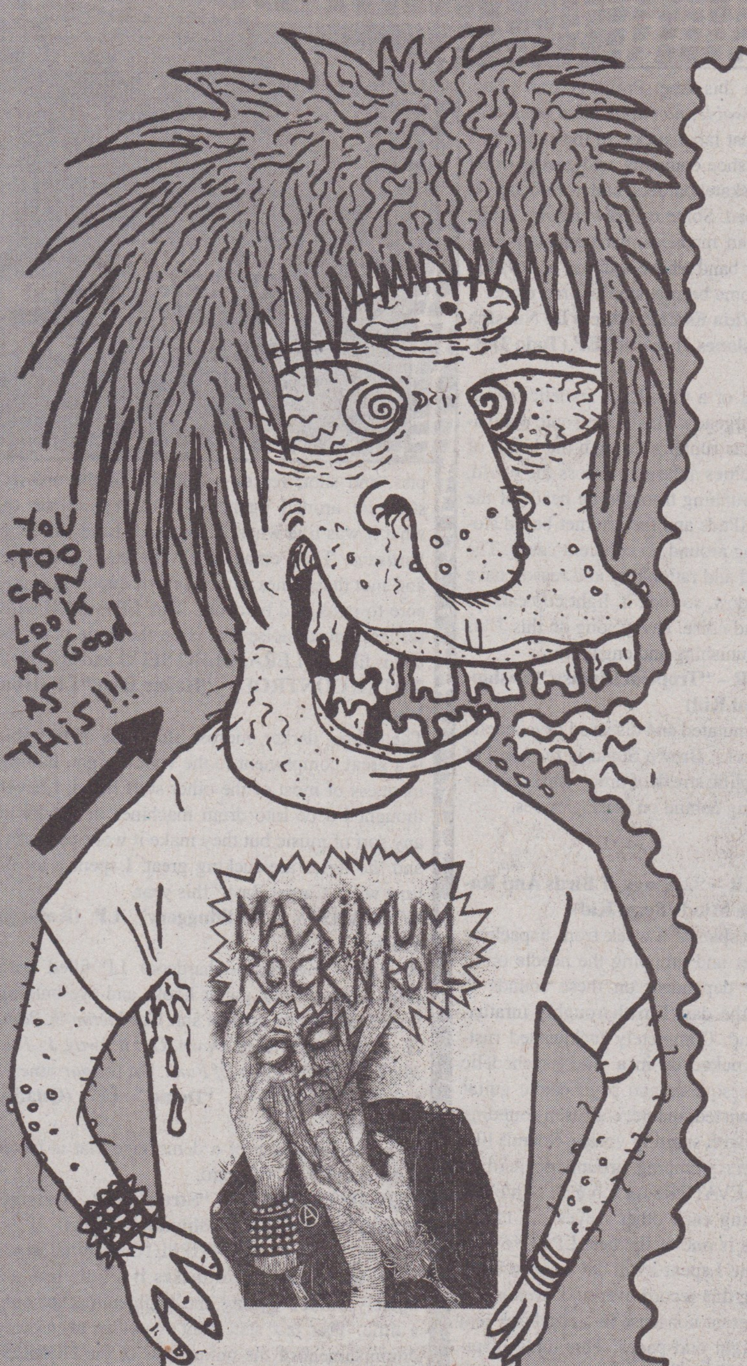
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2011 YEAR END TOP TENS!

THE SHITWORKERS AND COLUMNISTS AND REVIEWERS OF MRR LIST THEIR GREATEST HITS OF 2011 AS WE HEAD INTO THE END OF THE WORLD! ALEX RATCHARGE DREW THIS PICTURE OF YOU...

Shiva Addanki

2011 has been a really weird and great year. It's strange when all the right elements come together to create a time where you feel things are too harmoniously good to be true. When I'm looking back on my life in a sullen, bitter cocoon, blistered and calloused by time and faded youth, this will be one of the years I'll probably look back on with the sort of nostalgia that invites spite towards the passage of time. Despite feeling good about a year for once as it comes to a close, I can confidently say, objectively, that this was an extremely good year for punk music. A ton of bands have been coming out of the woodwork making sounds that progress the integrity of punk beyond a tired rendition of appropriated stylistic guidelines, values, and other bullshit. I can easily foresee still enjoying the music of a lot of these bands down the line. No particular order to this whole thing, some of it might be subconsciously strategic, some not.

ELEVEN 7"S

CRAZY SPIRIT – "I'm Dead" single (Mata La Musica)

I've exhausted vast quantities of ink writing about my love for this band. They are easily one of my all time favorites, if not my favorite. I have little interest in convincing you that this shit is amazing, it speaks for itself. The b-side of this record ruined my life.

HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS – "Shoulda Listen (to Mommah) EP (Toxic State)

The first time I experienced this band was when I saw them live, and they absolutely *floored* me. This is some of the most mean-spirited music I've ever heard, I don't know how they managed to muster up an interpretation and appropriation of so many elements of R'n'R and punk that would usually be laughably cheesy, and made it into some of the most hostile, biting, and intimidating music I've ever heard. The wild guitar squeals, deranged growling vocals, keyboards, and belligerent lyrics on this record are a testament to how the relevance of this kind of music will never fade.

THE ROPES – "Your End" EP (self-released / re-pressed on Youth Attack)

I remember hearing about this band putting out a new demo at the beginning of the year and not really being sold. They changed my mind quickly. The REPOS were one of the best hardcore bands of the previous decade, and The ROPES continue their path with a further distilled cocktail of madness, deranged simplicity, and mortifyingly visceral delivery. Everything I've heard by this band, under both names, is completely and totally essential, and uncomfortably addictive.

HOAX – "Fagget" EP (Katorga Works / Deranged)

Another band who I experienced live first, then bought the record immediately after. One of the most genuinely frightful and powerful sets I've ever witnessed, they emanate a feeling of genuineness in their heavy and down-beat take on hardcore that comes from few others. They have biting lyrics, well-written songs, and play with complete and total reckless abandon. There are more and more hardcore bands creating music that viscerally appeals to the senses that make hardcore matter, while putting out releases that represent a totality of expression unique to themselves, no historical references or generally pedantic and mundane revisionism; HOAX are one of those bands.

PERDITION – "Wrath" EP (Toxic State)

It's no surprise or coincidence to me that NYC has produced a large percent of the records that are popping up on this list. Perdition was the first band I saw that made me a complete convert to this music, and they have done well to declare war on this human zoo and lead an army of mutants armed with guitars and silkscreenining ink into battle. This 7" shows a perfect distillation of what truly makes them so good: raw, grisly and angry hardcore punk. The recording on this one sounds like a gaping flesh wound, just like they sound live.

DEAF MUTATIONS – "Crash the Clubs" EP (Static Shock)

Pimply, ugly, scummy hardcore. The title song is one of the best mid-paced hardcore jams I've ever heard. It's a shame that this is simply a demo reissue of a side-project.

VILE GASH – "Deluded" EP (Youth Attack)

This thing is over in a matter of less than three minutes. That's bluntness. I'm not a fan of the self-conscious posing that takes place with a lot of the bands on the Youth Attack label, or the stuff that the label does itself, but that's all irrelevant in the scheme of things, because VILE GASH are simply an amazing hardcore band who know how to write vicious, blunt songs. They are one of the few bands who compare to Perdition to me in terms of putting out the most raw, bristled and disgusting expressions of absolute hostility and anger.

SCHOOL JERKS – "Control" (Cowabunga)

Snotty deranged bullshit pulled taut like a rubber band over a finger rocketed into the face of a stranger. School Jerks sound like a band of ADHD afflicted brats dripping snot, cum and puke all over a pile of textbooks. They have a deranged, volatile, and reactionary approach to the most base and basic elements of hardcore. Like a modern version of Amdi Petersen's Arme or Circle Jerks or some shit, but without trying to be, at all.

LEATHER – "Wretch" EP (Fan Death)

The harder they come. Both EPs released this year were amazing, but I don't know if Jade Tree releases are reviewable in this zine. Probably not. (*They actually are reviewable, no major label input there…–ed)* While that label sucks, in the scheme of the car company, shoe company, and energy drink sponsorships of skateboarders and musicians, it doesn't seem so bad. Some real sewer-born, squirming, guitar driven madness, careening nut-case hardcore. Another band whose sound is impossible to pinpoint into some boring, sterile, tired niche.

ILEGAL – "La Vida Es El Producto De Nuestra Esperanza Y Visiones Irreales" EP (Todo Destruido

Fucking mouthful of a title. Raw, frenetic, sweating hardcore insurgency. This is the sonic equivalent of the thoughts running through the heads of the kids lighting cities ablaze all across the world, not the thoughts running through the heads of the dipshits with the iPads and the internet-based sloganeering, rallying around no coherent cause. The world's gone mad and rationality and reason have gone out the window, so fuck it, light cop cars on fire and make loud noise. Every song on this 7" is both absolutely punishing and engaging.

BROWN SUGAR – "Tropical Disease" (Fashionable Idiots/Feral Kid)

More absolutely mutated and diseased psychedelic hardcore punk snot. . Brown Sugar is *the* band of 2011 with this prolific streak of drool, shit, and piss that they're leaving behind on these grooves.

NINE 12"s

BROWN SUGAR – "…Sings of Birds And Racism" LP (Feeble Minds/Feral Kid)

Goddamn. In the span of a week from unpacking it outta the mailer and dropping the needle on it, I became feebly dependent on these sounds to get me through the day. I'm thoroughly infatuated with this band. Completely fuckheaded rust-belt desperation puked up in a wild psychedelic swirl. Saxophone squeals and psychedelic guitar wails drip onto twisted, manic, confused sounding weirdo hardcore with snarling vocals. Sounds like leather-clad bikers stomping around on acid to 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS, or a bunch of hippies gone sour stabbing each other's eyes out to the FIX. I swear this is one of the best LPs I've ever heard. No bullshit. I spent a full day cooped up in my room playing this record over and over again, scribbling belligerent nonsense in a notebook that spanned some eight odd pages. This thing inspires madness. "All I really wanna be is a Somali pirate."

CONDOMINIUM – "Warm Home" LP (self-released)

Like the BROWN SUGAR LP, I spent days on end just listening to this shit over and over again, staring at the walls and feeling a strange cocktail of bleakness and euphoria. Bleak, frustrated, and distinct sounding hardcore punk. The vocalist sounds like he's gagging on a chloroform rag while he tries to push out his lyrics. Noisy, despondent, mean, and prickling, CONDOMINIUM is one of those bands who turn hardcore inside-out and upside down to make it sound completely disarming again. This whole thing flows like it couldn't have happened any other way, spoon and glass noise track included. No filler. This kills.

SUDOR – "Ganas De Vomitar" LP (Solo Para Punks)

SUDOR are one of those bands who pull off writing a song with just two chords in it. Stomping, sweating, and shaking around in puddles of puke, piss, and snot; reacting violently to the orderly structure around them. SUDOR remind me of what it was like when I first heard bands like the Partisans. They emanate all the base petulance and snot that comes with your first euphoric exposure to punk and hardcore. This LP is filled with restless upbeat noise that is on the same plane as bands like CÓLERA, OLHO SECO and OTAN.

LEATHER
WRETCH

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

The colder, darker, morose sleekness of this shit is a great compliment to the vivid, bright, flailing madness of most of the other stuff listed. I never thought I'd be into drum machines or synths in any sort of music but they make it work perfectly, and the lyrics are fucking great. I spent a lot of time with "Carpet Rash" this year.

WICCANS – "Skullduggery" LP (Katorga Works) '

A raging powerhouse hardcore LP filled with peanut-butter thick guitar hooks and eye-bulging vocals. Stacks up against shit like *Victim in Pain, Hear Nothing…, Tied Down, Get it Away, Is This My World?* and *Kings of Punk*, but for *our* time.

CRAZY SPIRIT – "Demo" 12" (Quality Control)

A sick repackaging of a demo tape that is better than most LP's I've heard.

HOMOSTUPIDS – "Strawberry, Orange, Peach, Banana" LP (Fashionable Idiots)

Hearing early MEAT PUPPETS material since I first heard this record makes it a little less genuinely mind-boggling and frightening, but only a little. That last statement is not an accusatory diminishment of the uniqueness of the HOMOSTUPIDS, so do not take it as such. Nine tracks of imbecilic ingenuity that makes my head spin, I love this record, its hypnotizing and sincere while being completely and totally fucking retarded. This is genuine weirdness. Mutant Rock.

ROYAL HEADACHE – LP (RIP Society)

Soulful, whiskey soaked, cigarette smoked, garage born punk. This record is feel-good, but not in that grotesque, self-congratulatory false-euphoric way, they sound like they've paid their dues and are making the best of it. The exposed, distorted jangle of the whole mess and the slight pinch of wisdom to the raspy wails have sunk in deep for me, this record is fucking great.

VIDEO – "Leather Leather" LP (Play Pinball)

Spaced out, drugged up sounding shit that sounds like CHROME covering *Killed By Death* gems. This LP is amazing: stark aesthetics and insanely good songs. Listening to this shit dawns all sorts of visions of apocalyptic confusion and futuristic scum through the snot-stained lens of some swaggering, sneering, tube-amp addled punk scum.

Bryony Beynon

It's one thing to be consistently blown away by new music, it's quite another to find these records overtaking your battered classics as go-to listens. 2011 has been that kinda year for punk. I've kept it strictly essential this year, so here's an overall list including all formats, with a focus on the N-O-W. Cruelly I even cut out a bunch of my most-listened to records because they were reissues, in spite of their previously unknown (to me) brilliance (I'm thinking the killer HAGAR THE WOMB reissue LP on the ever-reliable Mississippi, that sublime ART YARDS single on Ride the Snake) cuz if oblivion really is coming, as it may well be, let's at least pay tribute to what we made, here in the end of days.

SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience/Feeble Minds)

Every so often a band comes along that somehow gets under your skin in a weird and unsettling way. This three-piece from Syracuse started scratching insistently at the soles of my feet with a deliberate statement of intent, a snatch of seven minutes or so of perfect, huge, blasting punk on a demo tape some time last year. This LP, which features some re-recorded versions of the demo songs, completes the corporeal occupation. The recording quality is what it is, the vocals are not foregrounded in any real sense, floating inside and not above the noise, but it's never too harsh to hear all the parts. Forcing you to inhabit the static, every riff that make you buzz with recognition, insistent and yearning. As for the bass, what about turning up the gain on all the punkest SONIC YOUTH songs, emptying out the contents of your shame-riddled past onto the bed and poring over it? What about an open mouth in a world that wants us silent? The lyrics plead and wail and speak truths most punks are still afraid of. "I love and you don't mind having me around."

HYGIENE – "Public Sector" LP (La Vida es un Mus)

That this record feels like ages ago (it was March 2011) is testament again to how many great records have come out this year, and to have one of the most engaging and rich ones made by people whose bizarre genius I can soak up on the daily is a treat indeed. With their LP, HYGIENE took their retro-futurist racket to a cohesive place, letting Guy's sellotaped-together riffs speak for themselves, Nat's transatlantic nervy timbre battling through inept-on-purpose clanging anti-melodies, all still with that pervasive, infectious poppiness seeping through all ten songs. Their heavy nods to England's musical and cultural times past in terms of aesthetic escape pastiche firstly by means of a large dose of self-awareness (see Nat's droning fears of 'its all been done before' and 'I realised there's already a song about it') secondly by raining a hail of spit laced with arch sarcasm upon relevant issues like the parasitic neo-liberal housing land grabs in East London. Yes, it sounds a lot like "Bingo Master's Breakout" era The FALL, and you might detect hints of CRISIS' bouncier moments, but this is a band all of their own and this record is fucking great. It's still available so get it.

HOUSEHOLD – "Items" LP (Dull Knife)

Here are nine tightly composed remonstrations with an unreasonable aggressor who could, let's face it, only be disarmed or at least riffed into submission by the strength of the sonic argument on display here. And just to put it out there despite the barrage of comparisons, GRASS WIDOW this is emphatically not, there will be no hazy dreaminess here, this is no Sunday at the ocean, it feels more like domestic furors and dusty bedroom windows looking out at an unfriendly, huge city, social wars, interpersonal grievances, that friend who always has a handle on other people's bullshit, ready to sum up breezily with a devastating putdown, pulverize all falseness when the time comes. Tightly wound bass lines, clean fiddly guitar, everything in perfect focus, this is like a battle cry as it would sound spoken in even, dispassionate tones, close close close to the microphone. Incredible.

NO – "Growing Up Together" CS

The second demo from a UK band making messy, deconstructed / determined hardcore. This is what happens when a complicated man tries to write "simple" music. Driving at something, full of statement riffs that aren't afraid of those top strings, all space and questions, this demo, better realised than their first, is a total revelation. Jim's vocals are all transcendental fury, eyes shut; live, he's a light-footed preacher. But there'll be no salvation here. Drums at the very limit of physical ability super pummelling and wound up. They just recorded a seven-inch as the sun went down on 2011, rest assured you'll be hearing more of this band.

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

This needs less words than others in this list because I've no doubt other reviewers with better frames of reference / more appropriate similes, can take it on better, but it's gotta make the cut because nothing else has made winter in the grey concrete undercarriages of economic meltdown (again) seem quite as cool. Grinding, ominous keys meet driving, repetitive kraut rock rhythms, careering down a space highway to total sonic oblivion. Robotic angularisms and future paranoia meet insistent irresistible melody. Daniel is all gangeloid X-barbiturated on this, channeling Howard Devoto in a cosmic blender, Alan Vega on an all night bender. Everything tastes like you said it would.

THE LOWEST FORM – "Infinity" EP (Low Recordings)

This a bilious, combative demonstration of what can happen when a small cadre of men with exhaustive sonic interests zoom in on the nasty bit where hardcore and noise meet, but strip out pretty much all of the unpleasantly overexposed tropes that the last few years have seen take a battering. This recording is well balanced and perfectly furious throughout. When the floor tom makes itself known in the opening track, it's a moment of total joy. For a band that existed for a year before recording anything, having totally junked an entire set, you can tell these songs have been hewn from a thousand possibles, and while lack of accident and obvious craftsmanship can sometimes dampen the vitality of a record, the sheer energy on display here trumps all that. The lumbering, gaspy vocals are an incongruous fit that give the band an identity all its own. They reach an inhuman bark without ever sounding too forced, and lurch back forwards between sounding literally like a dog choking on its own shit, and nothing other than a human being having a very, very bad time of it.

BRAIN F≠ – "Sleep Rough" LP (Grave Mistake / Sorry State/ Static Shock)

If I was the kind of win-at-life person who made a fruit smoothie every morning (instead of cycling to work half dead and then making supermarket own brand instant coffee that is always more grey than it is brown) then I would spin this while doing so. The spirulina of punk, this record is, as a 1940s radio announcer might say, "full of pep and vim." It gets me going like no other. The now-trademark vocal trade-off that happens on almost all their songs is instantly addictive, like a conceptual argument between two really cool friends, over who should feed the cat. LG has described the riffs herein as "squirrelly" and I can think of no better adjective. Hide your nuts, Brain F≠ are coming for you.

SATELLITES OF LOVE – "I, Seaside" EP (Milk)

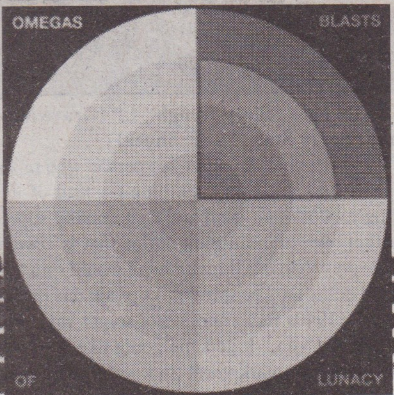
Another UK band, one you really need to hear. SATELLITES OF LOVE are a beautiful meeting of awkward minds, turning up to twelve for the teen noir set. This 7", a beautiful screen printed but not overdone packaged released by the faultless Milk records, takes what SOL do best; huge vortexes of double guitars-no-bass artful scree with malicious intent, and lay it on *thick.* You won't have heard anything else like this so far this year. Some of their songs could have been on that *Fear of Smell* Vermiform comp, other people have described this band as the missing link between MOSS ICON and the BIRTHDAY PARTY. If that pricks your ears up you definitely need to track this down.

HYSTERICS – Demo CS (Self-released)

The opening "augghhh" to this tape tells you everything you need to know. Exhausted, frustrated rage from four Olympian women. The riff are pure dunga-dunga-dunga DC distillation, the recording itself is delightfully demo quality, the vocals reel between almost spoken cynicism and peaking howls, always sounding like they're poking an accusatory finger into every entitled inflated pigeon chest. Sinister slam dance bangers, short wave radio vocals, frenetic bass. Strip out the bullshit from hardcore's accepted historical narrative because you know there were bands like this that got written out the first time, and HYSTERICS and their cohort are not letting it happen again. M'ladys just put out a 7", I don't have it yet because I'm too poor for international postage just now, but maybe you do! "I saw you from across the pit…"

THE UV RACE – "Homo" LP (RIP Society)

Another deeply listenable full-length from this spiritually teenage freak troupe, like someone fused the VELVET UNDERGROUND with the DANIELSON FAMILY in a Melbourne basement. In my head they live in a big city house surrounded by drugs and food, guitars and trampolines. This whole thing is the perfect illustration of how to inject a sense of fun into your music without ever being wacky or anything but deadly serious. Somehow playing this record; jumping as you do headfirst into a barrage of horns and keys and "a kilo of cocaine, burn that cat!", feels like pure escapism even though, as the awesome now trade Marcus song explanations show, these songs all come from real life things, even if those are real dreams, abstractions, real fantasies. Now if only they would procreate, there'd be hope for the human race too.



Chris Corry

TOP 10 HC/PUNK records for 2011 -.

1) HOAX – "Fagget" EP (Kartoga Works) + "Down" EP (Youth Attack)

On both of these 7"records HOAX distinguished themselves as the band I most enjoyed in 2011. Absolutely lacking in pretense in terms of "art,""politics,"or "music,"they wrote and performed mosh heavy songs that collided with grimy punked out riffs so stupidly simple and memorable, it was like they were written just for me. This band laid waste to everything in its path... volatile, reckless, and hate-filled performances that always put the band members in as much danger as the audience members. Respect and admiration.

2) GIVE – "Petal Pushing" EP (Painkiller) + "Flowerhead" EP (Youngblood) + "I Am Love" EP (BBB)

GIVE are not for everyone, but they are for me. In fact GIVE is probably the only band I regularly listen to or go out to see live that make me feel good about myself with their music and lyrics. The title of one of three singles they releases this year is *I Am Love* and, as a description, it's no exaggeration. They're rather unassuming in their approach, so that at first I found myself caught off guard by the level of spirituality and transcendent beauty that their songs took me with. Each of these records beautifully displays that. It's rare that you'll hear me talk this way about any band, let alone one that is currently playing, so please understand that I say none of this lightly, nor insincerely.

3) RIPPER – "Into Oblivion" LP (Black Water)

Cheap thrills can be the best sometimes, and as cheap as the thrill may be, RIPPER is a special band. Let me preface by saying I dismissed this group before hearing them. I am usually critical of any "rockin'" metal-punk hybrid, and so I was completely blown away when I heard this LP. Fully-formed and realized, precisely executed, and unbelievably catchy, *Into Oblivion* is the kind of LP that rightfully embarrasses most of the beer-soaked hacks that attempt to hold a candle to this style. Four piece era MOTORHEAD is an obvious influence... FINGERNAILS... VENOM... at this point these are accepted reference points for most "punks," and while most of the spikes and studs goofballs who will enjoy this record, won't really appreciate just how good they have it when they listen to this slab of hot fire, a few of us will jot this down as one of the best punk / metal debuts of recent memory. Absolutely searing and fluid guitar leads on this, too. Whoever the hotshot on the axe is has a lot more great shit ahead.

4) DEAD LANGUAGE – "Paranoia" LP (Iron Lung)

If you're not aware of the pedigree of members here, let me summarize: several of the people who have been involved in a number of recent hardcore acts of the most extreme varieties unite to deliver something of the same. Each member plays up their strengths in disharmonious unison, delivering 20 minutes of Power Violence that simultaneously masters the most classic aspects, as well as the most progressive. This is a dense and precisely delivered package about paranoia, anomie, and alienation, played so effortlessly it's easy to not notice how peerless it is.

5) BLOODKROW BUTCHER – "Endless Fields of Rotting Sacks" EP (Total Fucker)

After towing the noise-core line better than most of the crasher crusties in the US (including a flexi 7" released earlier in 2011), BKB finally come into their own with this record, shedding the GLOOM-style crunch, and letting the riffs do the work. With an old style Swede/Finn style delivery and presentation, it's hard to believe this is actually from Boston USA. With the kind of rustic intensity you expect from any well-regarded early-'80s release on the Propaganda label. As far as I'm concerned this is the best band the east coast has produced of this style anytime this decade. Perfect riffs and vocals— hardcore punk via inevitable nuclear annihilation and fallout.

6) MIDNIGHT – "Satanic Royalty" LP (Hell's Headbangers)

Satanarchist Athenar continues his Venomic "Cleveland Assualt" on good taste and bad riffs with another stellar MIDNIGHT release, and the first true full length to date. More threatening and less rock'n'roll than past releases, there's more speed metal than ever, but with enough three chord leather-burning to make this count with the "punk" crowd (not that it should matter, but this is *MRR*). The same kind of attack you get from VENOM's *Possessed* lp or the G-ZET 12"...

7) CITIZEN'S ARREST – "Soaked In Other's Blood" (Coextinction Recordings)

It's disappointing this was unleashed as a digital-download release, but nevertheless, a wonderful return to form for one of the all time great cult-classic hardcore bands. Four songs that actually sound like they could fit in neatly between *A Light in the Darkness* and *Colossus*, right down to the tough-to-duplicate vocals. A riff or two harkens back a little too well to the '90s, but CxA were a '90s hardcore band after all, however short-lived. On this release they take a few minutes, and four songs, to remind you why they're one of the few that still matter. Side note: test pressings are in for a vinyl release of this material on Painkiller Records.

8) THE OMEGAS – "Blasts of Lunacy" LP (Hardware)

Slam-Skank, sonic annihilation in a long playing dose that only does more to prove why the OMEGAs are one of the few (and the great) Unity Bands of our time. It takes a special caliber of hardcore band to bring together punks, straight-edgers, skinheads, the over-30 crowd, French speakers, etc. into the same sweaty slam-pit, and as a music listener, you should never undervalue the group that can. Working a tasteful reduction of the entire *New York Thrash* compilation into one coherent ... uh *Blast of Lunacy*... is pretty tough going. It takes a consummate understanding of the sub-genre, and at the moment, no one is more capable than the OMEGAS.

9) WARHEAD – "World of Confusion/ Acceleration" (HG:Fact / La Vida Es Un Mus / Feral Ward)

With Jacky of GLOOM and FRAMTID stepping in on guitar, the almighty WARHEAD return with their best songs of the last (somewhat under-productive) decade. Energetic to the last, searing with violent anger, the only disappointment is the brevity of this offering, a mere two song single. Regardless this absolutely shreds—and is the best head-shrieker Jun has sounded since *Drive It In Your Head*. Excellent return from one of the most formidable and powerful hardcore bands known to Planet Earth.

10) AVON LADIES – "Guns and Gold" EP (Kartoga Works)

Miserably noised-out punk nihilism rolls out of the gates stinking like last week's garbage on Guns and Gold. Not too far off the early-NIHILISTICS brand of lurk-and-lurch rippers, and with the inimitable Chris Erba delivering the vocals, AVON LADIES would be termed by Sol Rosenberg as "very abusive."

AVON
LADIES

Golnar Nikpour

*This year was better for me as a human being than the misery known as 2010, and yet (from my vantage point) the truly memorable punk records weren't quite as bountiful as they have been in recent years. Then again, the below list includes a record I probably listened to more than any record I've bought in the last decade. Of course, said record *actually* came out in the last days of 2010 without my knowing about it 'til the first days of 2011. D'oh! What do I know anyway? I've been doing these end-of-year* MRR *best of lists since 2004, and I always manage to forget or not-yet-know about some obvious neo-classic. Last year, it was the Vaaska 12" and the* Brutales Matanzas *comp. What'll it be this year? I dunno punk, you tell me. (As usual, these are in no order except for number one…)*

MILK MUSIC – "Beyond Living" 12" (first press: self-released; second press: Perennial)

Those more punctual and in-the-know than I am were likely aware of the exact moment when this masterpiece dropped in the eleventh hour of 2010. It didn't really hit most turntables until 2011, however, so it's making my list this year: it's the best record of *either* year (and I need to write about it *somewhere*). At the risk of turning y'all off with my world-famous Drooling Hyperbole®, I am going to tell you that I can't remember a single record since the first Gorilla Angreb 7" that has had such an instant and indelible impact on my listening habits as has *Beyond Living*. This is a record I have — with no exaggeration

— listened to probably 200 times over the course of the past eleven months. Moments after I first heard it I ordered two copies for myself. Not for collector scum reasons mind you, but because I instantly fretted over the possibility of wearing down its grooves and having to go through some part of my life without a copy. Do you people get it yet? *I am mega-bonkers stupid crazy about this record*. In case you are unaware, MM is most often (not incorrectly) compared to *Bug*-era DINOSAUR JR., which is an excellent starting point — but not the ending point — for their gorgeous and monstrous guitar sound. Beyond that, a lot of classic mid-to-late '80s/early '90s indie/punk influences show up on this record, from the weirdo joie de vivre of mid-period MEAT PUPPETS, to the bombastic pop sensibility of HÜSKER DÜ, to the cute band alert Jordan Catalano/Evan Dando good looks of their main longhair, to the HC anthemic-ness of *Kill From the Heart*, to the guitar caterwauling of *Damaged*. What I'm saying is that this record could fit in quite snugly in the classic-era SST catalogue, though their aesthetic puts them squarely in now-era Olympia, down to the back cover art that is a near repro of the first SEX VID 7". Of course, I hate to make this band seem like a retro trip down memory lane, cuz I think the unmitigated joy in these riffs makes this record a classic for any era. For fans of American rock 'n' roll of the highest order; listen to this and bliss out.

NEMESIS – "Dou-Koku" EP (Flower of Carnage / Ratbone / Solar Funeral)

There is nothing in this world like this kind of muscular Japanese hardcore. In recent years, however, I haven't heard a traditional late '80s / early '90s styled (think NIGHTMARE, EVANCE, Selfish Records, etc.) Japanese HC record that I've dug as much as those unforgettable classics. Too many bands affiliated with that sound/scene went too rock, too wank, or too hooklessly "hard" to maintain my continued attention (or record purchasing $$$). NEMESIS bucks that unhappy trend with this perfectly raging, agony-throated, four-song punch to the gut.

ILEGAL – "La Vida Es El Producto De Nuestra Esperanza Y Las Visiónes Irreales" (Todo Destruido)

Last year, this Canadian outfit's first EP made my year-end best-of list; I described it at the time as a quintessentially furious Italian-styled HC record married to the politics of a CRUDOS-ian worldview. To my mind, this was a match made in heaven. From afar, this second ILEGAL EP is not dissimilar from the first. On closer (and repeated) inspection, however, the riffs and tunes are more finely attuned, and the songs are buried under a *slightly* less insane barrage of noize. If this sounds like I'm saying they dialed it down a notch, don't be alarmed; the riffs are still feverish (though more nimble) and the ridiculously well-written songs makes this an even *better* and more memorable EP than their first. The tunes are more substantial, but the anger—and vicious guitar tone—of the first EP are still in place. This is a picture perfect contemporary hardcore record.

HOUSEHOLD – "Items" LP (Dull Knife)

You know what I love best about this record? The vocal hooks. Seriously, Talya's vocals remind me of nothing so much as a distinctly Toody-an sensibility (that's a DEAD MOON reference, grasshoppers) filtered through the post-punk agit-pop blender. I could throw out some other reference points: SLANT 6 and AUTOCLAVE obviously, or for the more obscurity-oriented, OH OK maybe. Irrespective of these signposts, however, *Items* features great, tense pop songs with catchy/clever guitar parts that stick in my brain matter for days.

SENTENCIA & DHK – cassettes (Alta Intensidaz Tapes)

Last year, FIRMEZA 10 released my favorite record. This year, Teodoro (the guitarist from F10 and a member of too many other raw HC faves to list here) released two pro-printed cassettes on his Alta Intensidaz tape label, neither of which has often left my tape deck since I tracked them down. Both bands – SENTENCIA (from Spain; this recording is from 2007) and DHK (*aka* Destruye Huye Krea, from Peru) play simple, raw, angry, urgent hardcore that traces its lineage up the DISCHARGE family tree through the ferocious simplicity of the MG-15 arm of said pedigree. DHK is the slightly more venomous, while Sentencia is the slightly more demented, but both tapes are heartwarming stompers that pretty much define P-U-N-K as I understand it. (DHK, if yr reading this *pretty pleez* let me release an EP for you!)

VEGETABLE – *C.F. Sol* EP (Gilgongo)

The first song on this two-song, single sided 7" is a herky-jerky minute and a half called "Castration Frustration" that has probably induced somersaults of sardonic pleasure in Tomata Du Plenty's grave and will likely scratch that *just*-a-bit-too-punky-for-your-*Messthetics*-comps itch you've been unable to reach since you realized the FALL is just some creepy old men.

CRIATURAS – "Arañas en el Corazon" EP (Lengua Armada)

Ho-hum, another year, another Lengua Armada release in my top ten. Seriously, Martin has been issuing mandatory punk records since I was a wee lass and before many of you young'uns were born. This year, I almost didn't pare it down to just one Lengua release – the NECROMONGO EP nearly edged its way onto this list – but there was never a doubt that CRIATURAS was gonna get the nod. After a mind-melting demo tape in 2010, this band had my expectations sky high. *Arañas* — with its ability to make me both hard skank around my living room table *and* laugh to myself while wondering "WTF were these kids *thinking*" at every far out guitar lead or vocal skronk — is a trippy, reverb-laden, frenzied HC record that gives me something to live for in 2012: finding out if these kids can pull this madness off live (hint hint creatures, come to NYC!).

DIALS – "Television / She Said" (Dialogue)

I heard the frantic, irresistible A-side of this Japanese buzzsaw punk/pop single on *MRR* radio, courtesy of DJ Willie Terminal Escape Nelson. The very next day, I sent off crumpled, hard-earned e-dollars to Japan because I just had to, had to, *had to* have this single. Let me ask you something, reader. Are you, like me, disappointed that the SLOWMOTIONS' last couple of records have been pretty much tragic/terrible? Well, there is no need to be sad about it any longer—the DIALS are here to save us!

RULETA RUSA / LOS MONJO – split EP (Solo Para Punks)

This is a punk record featuring two of today's best punk bands—LM from Mexico and RR from the Bay Area—with two punk songs each on one of the best punk labels currently operating in the world of punk. Punk.

FIRESTARTER – "Saturday Night (Is the End of the World)" (Shit Sandwich)

I just about fainted when I heard that there was finally a new FIRESTARTER record in the world. And you know what? The A-side track of this record is so much better than any song by their heroes 20/20 that it freaking boggles my mind. Kids, take note: if you are going to play power pop, you better be able to write hooks as good as Firestarter's. Summer mix tapes, take note: this record is going to bequeath to you its impeccable jams.

Could have been included if I was in a slightly different mood today:
NECROMONGO – "Grabaciones Desde La Ultratumba" EP (Lengua Armada), SILLA ELÉCTRICA – "No Controlo" 7" & "Ritmo Suicida" LP (Solo Para Punks), CRAZY SPIRIT – "I'm Dead" EP & "Demo" 12" (Mata La Musica & Quality Control), CARMEN – demo tape (self-released), SOUND OF RUBY – EP (Tian An Men 89; off-the-wall Saudi weirdness!), MORBO – "De Baja Calidad" LP (Cintas Pepe; anyone have a copy of the CD-R recording from the early 2000s they wanna send my way?!), ROYAL HEADACHE – LP (RIP Society), FEROCIOUS X & GUILTY C – EP (Overthrow), TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" (Iron Lung).

Reissues: MOSKWA – "Studio '84" EP (Warsaw Pact), NARCOSIS – "Primera Dosis" LP (Contra Orden / Odio Los Discos), VOID – "Sessions 1981-83" LP (Dischord), SVART FRAMTID EP (Voltage), MARIA T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL – EP (Sin Temores / Discos Huayno Amargo / Rock SVB), DEAD MOON – first three LPs (Mississippi), RATSIA – first LP (Svart), LAMA – both LPs (Svart), CIRCLE X 12" (Insolito), KLEENEX / LiLiPUT – 4xLP box set (Mississippi).

***Live*:** LEBENDEN TOTEN (In Philly & Brooklyn; finally seeing this band live means I don't have to throw it all away and move to Japan, where they seem to play most often), SILLA ELÉCTRICA (V.I.P.s only show @ practice space in Madrid), MILK MUSIC (both Brooklyn shows, first in front of slamdancing punks then in front of head-nodding hipsters), DEFECT DEFECT (ridiculous fun @ the Stolen Sleeves Collective space in Brooklyn), CRAZY SPIRIT (a bunch of times, all over NYC).

Marissa Magic

In no particular order:

LIVID – cassette
By far one of my favorite bands. Definitely a heavy late '70s LA punk vibe, which is radical in and of itself but the most magical thing about this band is the weirdo talking/singing style that Meals (the singer) pulls off so well. Supposedly I've heard that this is one of those bands that people either love or hate but I have yet to meet anyone that doesn't like them. This tape replaced the WEIRD TV tape that lived in the kitchen boombox for a good three months, and I feel like that says a lot.

SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience)
Everyone at *MRR* headquarters lost their shit over this record while I was gone so after a thousand and one recommendations I finally paid attention and this does not disappoint. First I thought SCISSOR GIRLS but not as wigged out. It's that style of snarl and hate, but in a more driving sense. Guitars stolen from UNWOUND and brought alive and new, drums in a constant roll and vocals making angry/desperate statements after statement. This sounds like pain and strength.

DIET COKEHEADS – "Gay Goters/M Dumptruck" (Vinyl Rites)
This (technically titled "Ocular") is the last of a three part series, the other two being *Nasal* and *Oral*, and all are some of the greatest slabs of vinyl to ever grace this planet. Seriously this band is such a dream. Like if FLIPPER dropped the distortion pedal and picked up a delay all while gobbling acid. I don't know what it is about Florida, I've never been and frankly the idea of going kinda freaks me out, but really if it's birthing things like this and NEON BLUD it's either a really terrible place or a really amazing one.

RIND – "Exhaust Yourself" LP (Rotted Tooth)
RIND is the one and only Lee Revlas, one of those rare classically trained outsider geniuses. This is an entirely haunting record that covers the oil spill in the gulf from multiple perspectives, veering from birds to cars to CEOs and all inbetween. It's all operatic wails and fuzzed out blips and definitely didn't leave my turntable for a good long moment.

SEWN LEATHER – "Sikknastafari Slash Crasstafari" LP (Hundebiss)
I had this moment of hanging out in my friends apartment in Olympia for like a week and basically doing nothing but drinking way too much coffee, watching the films of Raymond Pettibon and Kenneth Anger along with various Black Panther and second wave feminist news reels and dancing around by myself to this record. The same friend of mine described this as the intersection between FLIPPER and THROBBING GRISTLE and on occasion I've heard Griffin, the boy behind these shenanigans, described as a ninja turtle. Paint the picture.

DADFAG – "Probably" LP (Broken Rekkids)
While their first full length was a pretty terrible representation of them as a band and their sound has changed pretty significantly in a direction that kind of interests me less, but whatever any of that means, this record still blew me away. One of those moments where I sit a stare at the turntable slack jawed. It's like they discovered melody but still failed to tune their guitars and buried their vocals to an appropriate depth, sounding bummed confused and unhinged. Some of my favorite things.

THROWING UP – "When I Touch You" EP (Self-released)
So this sounds like a lady fronted NIRVANA which in a lot of ways is my dreams becoming realities. One time I was told that the majority of band references I make are from the nineties, it's pretty true. Both of these songs end in gratuitous yelping screams and it's really cool.

CACAW – LP (Permanent)
Punishing in the best way. It's got an excessive low end due to the double bass guitar and then layered throughout it is abrasive guitar confusion cutting through and that kind of vocal style that lands somewhere between a scream and a dry-heave. Definite sludge, definite metal, definite hardcore. This record feels relentless.

TOTAL ABUSE – "Prison Sweat" LP
This is by far one of the darkest records I've heard, not just in the year, but in my entire life. It's like the desire for a slow death expressly for the purpose of having more time to torture yourself. The kind of self-hatred that moves far beyond feeling like a piece of shit and into a territory of real true violent hatred of oneself. I was entirely freaked out listening to this record, like when you have to watch light-hearted cartoons in the middle of the night in order to stop having nightmares.

SISSY SPACEK – "Dash" LP (Gilgongo)
While this initially sounds like just straight up harsh noise the mind blower arrives when you realize that this isn't just some guy at a table with a fuck ton of pedals but an actual band with all of the normal parts (guitar, bass, drums, singing) thus pushing this closer to powerviolence then anything else. Noise kids doing hardcore. This is something like 40 blasts of some of the most punishing bile ever.

TOTAL ABUSE
PRISON SWEAT

throwing Up
45RPM · Side A: When I touch you / Toothache
throwingup the band.tumblr.com
When I touch

DIET
COKEHEADS

FOREIGN
OBJECTS

Al Quint

2010 was a better year music wise than in the few years preceding it and I thought 2011 was even better. I know this is the case because I had little difficulty putting together a top ten list filled with albums that didn't fall into the play-once-or-twice-and-then-file-away category. I like to think it's a fairly diverse list, with the common elements being a high level of energy and possessing memorable songs that stick in my head. Sometimes, a great album can be a cumulative statement, instead of standout songs and I think that's the case with a few of these albums—an overall effect. As I've mentioned before, I'm pretty much burnt out on straight-forward hardcore and thrash lately so I'm looking for bands that are punk in spirit but have something else going for them instead of the same 'ol same 'ol... These selections are more or less in order of preference...

FOREIGN OBJECTS – "No Sensation" LP (Vinyl Rites)
An easy call for my album of the year. *No Sensation* has been a constant on my turntable and iPod since its summer release and it signaled the OBJECTS' evolution from a good band into a great one. In a region between punk and post-punk, possessing sharp and catchy songs powered by spot-on musicianship and Terry's high register vocals that wrap nicely around the songs.

RANK/XEROX – LP (Make A Mess)
Speaking of post-punk, here's another stellar example of doing that loosely-defined genre the right way. Dynamic interplay between the three instruments. I keep going back and forth as to which song is my favorite—the jabbing "Discipline" or cold, haunting "Turn To Stone," with its engaging synth line. Nervous, angular and ear-grabbing. I've been told they're even better live. I hope I get the opportunity to experience that someday.

BRAIN F≠ – "Sleep Rough" LP (Grave Mistake/ Sorry State)
The debut full-length from this North Carolina band, aka BRAIN FLANNEL, took a few listens to grow on me since the songs aren't as immediately hooky as the earlier releases but those tuneful qualities quickly emerge. It's a busy gnash of a sound—boisterous punk and garage, a swirling cacophony of hectic riffs and drumming and, at the core, truly engaging female/male vocal tradeoffs.

DRY HUMP – "Fucks Your Ears" LP (SexCult)
Mass-holes DRY HUMP have changed vocalists—from the high-pitched howling of Erik to PJ Kuda's gutteral vocalizing—but the band's hardcore wrecking ball of a sound remains in effect. Fast and aggressive with some rock 'n roll/metallic riffage and

they're equally adept at slower paced songs, such as the straight-ahead stomp of "The City."

FOLDED SHIRT – LP (Fashionable Idiots/ Proud To Be Idiot)

I saw these guys play about a year and a half ago at a fest put on the by the Harvard radio station and many people in the audience looked truly confused by this band's against-the-grain yet kinda goofy sound. A Cleveland supergroup of sorts, with people from DARVOCETS, HOMOSTUPIDS, OUT WITH A BANG and the legendary MR. CALIFORNIA playing the butterfly-shaped slide guitar. Truly abrasive vocals that could give Doc Dart a run for his money and music that's sometimes hard-driving punk-meets-post-punk and sometimes a tad more experimental. Warped, twisted and fun.

BRAIN KILLER – "Every Actual State is Corrupt" LP (Deranged)

Pure blown-out, distorted mayhem that is truly brain killing (sorry). When the album starts with that big build up and just explodes into the speedy rampage, it brings a smile to my face. A few new wrinkles—they've added a second vocalist who mainly contributes spoken passages to complement main mouth Marcus's harsh howl. Wrapping up with an apocalyptic instrumental disintegration that jarringly cuts off.

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

A little bit of everything from this Australian unit masterminded by Daniel from STRAIGHTJACKET NATION and UV RACE and Mikey from EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING and UV RACE. Total Control flow through SUICIDE-meets-Krautrock drone, synth-pop, garage, punk and ambient and with a very high success rate. Eclectic as fuck and that shouldn't be any sort of damning with faint praise. A surprise at every turn.

ARCTIC FLOWERS – "Reveries" LP (Inimical)

ARCTIC FLOWERS follow up their 7" and a split with a stirring debut album. Songs powered by a walloping rhythm section, stinging/slashing guitar lines and soaring vocals. Encompassing punk, hardcore and early '80s goth and harnessed into moments of pure force and also delving into moodier regions. I could see people wearing AMEBIX patches and SIOUXSIE t-shirts sitting side-by-side and enjoying this equally.

VIDEO – "Leather Leather" LP (Play Pinball!)

A late entry and this Texas band play driving, energetic punk with a darker, bashing undertow. In other words, this isn't slavishly indebted to any particular three chord niche. Rocking hard with a nervy spirit, riding on a crest of surging bass-lines and drumming and mind-messing guitar sputter.

POOR LILY – CD (Self-released)

You look at the name of the band and the garish orange CD digi-pak and think there's no way this will be any good. Wrong! Charging, intricate music. Imagine NOMEANSNO and the MINUTEMEN off on a hardcore bender or even bands like RHYTHM PIGS or VICTIMS FAMILY. Music that's ostensibly punk in attitude and intensity, but incorporates a tight musical dynamic to the proceedings. While the chops are obvious, they don't let things get so busy or overcooked that it becomes any sort of distraction.

... and the rest... (in no particular order)

7"

MANIPULATION – "2" EP (Sorry State)
BRAIN F≠ – "So Dim" EP (Sorry State)
BLOODKROW BUTCHER – EP (Total Fucker)
DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Hardcore Confusion (Volumes 1 & 2)" EPs (Sorry State)
SYSTEMATIC DEATH – "Systema-8" EP (Way Back When/Even Worse)
SUNSHINE SS – "Teen Choices" EP (Sacred Plague)
NEIGHBORHOOD BRATS – "We Own The Night" EP (Abscess)
NEO CONS – "High Anxiety" EP (Deranged)
SOCIAL CIRCKLE – "Expiration Date" EP (Side Two)
BAD DADDIES – "Roman Polanski" EP (Central District/Finch)

BEST LIVE

SEE YOU IN HELL, TEAR IT UP, DRY HUMP, FOREIGN OBJECTS, GOVERNMENT WARNING, CRAZY SPIRIT, WARCRY, SOCIAL CIRCKLE, KROMOSOM, BLOODKROW BUTCHER

Amelia Eakins b/w Ghost

A Shared List of 2011s Top Ten Tunes for Fucker:

Punk at its finest to me is about the feeling during a viscerally good set where nothing else matters except the sounds and feelings you are consumed by as you watch a band. From a hysterical crowd to a singer pouring blood to raw noise reverberating up your spine to the tinnitus that keeps ya up later that night to chipped teeth and scars that were worth it- this is the shit I live for. Walking desolate streets early in the morning listening to a sick new demo tape or new records with friends in a dirty living room saying, "have you heard this shit yet?" is special in its own right, but it does not have that kick to it that sharing a live set with fellow punks does.

I feel I have to mention the live punk moments that made my 2011 before getting to recordings. My top ten bands live from 2011 were mostly from Chaos in Tejas and shows caught in Brooklyn from Tommy's Tavern to the 538 Johnson lofts. These were shows that one lost their shit during or it was so intense, one could only stand and watch while trying not to get hurt somehow. In no order: ISTERISMO, PERDITION, D-CLONE, G.A.S.H., BLOODKROW BUTCHER, EARTHPIG, SCAPEGOAT, VILE GASH, AVON LADIES, and LOST TRIBE. If you ever have a chance to see these bands live, they are not to be missed.

I wish good live bands always translated just as intensely to vinyl, but unfortunately, that's not the case. For those who know me, I'm sure the following list of top ten 2011 releases and re-releases, collaborated with Ghost of Total Fucker Records, from demos to LPs, won't be a surprise. I asked Ghost to do this with me because he is one of the few worldwide with whose sound chaos non-musical judgment I would entrust my life.

We both flipped over the ZOUO reissue and obtained our copies of The Final Agony together with many thanks to Kazu at Punk & Destroy. ZOUO, ZYANOSE, and GISM are probably the top bands were are both equally as fanatical about and have obsessed over together ad nauseum, hence, why we did this together. If you have not heard the good news yet, ZYANOSE is to play Chaos in Tejas in 2012. Hopefully they will tour for those too poor to make the annual pilgrimage to Austin, Texas.

Anyway, here's a message from Ghost: When Amelia asked me to assist her in preparing a top ten list, I really had to stop and think about it. In all honesty there weren't a lot of releases in 2011 that really jumped out at me (doesn't help that my record collection is currently 3000 miles away). I was actually asked about a month ago "heard any good bands lately?" and everything I had recently bought has either been early rock and roll/soul singles, sound effects records, religious 78s and Noise records. I would honestly more often prefer to listen to AM static than anything else, anyway.

Admittedly this year I was most excited for ZOUO to get a proper re-issue by Crust War records. The Final Agony being one of my all time favorite EPs, as with Frustration a collection of ZOUO's comp tracks from the legendary Hardcore Unlawful Assembly LP released by AA Records in 1984. The "Final Chapter" of Crust War's ZOUO releases being the A Roar Agitating Violent Age LP. A live recording from 1984 at Candy Hall in Osaka (before the original release of The Final Agony EP) featuring 11 previously unreleased tracks! "For The Zouo Zombies" indeed!

All in all 2011 was a great year for reissue's, be it the DISCHARGE and VARUKERS reissues from Havoc records, SVART FRAMTID and CRUDE SS reissues from Voltage records, BASTARD from 540 Records and I'm sure there's countless other relics of years past that were given reissues this year...But enough with the hardcore fossils...

Releases in 2011 (from zines to LPs) that are worth mentioning in our humble opinions are as follows, in no particular order:

ZOUO – "Final Agony" EP

Thank you to AA Records and Crust War for making this reissue possible. What an honor it is as a poor punk to be able to own a beautiful reissue of this expensive and rare classic 80s Japanese punk band. This was not just a reissue or a disrespectful boot. It is a well thought out, beautifully done release with great attention to detail and a blatant respect to ZOUO themselves and the original release. We've seen this record up for sale several times, but at an asking price of usually $500, it's not exactly been an attainable item. All four songs on this EP are haunting in that way that 1980s Japanese punk in the vein of GiSM or even the later formation of ZOUO, being DANSE MACABRE, could be. This was the release I lost sleep over this year. (AE)

G.A.S.H. / CLEANSING WAVE – split flexi EP (Total Fucker)

Since this is a Total Fucker release, I'll stick to praising this one. If the review in the back of this issue of *MRR* does not give one a good sense of why you should get this or weep, then I will elaborate. First of all, this is no "novelty flexi" as we have recently seen an influx of. This is a well-designed release that captures the era of 2011 in Massachusetts punk. G.A.S.H. from Boston and Cleansing Wave from Worcester are two different sounding bands that encapsulate whatever is in the cider chowder headed punks with those awful accents are drinking. G.A.S.H. is haunting raw punk with the same impact live as recorded and CLEANSING WAVE is extreme reverbed raw hardcore punk, which is more melodic than G.A.S.H. All the songs on this release hold their own. (AE)

ISTERISMO – "Tokyo Crusties" LP (540)

I remember where I was when I first heard ISTERISMO'S *In Giu Sotto* tape. My friend Kotaro had just gone on tour with them in Australia and brought me the Hardcore Victim release when we met up at Varning in 2010 as requested. I remember driving back from Montreal and the endless flipping of this tape. For those who didn't get the tape or did not know of ISTERISMO's existence until they were perfectly placed on Chaos in Tejas' 2011 line up, then ya hopefully picked up this record with the *In Giu Sotto* songs and more. Everything this band has released or done has been the perfect raw noise WRETCHED devastation punk filtered through their own intensity. (AE)

SCAPEGOAT – LP (Painkiller)

Long awaited on Painkiller records out of Boston. After countless rejected recordings, rejected test presses, and delays on artwork—the LP finally came out and it was well worth the wait. Carrying on the tradition of their CROSSED OUT worship they are known for, they pummel ahead with crushing hardcore violence. (TF)

BRAIN KILLER – "Every Actual State is Corrupt" LP

Another strong release from the self-destructive Boston punk scene. They still deliver a powerful Japanese hardcore inspired sound in the vein of BASTARD and FRAMTID, but deviate slightly from their previous offerings by adding a feeling of UK Anarcho Punk with spoken word tracks by their second vocalist Dan. This band has been solid from their demo through this LP. I'm glad they have stayed a staple North East punk band and evolved instead of fading away. R.I.P. Nick Poot. (AE & TF)

CLEANSING WAVE demo

A pleasant treat out of "The Paris of the '80s" a.k.a. Worcester, Massachusetts. A city known for its industrial sludge and endless diner cars comes a fast at times, melodic at times, reverbed as fuck, distorted raw hardcore band that sounds as if they were screamed by an angel, rising up from the dirt culture and falling on glue-sniffers' ears...wuh wuh wuh wuh....This review makes no sense. Everyone in this band is a goon. This band takes everything you like about raw punk and translates well recorded and live. This band makes me feel good, and this tape has that perfect shit recorded punk quality to it where you hear enough to know the future releases are ones to anticipate. (TF & AE)

V/A – KOTARO MISSION EP (Narm Discos)

A great showcase of Boston and NYC Hardcore Punk released by Narm Discos in Japan. Featuring NOMAD, CERVIX, BLOODKROW BUTCHER and EARTH PIG. Four bands that I am always excited to see and hear. CERVIX and EARTH PIG have since broken up. This EP features EARTH PIG's only recorded effort and CERVIX's final material. BLOODKROW BUCTHER and NOMAD recordings have never disappointed me. (TF)

NO FUCKER has gotten back together after a brief hiatus of several years. They are playing out live again and have a couple releases planned for next year. I got a chance to hear a couple tracks from their forthcoming split with HELLKONTROLL and as their front man Johnny Underage said in a conversation with me regarding their reforming, "It basically sounds like we never stopped playing so shit feels good." (TF, AE approved)

GENERAL SPEECH **zine**

A new fanzine by Tom from EVIL MINDED ZINE with a focus on International Hardcore Punk bands. I was disappointed, but understood when I had read in the last issue of EVIL MINDED that Tom was calling it quits, but someone as passionate about hardcore punk and writing as Tom is clearly couldn't stay away. The first issue features an interview with DEATH SIDE as well as some great, rare photos. General Speech is only available for free or trade from Tom, which adds a personal touch to the otherwise often too consumerist feel of the Punk™ marketplace. (TF)

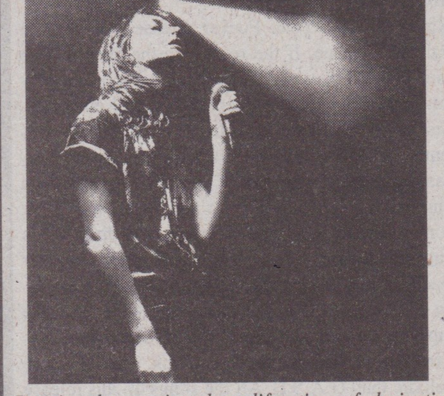
MANUFACTURING WARS/MORE NOIZE **zines**

I picked up *Manufacturing Wars* at my old P.O. Box in the East Village after work in a black, plastic cylinder type-addressed to "Amelia Anok" from PO Box #82, which included a ZOUO sticker as an added bonus. As I read it in my "trying-to-blend-in-as-best-as-possible-I'm-really-a-geriatric-social-worker-not-a-pervert-punk-into-ultra-violence" attire on a crowded rush hour subway train in unstudded black leather and a 1970s pencil skirt, trying to look like as normal as possible, the gig was up. I had suits glancing at all sorts of shit from Hitler with his dog Blondi to cut and paste snippets of war, complete with a foldout. All the while super Sakevi-style in it's sickness. It felt like the first time I listened to GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS where I turned the volume down a little because I wasn't quite sure if it was really all right to dig this, ya know? Anyway, *Manufacturing Wars* is filled with raw punk violence and perversion- this zine is not for norms. I like very few "visual" zines as they're usually too art school for me, but anarchy and destruction in cut and paste regurgitated in zine form is always going to be a hit with me. This isn't shock value bullshit- it's the underbelly of punk where things can get a little darker and a little sicker for some folks. As for a more music-centric, punk only zine, *More Noise* is like if *MRR* was only for international noise addicts and only written by one person whose taste is infallible, educated, and impeccable in the line of all punk from UK '82 to current Japanese damaging noise. Definitely the most foremost place to stay up to date on current international raw punk happenings. Pogo on it. (AE)

A final note from Amelia to all you noise addicts: This year was a crazy but good year. I moved cross-country from Brooklyn to San Francisco with a pile of black clothes and records to be the new distribution coordinator for *Maximumrocknroll*. I moved into the compound and yes, I live with the record collection and yes, shit's sick. This whole experience so far has been an honor and a privilege. I get to work for a magazine that has been instrumental in shaping my taste and giving me knowledge of punk, old and new, since I was a young lass listening to Vice Squad and drinking beer in the alley. I also get to help keep a very important tool that can be used by anyone in the DIY international punk scene alive- don't forget, this is a reader contributed zine and it is a resource for you to use and contribute to in order to keep whatever this punk thing is to you growing like weeds. So, please support *MRR* however you can in 2012; whether it's getting a subscription or doing an *MRR* benefit show in your town. Also, if you're interested in treating your distro or yourself to *MRR* on the monthly regular, please get in touch with me at distro@maximumrocknroll.com.

In 2012, please keep an eye out for KOWARD, WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET?, DEFORMITY, NO SIR I WON'T, ZONE, THE OUTCIDERS, SUBCLINIX, TOTAL WAR, TRUNCHEONS, PUTRIDA, KRUEL, BLOODKROW BUTCHER, EFFLUXUS, G.A.S.H., and ASPECTS OF WAR and honorable cheers to THE IMPALERS, UNARM, and TOM & BOOT BOYS. UP THE PUNX!

Sam Lefebvre



Despite the continued proliferation of derivative garage rock characterized by uninspired streaks of psychedelia filling in the gaps between unoriginal and underwhelming, 2011 was great for crypto-psychotic post-punk, syrupy power pop tainted with shards of glass, straight-ahead, no frills punk and hardcore, and reissues of such consistent quality to frame the punk of yesteryear in an entirely different light. Of course, my list reflects my bias, pretentions, immaturity and personal agenda to dupe punks into joining me on the utopian libertarian island which I am currently funding the construction of.

DIET COKEHEADS/NEON BLUD – split 7" (West Palm Beotch)

Both of these bands utilize the same dystopian psychedelic approach to slightly art-damaged noise punk. I'm always seeking hook-laden pop tunes with gritty, punk swagger, but this year the maladjusted, bleak and esoteric dirge of bands like these inspired me the most. It's as if these musicians found their platonic ideal of beauty during an acid trip, then brutalized it with a club and recorded the process. Few things are certain but, in 2011, DIET COKEHEADS and NEON BLUD made music that sounds like killing what you love.

SEX CHURCH – "Growing Over" LP (Load)

What appeals to me about this record is similar to what appeals to me about DIET COKEHEADS and NEON BLUD, not that I would necessarily describe them as being musically similar, but parallels can be drawn between their gloomy aesthetic. This record has tension, it's dissonant, but shreds of catchiness permeate the murkiness and, heard in context, those are the most unnerving moments of the whole record. Also, this record demonstrates how to use effects like a fucking innovative musician. Hundreds of garage bands: take notice.

ICEAGE – "New Brigade" LP (Escho/Dais/What's Your Rupture?)

This record is an exquisitely balanced slice of modern post-punk with the proper amount of dissonance and accessibility. When it's straight-ahead, it breaks barriers, and when it becomes turgid and murky, it drowns listeners in a shallow pool of pond scum, issuing a temporary respite from the asphyxiation once it's thoroughly made its point.

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Impending Doom/Death to Everyone" (Deranged)

Clean, post-punk guitar at a classic mid-tempo punk speed lays the sonic framework for vocalist Manuela to let loose her melodic defeatist anthems. I had the pleasure of interviewing the group for my fanzine, Degenerate, and in addition to writing, as Anton called it, "blackened power pop" with conviction and having my favorite album art of the year, Manuela and Anton are thoughtful and witty people as well. Their other releases in 2011 were contenders for this spot on my list as well.

SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience)

The vocal delivery on this record is captivating. Each line is uttered with the sort of unbridled conviction usually reserved for speeches by cult leaders imploring their followers to drink the kool aid, or jump into the volcano. Jagged tones abound from the guitars, the drums are punchy, forceful and organic and the entire stunning mess swirls into a single unrelenting crescendo.

THE NORMALS – "Vacation to Nowhere" LP (Last Laugh)

Technically this isn't a reissue, since it was never actually released until 2011. Recorded in 1979, this should have been a seminal punk record for Memphis. Instead, knowledge of early Memphis punk has been pretty limited. Luckily, the impeccable reissue label, Last Laugh, has rectified the situation. If any two songs were lifted from this LP and stuck on a 45, it would be a highly revered, scorching KBD single. As a full length, it's nearly unprecedented.

ROYAL HEADACHE – LP (RIP Society)

With a vocal delivery similar to the soulful style of Paul Weller, and relatively clean guitars, a dreamy tempo and syrupy hooks, this is a modern power pop record that isn't trying to be, and that's what makes it better than most self-declared power poppers. Power pop music has been present in every decade of rock n roll; only the usage of the term fluctuates, and along with its increased usage comes contrived bands adopting the style. Many of which are great, but few make entire records as cohesive and natural as Royal Headache, who shirk the genre tag.

RANK/XEROX – LP (Make a Mess)

This record conveys a thorough sense of alienation, not the sort experienced in your bedroom, but the type of alienation that envelopes a feeble soul at the pit of an abyss. It's as if they isolated the best parts of post-punk from each of the last three decades and cajoled a witch doctor to mix them in a cauldron with the supernatural essence of decay, then dipped their instruments in the potion and made an album.

THE WELDERS – "Pervert" EP (BDR)

Although not typically regarded as a hotbed of early punk, this year BDR Records has been reissuing some crucial groups from St. Louis, most notably the sole EP by The WELDERS, a tragically overlooked all-female punk band. Wielding both the essence of memorable pop and the primal spirit of rock n roll, The WELDERS also casually defy male dominance of '70s punk with their confident chops and lyrics that cleverly deride chauvinism while asserting femininity.

BLACK HUMOR – "Love God, Love One Another" LP (Superior Viaduct)

Reissue of long gone LP from 1982, this is some seriously deranged noise. Most certainly the West Coast equivalent to New York No Wave, some tunes bare major similarity to DNA, but BLACK HUMOR has the elusive mixture of non-pretentious, art-damaged noise, mildly shocking, esoteric lyrics and a significant dose of in-studio experimentation and dawdling synthesizer that is somehow enjoyable to listen to every single day, while many of their New York peers ought to be taken in small doses. According to the liner notes, the guitarist was a "bald, goatee'd guy on roller skates wearing a black leather jacket with a talking bird on his shoulder." From that we can conclude that BLACK HUMOR is weird people making music for bad people that justify bad people doing bad things with the inexplicable effect that good music has on them, or something. So, good people, pick up this record.

Martin Sorrondeguy

KRIG I HUDIK 2
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If you have ever wondered what the most challenging tasks are over at the *Maximumrocknroll* compound, I am certain that most would think it is getting the magazine completed or meeting strict deadlines, perhaps even dealing with landlords, printers, or addressing angry letters from our lovely readers. Although, most of these do generate their share of sweat and stress thee most nerve racking task is coming up with this fucking year-end list! Too many great records enter the review bins. Then we the reviewers get wrapped up in what is to come the following month and it is cyclical, so next thing we know twelve months are gone and we lose sight of the greatness that this punk globe has produced in a single year. The musical bar seems to get higher and higher and our snobby, little, punk rock asses' over at *MRR* get to share with you all what we think rulzzzzzzz! So, here I go………

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

Not too many records of this nature tend to make my top ten lists but these Aussie sluts have worked my hole loose enough to take this entire 12" black slab of musical genius and I want more! Electronic, punk, wave, goth, noise that toys with other atmospheric sounds. Total Control have worked their asses off in the studio and practice space in order to produce this weirdo dance party rager. It is a gutsy and admirable direction for a band that still seems to dwell in the underground. This LP is the best! Now, if they could only come back to the Bay and not play with that shitty band the OH SEES all the time, more folks that are into TOTAL CONTROL could get in to see them.

KRÖMOSOM / ISTERISMO – split EP (Hardcore Survives)

Oh what a fucking pairing, geez two noisy as fuck bands sixty-nine each other on this here little 7" and on its first spin my tongue was out lapping it all up. Deliciously chaotic but sticks to the walls of the mind.

VILE GASH – "Deluded" (Youth Attack)

What????? I don't know who's gash is vile but the sound on this EP is disgustingly amazing. Great fucked up hardcore not intended for the fucked up masses.

ILEGAL – "La Vida es el Producto de Nuestra Esperanza y las Visiones Irreals" EP (Todo Destruido)

The second EP by ILEGAL and I am happy to say I did not put this one out on my label and I say this because now I get to praise the fuck out of this band! ILEGAL, for those who do not know, are a Montreal band that has members that migrated from all over and have come together and started this band. ILEGAL sings in Spanish and plays a powerful style of HC punk that pulls its influences from so many classics without coming off as a wannabe band. Unique and relevant to today, a soundtrack to combat these pathetic times we are living in.

KRIG I HUDIK – "2" EP (Skrammel)

These Swedes, or at least one of them, has been kicking around the punk thing for the longest of time. Most of these tracks date back to over thirty years ago!! Well luckily for all of us they are finally being recorded and released. The wonderful thing about this stuff is that it has such a raw production and energy that it sounds as if it was also recorded back in the day. The key songwriter is clearly a beast and needs to keep releasing this shit. The most amazing crossing of punk and hardcore eras, as one was morphing into the other. Great!

LOWEST FORM – "Infinity" (Low Recordings)

Whoa, when this platter surfaced it blew so many of us away, I immediately went on the hunt for a copy and could not find it anywhere. Finally, they began to leak out into the world and most I know ran out and bought a copy. Full-on aggressive hardcore with enough looseness

HOAX – both EPs (Deranged / Katorga Works / Youth Attack)

Who has not heard about this band at this point? Many bloggers have been chit chatting about them endlessly. HOAX has brought some serious attention to themselves and if one were to see them live. you would understand why. Musically this band does not get wrapped up in following a template they are doing their own thing and it comes off as very fresh. When you are in the mood to try something a bit different both their ep's may be the records that you'll want to spin.

NEMESIS – "Dou-Koku" EP (Ratbone/Flower of Carnage/Solar Funeral)

Upon its first spin this EP immediately made my list. Pounding drums accompanied by some insane guitar riffs make this a classic. Extremely memorable and the song "Fight In the World" got its share of abuse from my turntable's needle as I played it over and over again. I got the same feeling from Nemesis that I got when I first heard GOUKA. Japan had a rough year, and this EP is a product of how one may deal with the circumstances, by writing some insane hardcore punk. Explosive!

NO STATIK – "We All Die in the End" LP (Prank)

This Bay band has put in tons of energy into making their music and they have done tons of shows along with several stellar releases. This one-sided LP that has a total remix thing on the flip, (that quite honestly was only played once by me), is great! They have pounded it some straight ahead hardcore that has memorable melodies and breaks. This band has done really well in the studio as well as playing live, and I dig this shit.

CRIATURAS – "Oscuridad Eterna" LP (Trabuc)

Another record I want to mention that has come out on the tail end of this year's calendar. Raging female fronted hardcore that is packed with tons of power. I recall not being able to pull their demo out of my player and wearing that shit down. This LP has some of those tracks plus some more stuff to keep me even more interested. Great band great sound.

Other killer records: MUCH WORSE EP, ROPES EP, RAW NERVE EP, DEAD LANGUAGE LP, DRY HUMP LP, DEAF·MUTATIONS EP, MARIA T-TA EP, SPEED KILLS EP. YADOKAI EP, AVON LADIES EP

Carolyn Keddy

It was a crazy year for me personally. I am still pissed that the University of San Francisco shutdown KUSF the radio station I volunteered at for more than twenty years without any notice and one-hour before my weekly show on January 18. Though the FCC still has not approved sale of the station, it is hard not to get discouraged at the knowledge that everyone has a price, even priests. Luckily MRR is still going strong and there are still so many great bands putting out records independently. As always it was so hard for me to dwindle my list down to just ten. For the sake of everyone's sanity, I got as close as possible. Here are my favorite records of 2011.

7"s

ALEX CUERVO – "Two Broken Fingers" EP (Trouble In Mind)

A great solo record from the vocalist/guitarist of the HEX DISPENSERS. It has everything I like in a record: great melodies, interesting vocals, catchy lyrics and rhythmic drums. "Everybody Disappears," the second song on this EP is simply a perfect song. I'll never stop listening to it.

THE LO-FI JERKHEADS – "In Your Stereo" (Black Gladiator)

I heard the title track of this EP on *The Cherry Blossom Clinic* on WFMU and immediately went out to buy this record. Sometimes you just need to hear a song once and you know. I always rely on college radio to introduce me to new and amazing music. "In Your Stereo" is blown out and trashy. The vocals are almost spoken, but in a melodic way. It is repetitive and catchy. The other songs go more artsy with lots of fuzz and drone plus nonchalant vocals. It is so cool.

THE KONKS – "TV's Killing Me/ Wasn't That Fun" (One Eye Open)

Unfortunately this Boston band is no more, but luckily they did leave us with one more great record. This is primitive rock'n'roll at its finest, stripped down and fun. "TV's Killing Me" has a STOOGES vibe. "Wasn't That Fun" goes a bit more '70s punk even borrowing the RAMONES "Hey! Ho!" It is also a celebration of doing stupid things. Who can't relate?

BOOMGATES – "Bright Idea/Cameo" (RIP Society)

Brendan of EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING is in this band along with members of other Australian bands DICK DIVER, TRIAL KENNEDY, TEEN ARCHER and THE TWERPS. Pretty melodies that are laid back and sunny with great vocals. The vocals of Steph compliment Brendan's vocals so nicely on the B-side "Cameo". Both songs are dreamy and so very catchy. This is just wonderful.

THE SLEAZE – "Called You Once/Retro Sexy In Blue" (Total Punk)

Although I really enjoy the bratty punk tune "Called You Once", the hit on this record is the B-side "Retro Sexy In Blue". It is catchy as hell. The melody is slower, the vocals are more musical and the attitude is reined in just enough to make it cockier. It is too cool.

THEE SPIVS – "It's True/Taped Up" (Almost Ready)

Two unbelievably catchy songs. It has that English-punk boys'-club-hanging-out-at-the-pub-with-my-mates type thing going on. Punchy melodic tunes with harmonized vocals overflowing with attitude. Even the cover exudes male bonding thing. Whatever. The songs are still great.

BAD DADDIES – "Roman Polanski" EP (Finch)

This EP starts off great with the exclamation "When will Roman Polanski die?" and it just gets better from there. Wild shriek-y female vocals backed by trashy punk musicians. Amateurish, enthusiastic and charming.

HANK IV – "Bellyful Of Slugs/ Cold Equation" (SS)

The choice of covering KIM SALMON AND THE SURREALISTS "Bellyful of Slugs" is too perfect for HANK IV. Their version is heavy, dirty and sinister. More so than the original? I don't know about that, but it is right up there with it. The original "Cold Equation" is equally great. Panic rock at its finest.

MIDNITE SNAXXX – "A Guy Like That/ Jackie" (Total Punk)

It seems like there aren't enough all-female bands these days. Fortunately, the ones that exist are amazing. This record has two catchy power-popish tunes loaded with attitude. I like the mixture of bravado with harmonized vocals.

THE SCRAMS – "Zodak/Eat The Beat" (Dirt Cult)

Two retro-ish organ-filled garage songs. "Zodak" is a ballad and "Eat The Beat" more dance-y. Both have a strange quality that makes them seem more twisted that the usual garage fare. I always prefer music that veers off on interesting tangents and THE SCRAMS' music never lets me down.

SEX CULT – "Errand Boy" EP (Goner)

This could easily be lumped into the endless barrage of JAY REATARD imitators. It's got that style. It is frantic, yet melodic. Fortunately the songwriting is good enough that the band quickly goes beyond that initial instinct to easily classify. I look forward to hearing more from them.

LPs

ROYAL HEADACHE – LP (RIP Society)

Not surprising one of the best live bands I saw in 2011 also released one of the best LPs. ROYAL HEADACHE amazingly combines a singer who can really sing with a melodic sounding hardcore band. They remind me of ROBERT POLLARD fronting PROLETARIAT. Very cool.

SWIFTUMZ – "Don't Trip Call Me (510) 637-8630" (Holy Mountain)

SWIFTUMZ incorporates so many different styles and genres in to perfect pop songs. He gives you what you don't realize you need and it works. I really enjoy when musicians experiment and go against expectations. They always end up creating the most exciting and fulfilling songs.

GOLDEN STAPH – LP (RIP Society)

Melodic punk that has a '60s garage tinge without sounding anything like a garage band. This is post-punk and post-hardcore blended up in the '90s. The female singer is fantastic. Though her vocal sound gives off the appearance that she is struggling to be heard over the band, her voice never seems strained. Her style really makes the songs more interesting.

BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL – "Det Här Är Inte New York" LP (Punks Only)

This Swedish band sounds like some lost gem from the first wave of punk. The music is trashy, but the influence of early rock'n'roll is there. There is attitude, but none of it seems forced. There is not one ounce of posturing, just great punk.

VERONICA FALLS – LP (Slumberland)

Peppy, poppy, surfy, punky fun. The songs are simple melodies with great female vocals. So catchy and sweet.

TYLER JON TYLER – LP (Slow Fizz)

'80s post-punk-ish with a strong female vocalist. The band gives off an English vibe although they are from Chicago. Singer Rebecca has a very unique voice. It is passionate, but in a controlled way. Her style is nice combined with the band's rather simplistic music.

THE MONSTERS – "Pop Up Yours!" LP (Voodoo Rhythm)

I had somewhat written off Lighting Beat-Man when his religious conversion seemed to overtake all of his releases. However, the return of THE MONSTERS brings back everything that made me fall for his music in the first place. This is wild and catchy garage rock with a demented singer. "Blow Um Mau Mau" is the best garage song I have heard all year. It has a great rhythm, punchy guitars, pounding drums and screamed nonsensical lyrics. Perfect.

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

It is almost impossible to sum up what this record sounds like. Whenever I put it down on paper it just looks wrong. This is a record that needs to be heard to be appreciated. The music is cold and robotic. The vocals are detached and dreamy. Yet the songs are so catchy. It shouldn't work, but it does. This is so great.

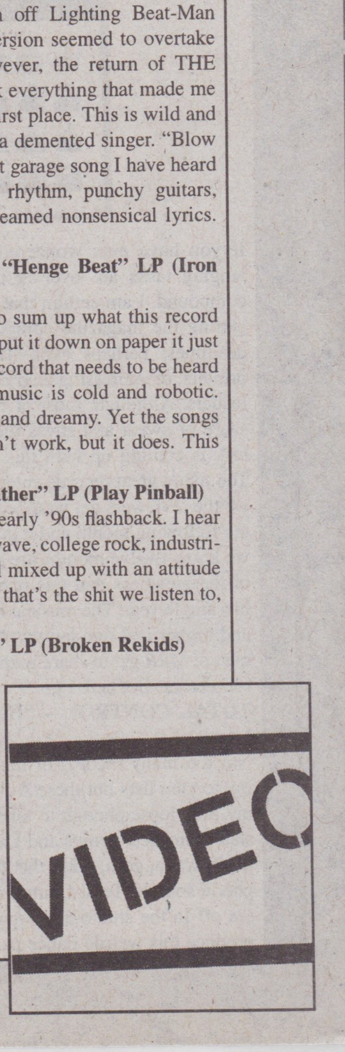
VIDEO – "Leather Leather" LP (Play Pinball)

This record gives me an early '90s flashback. I hear bits of KBD punk, new wave, college rock, industrial and grunge. That is all mixed up with an attitude that seems to say, "Yeah that's the shit we listen to, so what?" Cool with me.

DADFAG – "Probably" LP (Broken Rekids)

This is the second album from this San Francisco trio. They just keep getting better with every recording. Short blasts of noise and danger. Fabulous.

THE COATHANGERS – "Larceny and Old Lace" LP (Suicide Squeeze)



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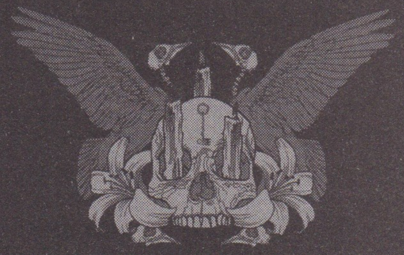

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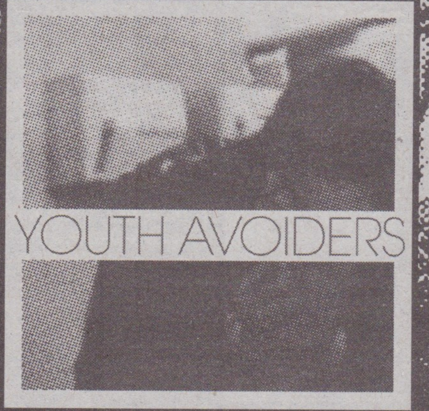

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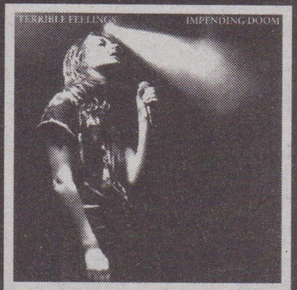

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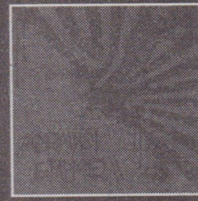

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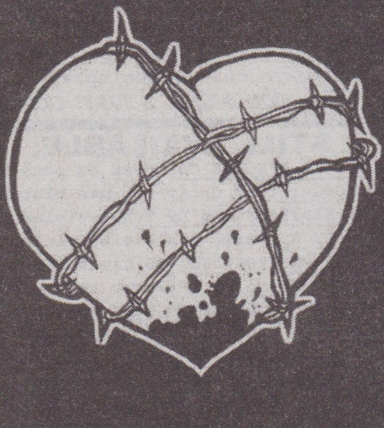

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THE NORMALS – "Vacation To Nowhere" LP (Last Laugh)
THE USERS – "Kicks In Style" LP (Rave Up)
DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS – "Can't Stand The Midwest" EP (Family Vineyard)
THE BUZZ – "Insanity" EP (Sing Sing)
DOLLY MIXTURE – "Remember This: The Singles Collection 1980-1984" LP (For Us)
ED NASTY AND THE DOPEDS – "I'm Gonna Be Everything/ You Sucker" (Last Laugh)
CHEATER SLICKS – "Our Food Is Chaos" LP (Almost Ready)
CHOPPER CHICKS – LP (Mis Cojones Underground)
REATARDS – "Teenage Hate" 2xLP (Goner)
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – "So Many Things" 2xLP
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MIDNITE
SNAXXX

Andrew Underwood

D-CLONE / SYSTEM FUCKER – split EP (Black Konflik) & D-CLONE / NERVESKADE – split EP (Hardcore Survives):

While NERVESKADE and SYSTEM FUCKER are both worthy bands in their own rights, these records really belong to D-CLONE, who were on a mighty roll this year. Their songwriting has always been solid for a band in the genre, but the latest material brims with an energy (and underlying melodic sensibility (!)) that make them possibly the best band ripping out distorted D-beats going. That being said, the SYSTEM FUCKER side of their split is an excellent progression from their earlier Crust War EP, as they've moved on from noize-for-noize's sake incompetence and added a newly aggressive edge to their sound.

V/A – "Heal" CD (Hardcore Survives)

Put together as a quick release to benefit the victims of last year's earthquake and tsunami in Japan, this CD serves a dual purpose of highlighting almost every excellent up-and-coming band in Japanese hardcore and providing money for a most worthy cause. All appeals to charity aside, it absolutely is the best compilation released this year, featuring unreleased tracks (some live, some studio) by a who's who of the younger Japanese noize/hardcore scene, including (but not limited to): FRAMTID, STAGNATION, D-CLONE, CONTRAST ATTITUDE, DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR, ZYANOSE, PEOPLE, PERSEVERE and LAST SENTENCE. 27 tracks in all, and every one of them good-to-great. It's worth the full asking price for the live STAGNATION track alone, as that might be my single favorite 2 minutes of hardcore released this year. (Hardcore Survives)

ISTERISMO / KRÖMOSOM – split EP (Hardcore Survives)

While my answer changes from day to day (if not hour to hour), it's likely that if you asked me who my favorite current band is it would be ISTERISMO. Blending the best of Italian hardcore and Japanese crasher chaos, ISTERISMO have from the first demo to this most recent material consistently brought some of the best high-energy hardcore the world has ever seen. These three tracks see the band at the very top of their game, an astoundingly repeatable side of nigh-perfect hardcore fucking noise punk. Of course, KROMOSOM are no slouches either. Their Kyushu/CONFUSE style has a decidedly metallic edge, and the lineup that recorded these tracks and toured the US is the best yet (no small feat considering how ripping the demo was!). Murderous AAAARRRGH-core that'll rock your face and steal your beer. This was probably pound-for-pound the best split EP of the year.

SMASH DETOX – "Shanguri-La/Like Water" (Prank Records / H:G Fact)

I can only hope that this studio project re-congregates at some point in the future to give us more than these two masterful hardcore epics. These tracks are very much in the vein of *Earth Ball Sports Tournament*-era PAINTBOX, fusing extremely aggressive Japanese-style hardcore with melodic elements that elevate the songs from excellent to transcendent. Fuck, the "ex-members-of" list reads like a list of my favorite bands: DEATH SIDE, FORWARD, TETSU-ARREI, JUDGEMENT, WORLD BURNS TO DEATH...and the total more than lives up to the sum of its parts.

KIBA – "Violent Liberty" CD (MCR Company)

This is an easy pick. Is it ground breaking? No. Is it kick-ass classic "Burning Spirits"-style hardcore? Fuck yes is is. This isn't in the style of the best known bands of the genre, (but it is very much in the vein of under-appreciated masters like PADLOCK, ZILEMMA and ACCOMPLICE. Even better, I heard it as part of my *MRR* reviews with zero knowledge of the band or per-conceptions of them, and if there's one perk to being a reviewer here it's that one record a year by an unknown (to you) band that completely floors you. I've been listening to this record at least once a week since I heard it, and I imagine if you picked it up you'd do the same.

FEROCIOUS X x GUILTY CONNECTOR – "Svart Radsla" EP (Overthrow) & PHTV – EP (Rescued From Life)

It's really amazing that there wasn't just one, but two raw hardcore remix EPs that were my favorites of the year. That being said, they are quite different records. The FEROCIOUS X vs. GUILTY CONNECTOR record is more a pure marriage of feedback and electronic noise that elevates the original tracks without altering their essential charachter. Which is fine, because FEROCIOUS X is (along with LAST SENTENCE) the true inheritors of FRIGORA's Scandi-Japanese hardcore style. Fast, short, brutal and totally enhanced by the manipulations of GUILTY CONNECTOR (who have worked with a who's who of brilliant noise artists over the last ten years). Conversely, the PIG HEART TRANSPLANT collective reconfigure the tracks from VACUUM's first EP into horrifying atmospheric dirges. PHT are reinventing industrial in a punk context such a that even I (a victim of teenaged goth friends who worshiped KMFDM) can appreciate it. This year's "Weapon/Gut Pleasures" EP also comes highly recommended. A lot of people this year are stoked on the post-punk/goth-punk revivals, but if any genre is going to worm it's way into my raw punk it looks like noise/industrial is the winner this year.

WARHEAD – "This World of Confusion/Acceleration" (H:G Fact / La Vida Es Un Mus / Feral Ward)

Struggle against fucking reality now! This is the best WARHEAD material since 1993s "*What to Do With This Yearning...*" CD, no lie. WARHEAD have been hit or miss in the past, but these two songs are some of the best-written punk songs I heard this year, if not ever. Just like the SMASH DETOX EP, this is a near perfect two song single that just left me on the floor. Sometimes (a lot of the time, actually) less is more, and in this case I couldn't be happier to get two amazing tracks from a band that I thought might never recapture their former glory. Fucking A WARHEAD. Get into it.

CERVIX – "Life Fucker" EP (Video Disease)

I like ZOUO. You know who else likes ZOUO? CERVIX. Not that they're a rip-off band by any means though. These songs are much more punked-up and rough than ZOUO's metallic approach, but the reverb, solos and overall creepy atmosphere are total GISM / ZOUO style. Dark, reverb-ed all to fuck and over before you know it. A lot of bands, including all those turds in the A389/Holy Terror scene try to pull this style off but fail miserably. Embarrassingly, really. Not so with CERVIX. I know everyone's in love with the Toxic State scene, but as far as I'm concerned this was the best NYHC record of the year, bar none. (Records)

SCHIZOPHASIA – "1000" LP (SMRT)

Canada's Knights Templar of noise-core released the only new LP I actually listened to all the way through with pleasure this year. For a band with five demos and two EPs, this material was as fresh and exciting as the first time I heard them. This collection of frozen Canadian dudes are as prolific (and as good songwriters) as anybody out there these days. The brilliance of SCHIZOPHASIA is that they marry so many traditions, from the stripped-down rage of CRASS to the feedback squalls of CONFUSE to the paranoid atmospheres of RUDIMENTARY PENI. As far as I'm concerned, they're a criminally underrated band, vastly superior to their member's side (main) projects. It's a goddamn shame that this LP was limited to 479 copies. Pick one up or demand a repress.

LASTLY – "Noize Core from Under-Depopulated Areas" EP (Dowse)

Saving the best for LASTLY (Ha!)... Well, goddamn do I love GLOOM, and these dudes do classic crasher crust better than any other band going. They made an amazing vinyl debut on last year's priceless *Yotsuva* comp, and these tracks surpass those in terms of chaos and quality songwriting. Sometimes this stuff is looser than later GLOOM, more reminiscent of the WARCRY (Japan) stuff, but mostly it's the lost chapter of *Recommendation of Perdition.* I can't think of a better band going with an eight song vinyl discography. You like GLOOM, DECEIVING SOCIETY, DEFUSE, COLLAPSE SOCIETY? You fucking need this EP. I moshed more to this record in my living room in front of the wife and the dog bar none. Find it, get it, own it, live it.

Fred Schrunk

I hate: jocks, capitalism, the fire marshal, losing friends, broken toilets, flooded basements, god, the world, ignorance, and the guys who stole my van.
I like: coffee, sleeping in, swimming, the revolution, New Orleans, Operation Ivy, art, NPR, long talks, short sets, and Halloween.
And this year I loved:

FUTURE VIRGINS – "Western Problems" LP (Starcleaner / Plan-it-X South)
Technically this record could go in the 2012 category cause it is reviewed in this issue, but it came out a few months ago and was slow to arrive here at the *MRR* megaplex. Of all the records I listened to in 2011, this one was near the top of the list. Flawlessly good grungey pop-punk; no bubble gum, all puke and dry blood. If you hate pop-punk, listen to this. If you don't like this either, there is nothing you will like.

SHARKPACT – "Ditches" LP (Rumbletowe)
This is totally a "you either *love* it or *hate* it" kind of album. To the extreme. It's either nails on a chalkboard or an anthem for a new tomorrow. For me, I was blown away. As I pointed out in my review of it last issue, the sheer originality of this album makes it intriguing. But the song writing makes it awesome! They are a two piece (drums and keyboard) creating, what can only be described as a mutant mix of electronica, goth and heartfelt pop punk. There is no way those 3 styles should be able to create something awesome, but SHARKPACT found a way. Its like when your friend makes that weird sandwich with fried bananas, red onions and worcester sauce. When she tells you about it your like "what the fuck is wrong with you?" But after you try a bite, you totally flip over it. I love this album for a 1000 reasons.

SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience)
Anticipation has been building for this band's upcoming shows in the Bay Area, and therefore I've been hearing this record a lot lately. These things happen when you live in a six-bedroom flophouse with piles of records in the communal living space. But that's okay, cause from first listen I knew this was going to be one of the year's best records. It has everything I'm looking for in a record. It's loud, noisy, vicious, and driving. At times it's catchy and other times it's subtly goth, but always weird as shit. In essence, this is a noisy-hardcore record, but they add so many eccentricities to the music that it ends up as something completely different. Imagine if LEBENDEN TOTEN were weird shut-in goth-punks; they might create music something like this. Apparently, they are really nice people in real life, but when I listen to this record I can only imagine them as faceless demon spirits with glowing red eyes.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND – "Knows Your Sins" LP (Recess)
There is this handful of bands that I mentally associate with sunshine. The BEACH BOYS, The GO-GOS and UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND. Don't get me wrong, I hate life. On any given day, I'd much rather sit alone in my dank basement with a bottle of red wine, than go out dancing. But every once in a while you want a band thats gonna force you to smile. This is catchy semi-surf-y pop music that has absurdist nonsensical lyrics. It's musical condensed fun pressed onto wax. It's like video games for a six year old. Or a car for a sixteen year old. Or a giant sack of weed for... ah...I don't know...you.

YOUNGER LOVERS – "Rock Flawless" LP (Bachelor)
How am I the only person who thinks this album is mind blowing?!? I've played this record for several people and they all have the same conclusion: they can't get past the vocals. Yeah they are oddly monotone for an otherwise very colorful and catchy garage album, but that's what I like about it. It feels like this music is made by outsiders, weirdos, freaks. And although I really like the SONICS I'd much rather listen to a reflection of the SONICS as seen through a eyes of a bizarre twisted mind. That's what this is, but every bit as catchy and clever as your favorite new wave garage throwback band.

V/A – "Noise Ordinance" LP (Maximum Rocknroll)
Are we allowed to put this in our top ten? I know it wasn't reviewed in *MRR* because *MRR* never reviews its own releases, but this is totally one of the best records of 2011. An all Bay Area compilation that arguably doesn't have a bad song on it! You never find an LP compilation that doesn't have at least a few turds on it. But here we are. And the gems on this record could carry it into the top 10 even if did have some crap-tracks. BLACK RAINBOW, SURRENDER, YEAR ONE, DUCK AND COVER and the best NN song ever recorded! What's a better LP comp that came out in the last decade? Seriously!?!

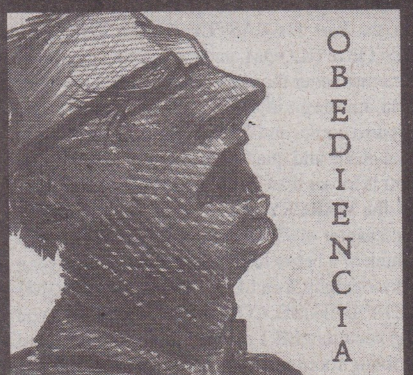
THROWING UP – "When I Touch You" EP (Self-released)
This record feels like it was perfectly crafted for my brain chemistry. Everything I look for in punk is condensed into these two short abrasive songs. And when I listen to them, its like starring into the Eye of Sauron. Everything becomes liquid and fire, and I'm unable to recognize anything else in the universe, until the silence following the last track jolts me into reality. The perfect combination of teenage terror, reckless aggression, BABES IN TOYLAND, the FRUMPIES and NIRVANA. This had me seeing colours.

CRACKBOX – "In Love Must Mean Stupid" EP
Four songs of crust-pop done perfectly. This music is like meat and potatoes. Nothing exotic, just plain ol' solid punk you can listen to day in and day out. The recording and the vocals make this band sound way crusty, but at times the guitar riffs sound almost like a CRIMPSHRINE song. The B-side especially. It's filthy, it's dirty and it's catchy as hell. Like a diamond encrusted turd in a sea of shit.

FOREIGN OBJECTS – "No Sensation" LP (Vinyl Rites)
When my van got stolen this last spring, it was found the next day in an intersection, completely out of gas. When I looked inside the van I found that they had stolen everything from the inside. Everything! This included a child sized batting helmet, multiple In-N-Out wrappers, a sexy-cowboys postcard, a salt encrusted stick (from the Utah salt flats) and an unused novelty condom safety-pinned to the ceiling. To be honest it was mostly trash. These joyriding car thieves essentially cleaned my van for me. But they also took my tapes and of all the thirty or so tapes I lost, I was most bummed to lose my FOREIGN OBJECTS tape. I would just leave that tape in the player, letting it flip from A side to B side and back again. Luckily I found a really great R 'n' B station on the radio (KISS FM) and FOREIGN OBJECTS put out their tape in record form a few months later. This record is fucking great, once you start listening to it, it's all you wanna hear.

CRIATURAS – "Aranas en el Corazon" EP (Lengua Armada)
Fuck this rages so hard! It's fast and raw as fuck. Unrelenting. And has the coolest album artwork of any record all year. I can't even write about this, cause this record has its hands around my throat and is choking me out. With my last few breaths before unconsciousness all I can muster to say is "Can't.. wait..for..your..LP…"

These records also ruled, and are among the best of the year:
MILK MUSIC – Beyond Living LP
DARK RIDERS – "Opponent" 7"
DIRTY MARQUEE – "Hey Larry" EP
SILLA ELECRICA – "Ritmo Suicida" LP
YOUR PEST BAND – Both 7"s
TERRIBLE FEELINGS – All three 7"s (especially "Impending Doom")
RECKLESS – "Ocean" LP
1981 / SURRENDER – Split 7"
BRAIN F≠ – "Sleep Rough" LP
ARCTIC FLOWERS – "Reveries" LP



Paco Mus

Another year and another Top Ten. As always I am late and as always I have trouble remembering what I was amped about earlier in the year. What has become extremely obvious to yours truly is that there were dozens of singles and tapes I loved but hardly any LPs. So excuse me if the list is kinda obvious, blame it in the fact that I can not think of hardly any memorable full length albums to see the light in 2011. Let's hope some of the bands who produced killer EPs this year manage to write great albums next year.

SEVEN INCHES

CRAZY SPIRIT – "I'm Dead" EP (Mata la Música)
Truth to be told I am in love with this band. Very few bands these days produce any body of work of as much weight as these four glue sniffers. When I listen to them I always think of rats, THE CRAMPS and filth. Three of my favourite things in the world. The three tracks on this, their second EP, continue where the previous one left. Same rat voice, same riding snare playing, bouncing bass and messy guitar playing. Making some noise you may have heard before but making it their own. "I'm Dead" is an urgent anthem of burnt out youth idealism. Of people who are born dead and of city oppression. The intro of "This world is not my home" is some short industrial piece which fits right with the theme of

the tune while the chorus of "Knives" would make for a great slogan for anyone hating the world. Great outsider lyrics, which transmit a huge sense of alienation. All carefully packed in a silk-screened envelope, similar to their first EP and to their demo LP. Including a two color silk-screened insert and overall giving you the sense that they spend a lot of time crafting their aesthetic and making sure everything goes thru their hands.

PERDITION – "Wrath" EP (Toxic State)

This is pure destruction made music. After three EPs and three tapes PERDITION have finally reached their peak. Their sonic attack of drilling twin guitars, never ending fillings on the drum, angry as fuck vocals and a sense of wanting to demolish everything in their path made them be ripe to produce an incredible record. Combine their sound with great punk as fuck attitude, great lyrics and fantastic artwork and you have a winner. On top of that both times I saw them this year they were incredibly intense, borderline mental. No wonder NYC is back in the map with bands like them DAWN OF HUMANS, CRAZY SPIRIT, ATROCITY et al.

OBEDIENCIA – "Edificios" EP (Sólo Para Punk)

Hands down the best record to come out of Spain in 2011. Infectious mid tempo moody and dense punk with nods to both SADO NATION and ULTIMO RESORTE. Intelligent lyrics, terrible artwork and overall a record I see myself going back to many times in years to come.

DOOM – "Reasonable Force" 7" (Black Cloud)

DOOM are back doing what they do best. DISCHARGE via Sweden influenced crust hardcore with sick riffs and mad hooks. It is hard to believe how long ago was that their last record came out, however this four track EP (one of them re-recorded with their split with EXTINCTION OF MANKIND) fails just right in their discography as a crucial record by a crucial band. Which hasn't left my playing pile since I got it.

WARHEAD – "Acceleration/This World of Confusion" EP (H:G Fact / Feral Ward/ LVEUM)

Long running Kyoto hardcore unit bringing the most over the top recording of the year. The craziest vocals on hardcore backed by a solid rhythm section and joined for this recording by FRAMTID's guitarist. The result is a monster of a two track single of mega-distorted hardcore punk.

SKIZOPHRENIA – "Attack" EP (Hardcore Survives)

Tsuyama punks' second EP. Catchy and energetic punk influenced equally by Finnish and Swedish early hardcore while retaining a youthful feeling about it. I can't help but thinking of a less angry RAPPRESAGLIA at times. Is it me or is the start of the A-side an homage to the beginning of LAMA's LP? Love the artwork too, cheesy at times but cute in a punk way.

FEROCIOUS X FEAT GUILTY CONNECTOR – "Svart Rädsla" EP (Overthrow)

FEROCIOUS X are known for being the meeting point of early Japanese crust era ala FRIGORA, late era blown out Japanese noizy hardcore and for singing in Swedish. In this recording (which include most songs of their previous they are remixed by GUILTY CONNECTOR, a semi big deal in the noise world. The result is a mayhem of feedback, power electronics and white noise over a powerful hardcore band. Surprisingly enough it worked wonders, probably because to start with the band recording was off the hook!

ISTERISMO / KRÖMOSOM – split EP (Hardcore Survives)

Usually split records suck, but this monster is definitely an exception. Released in time for a Japanese tour with both bands in September it shows both bands at their finest moment. ISTERISMO's three tracks are an all out attack. A wall of noise with their trademark chainsaw guitar sound and blown out bass over a relentless drumming. Lyrics in Italian and not a second to breath. KRÖMOSOM crust hardcore attack is noisy, frantic and repetitive at times. It brings to mind a less developed FRAMTID and the current wave of Japanese noise-hardcore bands, the PISSCHRIST shadow is still there due to the vocals, however they are on their own league. The artwork fails in the category of inept drawing, which I always enjoy.

ORDER – "Aaso/Nazonazo" 7" (H:G Fact)

ORDER are without any doubt a band not afraid of progression. They have come a long way since *Punk Navigation* and are currently guitar-less. That didn't stop them from making two of the most interesting works I've come across this year. *Kombinat* and *Nazonazo*. Both brilliant imaginative punk records. *Nazonazo* particularly is a perfect blend of sound collage and punk. If you listen to it carefully there are so many aspects layers and textures yet it remains the aesthetic of punk so carefully.

LASTLY – "Noize Core From Under-Depopulated Areas" EP (Dowse)

It does what it says in the box really. But it does rather well. Five amazing noize hardcore tracks from Japan. Just the right amount of everything I like. Extra points for having the most ridiculous logo in a while.

SHORTLISTED: MAUSER – "End Of The Line" EP, ACTIVE MINDS – "Bury The Past: Build The Future" EP, WOOLF – side of their split 7," MÜLLTÜTE – "Du Bist Kein Punk" EP, KIELTOLAKI- "Kuoleva Systeemi" EP, DESPERDICIO – "Impulso de Destrucción" EP, HOAX – "Fagget" EP, HAAVA – "Totaalinen Haava" EP, VACCUUM "Never Defeated" EP, SATELLITES OF LOVE "I, Seaside" EP, NEMESIS EP, ILEGAL – "La vida es el producto de nuestras esperanzas y las visiones irreales" EP, SOUND OF RUBY – "From under the Sands of the Desert" 7," STAB – "...Nation Rising" 7".

TWELVE INCHES

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

I have no doubts at all about this record. Or TOTAL CONTROL for that matter. I liked the 7"s but I always felt like they were small steps away from something bigger. That something bigger being this monster of an album. Hard to pinpoint what it sounds like since the influences range all over the board. I can definitely sense a massive Eno influence above all but regardless of where they borrow or take what really matters is how the atmosphere of this LP makes it feel like "an album". Which is something I find less and less in modern music this days. The tracks on this record are claustrophobic yet fresh, imaginatively played, driving in a krautrock way and take you to places. Dreamy and dense, built with songs *Henge Beat* may be the *Here Come the Warmjets* of our generation. Seeing the band four times this year only helped in cementing my thoughts.

CRAZY SPIRIT – "Demo" LP (Quality Control)

Even though this came out on a tape in 2009 it wasn't until this June that the vinyl version was available to the public. This is CRAZY SPIRIT at their best, their trademark rat sound is better displayed here and musically it is a great example of a band sounding like their own. The re-mastering worked wonders and gives a massive enhancing to the old tape hiss. Visually this record is nothing less than astounding, carefully put together and with several silk screened pieces the sleeve feel like a rock and the poster inside made me wishing I have a room to put it on.

HYGIENE – "Public Sector" LP (LVEUM)

HYGIENE plodding (post) punk has been a constant soundtrack to yours truly this year. Songs about living the now like if it was yesterday, about office jobs and boredom, about realising that we are nothing new and about girls. The best-dressed and worst live band in the world finally made an album and even if this may be their last full length in my eyes they'll always be winners. HYGIENE rules, ok?

ICEAGE – "New Brigade" LP (Escho)

Moody youngsters from Copenhagen which take a lot from the CRISIS, JOY DIVISION mold but mix it with enough hardcore and a few black metal nods to keep it interesting. I guess it is quite MG if you know what I mean but somehow it won me over from the first play. Their artwork and lyrics are cryptic enough to give the MG stamp of approval. Live they have been one of the messiest bands I've witnessed last year. But I love messy and irreverent music so they are OK in my book.

ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS – LP (Viral Age)

Hailing from Nottingham and formed by a good mix of old timers and young blood EGS have produced one of the hardest hardcore records in recent British history. Mixing ANTISECT, CRUCIFIX, SWANS and tad of RIPCORD they came out with some hard as nails hardcore. To top things up they came out with some powerful lyrics and great artwork plus every time I've seen live they have killed it. I can't wait for their next record!

DEATHCHARGE – "Love Was Born to an Early Death" LP (Unseen Forces)

Another step on DEATHCHARGE's progression. While I love their first two DISCHARGE template following EPs and truly enjoy their more goth *Hangman* EP it wasn't until *Love Was Born from an Early Dead* hit my turntable that I realized how right this band has been all along. A really mature album with a way more death rock sound. You can hear BAUAHUS as much as GNW era DISCHARGE living next to SISTER OF MERCY or even KILLING JOKE, all filtered thru a harder guitar filter. I am quite intrigued to see where they'll go next but I am sure whatever they do will be just as good since they haven't made a bad move yet.

ISTERISMO – "Tokyo Crusties" LP (540)

Most ISTERISMO recordings up to date packed conveniently on one LP. Their output range from fantastic, (The entire A-side), to somehow challenging, (*Live at Holocaust* Tape), but overall it shows a clear picture of what the best dress Tokyo crust band has been up to. Blown out noise mayhem with relentless beat and Italian shouting vocals with somehow introspective lyrics. Minimalist packaging and a hell of a racket.

DEATH TOKEN – "All Dreams Are Nightmares" LP (Adult Crash)

Another Copenhagen band, one which for the last few years have been belting out release of after re-

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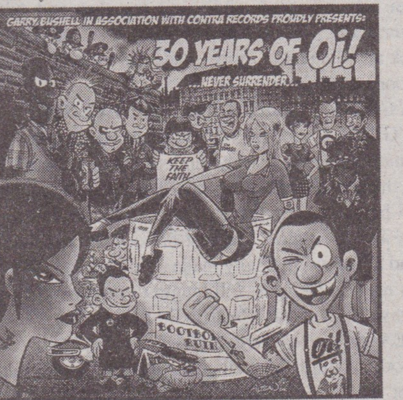
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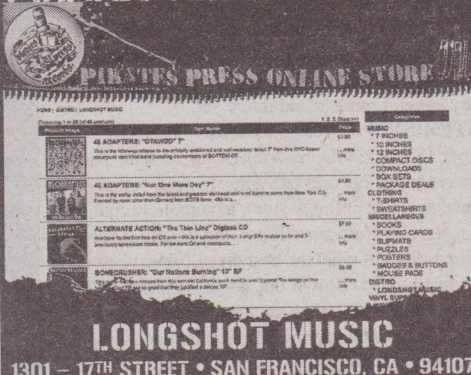
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lease of timeless hardcore without being really noticed abroad, always living on the shadows of the K-Town scene. This, their debut full length is a huge hardcore record. Taking equally from BASTARD, BGK or even NYHC with a bit of HELLHAMMER guitars. Fast songs, reverb vocals, breakdowns and overall a really imaginative playing keeping the entire album interesting. The recording is huge and the production big, not a really in thing this days in this type of music. Truly horrible artwork that hides a gem inside.

PARASITE – "Metal Punk Massacre" 10" (Tadpole)

It is hard to live up to people expectations when you are announced as the second coming of the almighty GISM. PARASITE 10" is a perfect mix of abovementioned Japanese classic envelope pushing band and a more traditional metal guitar sounding. What people calling metal punk these days. It works perfectly. Only fault I can see is that this record will be waaaay better with better artwork.

MORBO – "De Baja Calidad" LP (Cintas Pepe)

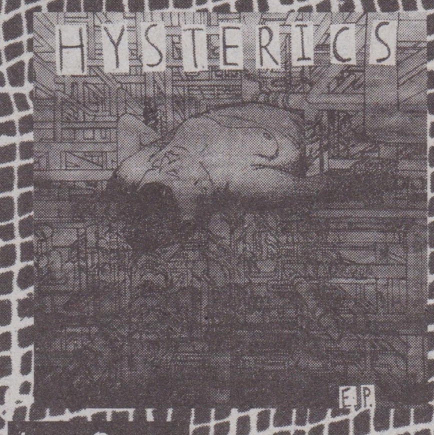
"Punk ain't culture" reads the back cover of this masterpiece of mongo punk. Peruvian MORBO let us two songs on last year's greatest compilation *Brutales Matanzas* and were kind enough to bring us a full length in 2011. Ten tracks of retarded and catchy low-fi punk (or Panq according to them) that sounds quite minimal and shambolic. It being a third world product I blame on the production (or lack of) budget. Amazing silk-screened sleeve by the master Abraham Díaz.

SHORTLISTED: BRAIN F# – "Sleep Rough" LP, INSERVIBLES – LP, V/A STEP INTO THE LIGHT LP, THE SHITTY LIMITS – "Speculate/Accumulate" LP, TECHNOCRACY – "Diary of a Terrorist" 12 EP, DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Daydream Nation" LP, SUDOR – "Ganas de Vomitar" LP, MATTIN – "Exquisite Corpse" LP, HARD SKIN – "We're the Fucking George" LP, KROMOSOM – "8 Tracks" LP

TAPES

DHK - "Odio tu cumbia moderna" K7
ABSURDO – "S/T" Tape
VIXENS – "Baptism" Tape
PESTE – "S/T" Tape
STAB – "S/T" Tape
NO – "Growing together" Tape
THE INJECTIONS – "Pogo Dischord" Tape
VACCUUM – "Fisher-Price Hardcore" Tape
HUNGER – "S/T" Tape
LAST SENTENCE – "Noise Mangel" Tape

SHORTLISTED: ATOMIZADOR "P&R," GRIM "5eyes," DIÄT – S/T," SATELLITES OF LOVE "S/T," WARHREAT "Demo," SENTENCIA "Vida o Muerte," CERVIX "All tapes," LAST CHAOS "Wild Men," ATROCITY "All tapes," HONDARTZAKO HONDAKINAK "Demo cassette," SUDOR "La Sangre, La Mierda Y Las Babas."



Jess Scott

1. HYSTERICS – "Arm Candy" EP (M'Ladys)

This is easily my number one release of the year and absolutely my number one show by a new band this year. HYSTERICS seem to realize an embodiment of all the vague passions and philosophies I tether my energies to. Plus, it just feels good to see them flip out live. Being an especially good punk band in Olympia is getting harder and harder—shit is really going off there and we're sweating it hard down in the Bay—but this single and their live destruction just put an end to the debate. Smarter, funnier, harder, and cooler than anything I jumped head-first into this year. HYSTERICS fucking tower.

2. THE PHEROMOANS – "It Still Rankles" LP (Convulsive)

I wrote an extremely complimentary and almost confessional review / wholehearted recommendation of this LP when it came out earlier this year. I popped it on again today and I'm happy to report it hits me with the same immediacy. The PHEROMOANS are one of those select contemporary British DIY bands that actually embrace a historical memory of their countrymen's own leaps and bounds in the genre. They succeed in building upon the authentic grappling of the FALL, 49 AMERICANS, TRONICS, or anything from the MANCHESTER MUSIC COLLECTIVE--unafraid to dance badly, debate the terms, doodle the art, or boogie to their own records. There is just something so refreshing about this band and their ability to tap into the passionate indifference of those aforementioned bands while still carving new cracks into this year's sidewalk.

3. ZOUNDS – "Curse of the Zounds!" LP (Broken Rekids)

What can really be said about this reissue except that I'm stoked someone has thought it worthwhile to put it back in the hands of kids everywhere. This is the first time the CRASS-inspired English anarcho-punk classic LP has been pressed since 1982. (I wasn't even yet born, so I never had a chance to buy this at those ridiculously hopeful "Pay No More Than…" rates!) Essential if you have even a fleeting curiosity in CRASS, CRISIS, FLUX OF PINK INDIANS, or the hundreds of bands that have attempted a punk expression of English sterility and doomsday gloom begotten by Thatcherism. Includes all the expected efforts of a thoughtful reissue--nice heavy vinyl, thick sleeve, and well-duplicated inner sleeve lyric sheet.

4. TOTAL CONTROL "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

I kind of like that I haven't really known anyone involved in this band or label, purposefully resisting any keystroke research, and instead just thoroughly enjoying this record for its timeless quality. I discovered *Henge Beat* via a dubbed cassette copy in my bathroom boombox -- deep listening through standardized routine makes for a close study. I shamelessly just strolled right through the front door at their sold out show this month in San Francisco, and picked up a copy of this in-and-out-of-print LP. The record and the live show lived up to their heaping helping of hype--each member was perfectly into and rightly riveted by their own tunes, feeling it even after an extensive touring experience (all the way from Australia no less). I'm always psyched when someone gets recognized who is actually doing something new and doing it well, and based on their live show delivery, it doesn't seem as though they take it for granted one bit. *Henge Beat* is a very important record.

5. HYGIENE – "Public Sector" LP (La Vida Es Un Mus)

According to their interview in these pages earlier this year, HYGIENE don't feel like they have many contemporaries or an aural scene to cozy them up in London. Outside of the PHEROMOANS, I'd be hard pressed to think of someone else doing this sort of shambolic disaffected post-punk over there, or doing it this well anyway (send me more exceptions!). I get the feeling HYGIENE might be having a little fun with us, dancing closely to their references in the FALL or the SWELL MAPS . Nonetheless, this is no point deduction; these are truly great explosions through the overcast landscape of their 9-to-5 Mod-lifestyle bleakness, and easily one of my very most favorite releases of the year. I really expected this to get a bit more attention, so I'm not sure where it's at on other people's radar, but it appealed to my senses immediately and then reinvented itself over and over as really addictive collection of songs. I would definitely extend a trip across the pond to catch a glimpse of them live, they seem like a rare bird in the current selection. If you're curious about what "kids are doing today," allow me to proudly hold up *Public Sector*.

6. CHALK CIRCLE "Reflection" LP (PPM/ Mississippi)

This reissue was a longtime coming and received a good amount of praise in *MRR* and around. And it did not disappoint! CHALK CIRCLE tell an important part in the history of an overly historicized scene, and like the NEO BOYS in Portland, D.C. might have appeared pretty homogeneous without these three teenage girls set on making punk their own. The reissue includes a much-appreciated 13-page booklet with an interview, photos, history, testimonials, and flyers. For another great interview seeking to sketch the context of this un-DC sound but archetypical DC-ethic, see Layla Gibbon's conversation with Sharon Cheslow in a previous issue of this magazine. I discovered CC on an unmarked CD-R from a friend (split with songs from the NURSE) and even some time later, I felt that same special feeling of discovery through this reissue. One for your library!

7. ISA Y LOS ANTIHEROES –"Soy un Jipi Feliz" EP (Blondes Must Die)

Total surprise attack! I hadn't heard anything about this five song-EP from this Madrid, Spain punk group but was hooked immediately. Super snotty and fun girl vocals over driving, classic and catchy riffs. This has become a trusted staple in my go-to grab for occasional deejaying and an essential little 45 showcasing this year's finest.

8. BLEACHED – all singles

I'm a big fan of BLEACHED's songs. Their most recent single "Searching Through the Past/Electric Chair" (Suicide Squeeze) is perhaps their best yet, and another fun slice of the Clavin sisters' sheer talent, candle-lit shrine dedication to both the ZEROS and the GO-GOS, love for the ringing outro, sincerely restrained guitar leads (when will someone issue a book of tabs by the Great Jessie Clavin?), and hopelessly punk vocals with the pop-est of inflections. I feel like I could write a thoroughly researched essay on them, they represent to me many things that have come and gone in girls' new expression of West Coast punk, pop, and whatever jangles through their hearts. Try putting their three singles on and tell me it doesn't fit your bedroom hang out over and over and over again! Also pick up the debut "No Friend of Mine/Dazed" (Ooga Booga) and "Think of You/You Take Time" (Art Fag)—I tend to think they chronologically get better and better. Hoping to hug a BLEACHED LP on my bedroom floor in 2012.

9. DUNES - "Tied Together/Goodbye Horses" (Teenage Teardrops)

Los Angeles' DUNES do it again! Spooky and shimmering, just like the rest of their quickly out-of-print singles and EPs. DUNES have a cool, crimson-red 4AD feel to them, harnessing the epic scope of a David Lynch film or a good bedroom freak-out to the CHAMELEONS or COCTEAUS. I always thought a blind test would put DUNES on the map with Australia's legacy rather than LA's...so even bigger props for keeping that town alive. "Tied Together" b/w "Goodbye Horses" continue DUNES' trademark crisp, synth-like guitar leads, vocals soaring with the immediacy of MICROFILM, bouncing baritone/bass work, and perfectly steady and swinging drum beats. Both tracks equally speed forward with the delivered affection this modest group deserves.

10. NECRO HIPPIES – demo tape

How stoked are we that NH didn't actually break up? I'm not sure if that was the official headline at any point, but it was the general impression among mourning punks (i.e. my four friends). This tape is more of same raging stuff that stopped me dead in my tracks when Diane LIVID played them on *MRR* radio. All around tight basement punk from New Orleans, vocals that know when to go for it and when to pace the snottiness, and a bassist who similarly knows when to hook out the song and when to support. Our aching, thrashing neck muscles thank them wholeheartedly. Despite my sweating the guitarist's outrageously solid shredding, I have yet to see NH live. Here's my wish for 2012.

Candice NH / 223 Jane Place / New Orleans, LA

11. NOSE DIVE- "Black Cloud" demo tape

I felt like I had to make a special auxiliary 11th spot since I put out this demonstration cassette of contemporary hardcore on my hobbling tape label. But that is not to say this doesn't rule! Filling what can sometimes feel like a hole on a particularly jaded morning living in the Bay Area, NOSE DIVE are (/were? No one tells me anything these days!) really bringing it when it comes to creative and driving approaches to a genre well-trodden. Eric literally shimmied at shows, which should quickly be bit by anyone looking for a "new move" as a front person. And who knew that rad drummer could shred so hard on guitar? Someone write them fan mail, damn it. tapeittothelimit.blogspot.com

Chuck Barrels

TOP TWELVE 12-INCH RECORDS OF 2011

7" EPs? Meh. Well if you insist, I liked singles by CRAZY SPIRIT, SUBURBANITE, WATERY LOVE, WHITE LOAD, HOMEBLITZ, BLOODY HAMMER, HATEFUCK and LOW LIFE and THE SLEAZE in particular. Best split of the year: the goth-punk slime of the LE FACE/DVA DAMAS 7". Best reissues….shit, I could fill up an entire issue with that list, but let's just say you're a real dummy if you didn't pick up that BLACK HUMOR LP on the Superior Viaduct label. On with the show….

12) HYGIENE – "Public Sector" LP (La Vida Es Un Mus)

At the end of the year, I think they outpaced PHEROMOANS to become the lords of UK post-pub punk. Frighteningly clever and hooligan-esque all at the same time; a bit of the FALL, a bit of the terraces, just splendidly British.

11) GG KING – "Esoteric Lore" LP (Rob's House / Scavenger of Death)

a demented and obsessive LP from the ex-CARBONAS frontman that mixes goth/punk/metal aesthetics and sounds into one wonderfully complex and schizophrenic collection of tunes.

10) BUTCHER COVER – LP (Rotted Tooth)

The harshest toke of the year—these Oaktown jabronies stuck Japcore, KILSLUG, RUSTED SHUT and THE EXPLOITED in a blender and hit puree. Not exactly smooth, but tasty.

9) TRUE SONS OF THUNDER – "A Spoonful of Seedy Dudes" LP (Jeth-Row)

Heavy Dudes (with a capital D) finally get the long-awaited LP out, and they couldn't have been paired with a better label. The one band out there that might actually sound a little bit like FLIPPER, but they have a whole bunch of other tricks up their sleeve(less jean jackets). Real damaged rocking from the drunken shadows of Memphis.

8) BRAIN F≠ – "So Dim" LP (Grave Mistake/Sorry State/Static Shock)

Young Mid-Atlantic kids done good. Perfect blend of hardcore and garage-punk. TEENGENERATE vs. AVENGERS or something like that. So good it took three labels to release it. Bravo.

7) TV GHOST – "Mass Dream" LP (In the Red)

This one came out early in the year and I think a few people have forgotten what a weird-punk ripper it is. The A-Side might be the best side of vinyl released all year, and the B-Side descends into sheer insanity. It's great to see a young band finally nail it like this.

6) SEX CHURCH – "Growing Over" LP (Load)

Surprisingly even better than their 12" platter from last year. SPACEMEN 3 from the garage, or Kraut-moves from the grave, or just one of the best guitar-rock records in a long, long time.

5) V/A – "Wings Over Gabba: The Best of Songs of Negativity" LP (Negative Guest List)

Negative Guest List zine goes record label with the best comp in ages. Deep cuts from semi-obscure bands, not all of which are even Australian. MEAT THUMP, LOW LIFE, BLANK REALM, KITCHENS FLOOR, BITS OF SHIT and other Aussie names you should get to know, alongside US treats from BUTCHER COVER, HATEFUCK and the amazing MORDECAI who contribute what might be my favorite song of the year ("King of Infinite Space") and who also released a great LP of their own this year as well. Even if you don't read the zine, you need this LP.

4) FLYING TRICHECOS – 12" (Mastermind)

The absolute punkest record you will hear all year. The only thing that could stop them was their singer exiting the country. As a wise man once said: "DRRRRRRRRRRRRRUGS."

3) FOLDED SHIRT – 12" (Fashionable Idiots)

The genius of this quartet will probably never be appreciated by most until many years from now. So far ahead of the curve you knew it couldn't last, they reinvented music to the point where no ne else should even bother. (Fashionable Idiots)

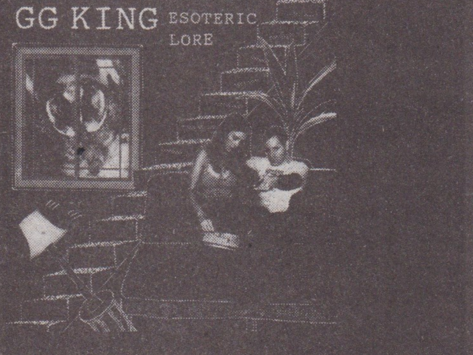
2) HOMOSTUPIDS –"Strawberry Orange Peach Banana" LP

America's Greatest Rock'n'Roll Band utilize the full studio set-up to produce another masterpiece. This one is their 'Dark Side of the Moon'. (Fashionable Idiots)

1) BROWN SUGAR "…Sings of Birds and Racism" LP (Feral Kid)

The past, present and future of hardcore punk. Pay attention before it's too late.

Things I'm looking forward to in 2012: hopefully a new HOMOSTUPIDS record, the FNU RONNIES LP and the end of the human race as we know it.



Kevin Manion

1981 – "Decay" EP (Kämäset Levyt)

More so than any other record I've heard this year, this EP truly captures the helpless feeling permeating the majority of the working world at the moment. A lot of times bands attempting to play melodic peace punk come off as pretentious or juvenile, but this group of Finns is neither. Their lyrics are uniformly and intentionally bleak; they're not empty words and slogans, they're a collective wake up call; and when backed by hooks as fantastically catchy as the chorus of "Alone," I can't help but feel inspired, if only in a vague way.

DEAD LANGUAGE – LP (Iron Lung)

Yes, it's as good as Mariam would have you believe. Even my roommate, who mostly listens to NYHC and black metal, is way into this record.

DEEP SLEEP – "Turn Me Off" LP (Grave Mistake)

I was beyond stoked the first time I heard this album. If you know these guys, you know how much they love the Cruz Records sound, but for some reason they couldn't quite pull it off on their first three EPs. Fortunately, this LP really delivers. The songs are catchier than ever and harken back to the days when ALL and BIG DRILL CAR ruled the pop-punk world. DEEP SLEEP also features one of the most underrated rhythm sections in punk; just listen to those bass lines. Tasty.

GG KING – "Esoteric Lore" LP (Rob's House / Scavenger of Death)

What do you do after you've essentially perfected rock 'n' roll songwriting? Well, it depends. Sometimes you end up in bands like GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN, or EX HUMANS, and you're stuck trying to live up to your previous outfit's reputation by doing essentially the same thing as before. That path is definitely an uphill struggle. Other times, you end up in a band like GG KING, say "fuck it," deconstruct and rearrange a tried-and-true formula, and end up with an even more amazing final product. It's shocking how effortlessly this band can switch from avant-punk, to straight up rock 'n' roll, to dirgy nonsense, and somehow make it work. And it's all so fucking catchy.

HIMEI – "Kankin" EP (HG:Fact)

I have no idea when this record was actually released. I think it's a re-issue but I'm not certain. The first time I heard it I immediately scoured the web for info on this band and found absolutely nothing. What I do know is that this EP came out of left field and knocked me on my ass. Disjointed, female-fronted genre bending punk with spoken word passages one second, and unhinged rapid-fire screaming the next. How a Japanese band can be this fantastic and remain ignored by the internet masses boggles my mind, but it just makes me like them even more.

LIEUTENANT – LP (Peter Walkee / Art Of The Underground / Warm Bath)

The thrash revival era is what originally made me obsessed with DIY punk. After seeing bands like LIFE'S HALT, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, and CRISPUS ATTUCKS, I was hooked. LIEUTENANT's first vinyl offering immediately brought me back to the early 2000s and made me wish there were more current bands in the same vein. Sonically, it's like LAST IN LINE meets GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS, two bands I still listen to quite often. No frills, just concentrated energy.

THE MEN – "Leave Home" LP (Sacred Bones)

With FUCKED UP's impending hiatus, the world of shitty blog critics is going to need a new band borne out of the DIY scene to hype endlessly. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) for them, I think the MEN will be that band. I have to admit I wasn't really into any of their releases prior to this LP, but I was intrigued the first time I heard *Leave Home*, and after a few spins it quickly found its way into my regular rotation of records. This is a post-everything album, you can hear a plethora of influences (punk, grunge, pop, psych), but it all sounds remarkably modern. At points it's subtle and sprawling (without being boring), or heavy without feeling overbearing, and the riffs are fucking brilliant. If "Bataille" isn't the song of the year, I don't know what is. Even though the two bands don't sound alike, if we're talking about other aspects involved in the approach to making a record, this feels like the modern version of The REPLACEMENTS' *Let It Be*.

NO STATIK – "No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine" (Prank)

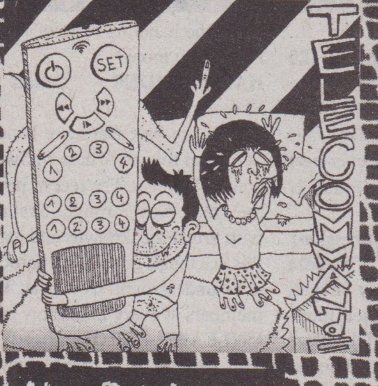
My general feeling is that no recording will ever properly convey how incredibly punishing these guys and gal are live. Us Bay Area folks are lucky to have a band like this at the epicenter of our hardcore scene. I'm continuously amazed by their displays of focused aggression, and by the time you East Coasters read this, you'll understand what I'm talking about. For me this newest EP is slightly better than the LP preceding it, and thus merits inclusion on this list.

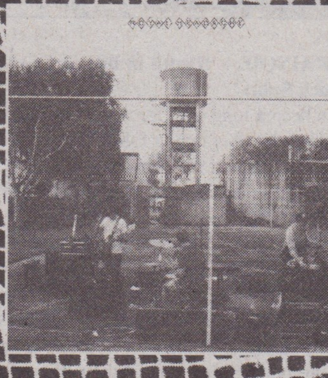
RED DONS – "A Forced Turning Point/Se Foi" (Taken By Surprise)

Okay, look, The OBSERVERS aren't a band anymore. Get over it. I know the first couple Red Dons records were sub-par, but between the *Fake Meets Failure* LP and this new EP, people should be talking more about how great the RED DONS are and less about how great The OBSERVERS were. Both songs on this record are dark, melodic marvels.

THE SMELL – "Hell Is Other People" Demo (self-released)

Truly odd, yet endlessly endearing. In this modern punk world, you know what most bands are going to sound like before you even hear them (because they have ex-members of so-and-so, or their record is coming out on such-and-such label), so it's nice to get thrown a curveball every once in a while. Actually, this is more like a knuckleball. It's all over the place; sometimes it sounds like the background music at a junkie clown's wake, sometimes it reminds me of kids playing in the street during summertime. It's as if LYDIA LUNCH and the SCREAMERS dropped a bunch of acid, listened to a tape of old children's songs, then picked up their instruments and wrote some tunes. But then the trip turned bad, someone brought out a MISFITS record, and shit got really weird.





Alex Ratcharge

Here's a list of recordings by bands doing their own thing, taking the punk formula and twisting it in their very own ways. No easy recipe. Take rotten ingredients, add something to the mix. Shake it, spill it. Deformed sounds for a new decade. Bands creating their own worlds by doing something unique in a time where it is too often said that everything's been done to death. There are eleven of 'em, and it was hard enough to pick & choose already. I think it's been a good year for hardcore and punk. In alphabetical order.

BRAIN F≠ – "Sleep Rough" LP (Static Shock/ Sorry State)

Putting this on the list at the last minute because I can't figure out exactly what this band is doing, but the more I try to the more it grows on me. Mutant sounds for sure.

CRAZY SPIRIT – "I'm Dead" EP (Mata La Musica)

Occult HC, fun, creepy, wild, insane. The demo 12" was also mandatory.

FOLDED SHIRT – 12" (Fashionable Idiots)

So bad it's good. So stupid it's clever. Worst band of the year.

INSERVIBLES – LP (Shogun/ La Vida Es Un Mus)

This is what comes to mind when I think 2011 hardcore. Messed up and violent music from a messed up and violent country.

KITCHEN'S FLOOR – "Look Forward To Nothing" LP (Siltbreeze)

Music for desperate losers, songs about dead people and kidney infections.

NO STATIK – "No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine" 7" (Prank)

"No Hospice" is the best song I've heard by the best live band I've seen this year. No gimmicks, no pose, no retro, 100% pure agression.

ROYAL HEADACHE – LP (RIP Society)

Every other week I've got a new favorite song on this record. Constant soundtrack to this year.

TAULARD – Demo CS (Self-released)

Genuinely depressed synth-punk with pop sensibilities and brilliant French lyrics.

TELECOMMANDE – One-sided 7" (Leather Bar)

Drum machine driven one-two-one-two french punk. Includes their first ever mid-tempo song.

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

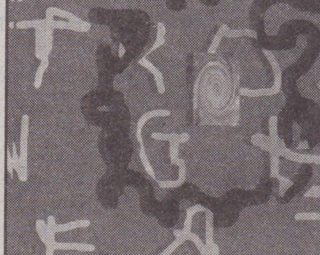
To take pills to remember to take pills to forget to take pills... Can't argue with this one.

WARNING//WARNING – "There's Nothing Left" 12" (Kick Rock/ Solar Funeral/ Flower Of Carnage)

Über-distorted, ultra-fucked up noisecore, not afraid of experimenting and bringing the formula to new levels of whatthefuckness.

Also: AVON LADIES EP, FACE UP TO IT! EP, HOMOSTUPIDS – "Strawberry Orange Peach Banana" 12"), VOID – "Sessions 81-83" LP, HANK WOOD & THE HAMMERHEADS 7", TYVEK (Fast Metabolism reissue), TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE (Cockroaches reissue), MORBO LP, PERDITION new 7", FORMBY CHANNEL 7", PERIPHERIQUE EST new 7", LA TERMINAL 7", OBEDIENCIA 7", PUFFY AREOLAS 7", SLUG GUTS / PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS – split, WOOLEN KITS 7", VERRÄTERISCH demo, PEUR PANIQUE demo, etc.

Live : NO STATIK, INSERVIBLES, PERIPHERIQUE EST, PINK REASON, KITCHEN'S FLOOR, CHRISTIAN MISTRESS, HYSTERICS, MOMS ON METH, CROSTA.



Will Kinser

LPs

BRAINOIL – "Death in this Dry Season" LP (20 Buck Spin)
It's been a long wait for these guys to release a new record and this one is full of all sorts of energy, as well as some of the heaviest riffs you will ever hear in underground punk. I'm totally floored by the sheer power of this record.

WARSONG – "Ancient Times" LP (Thepression)
Really catchy melodic punk rock from Zaragoza Spain. These guys have been pretty busy in past bands, but in my opinion this is more varied musically than any of their previous bands, and therefore more notable than any of their past efforts. This record is really solid all the way through in the same way that bands like NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, or PELIGRO SOCIAL have managed to be.

BELGRADO – LP (Static Age / Discos Enfermos)
This is the quintessential death rock record made by punks in the 2000s. It has tons of hooks that are reminiscent of all the '80s favorites, but has enough energy and musical ability to come away sounding fresh and super danceable, and heartfelt.

SMART COPS – "Per Proteggere Sevire" LP (Sorry State)
This band is so blatantly overlooked it should be criminal. This record is probably one of the best hardcore records in years. Totally saturated in garage-style hooks but with enough speed and energy to remain totally modern and powerful.

RIPPER – "Into Oblivion" LP (Black Water)
This is the best marriage of punk and metallic rock'n'roll since INEPSY. The hooks fill every nook and cranny that hasn't been taken by the pummeling rhythm section.

NO PROBLEM – "And Now This" LP (Deranged)
This record has to be up there with GOVERNMENT WARNING *No Moderation* and *Arrested*, and a slew of records by CAREER SUICIDE, as the top of the game hardcore bands going these days. NO PROBLEM play flawless hardcore that doesn't sound like any other band and is easily recognizable.

DEATH TOKEN – "All Dreams are Nightmares" LP (Adult Crash)
This record has been in the works for a long time. Well, it was worth the wait. The sound of this record harkens back to those of thrash bands like B.G.K. and VENOM, while mixing in some great mid tempo ragers in the haunting style of RUDIMENTARY PENI. Need I say more?

HARDA TIDER – "Gatan Kallar" LP (Harda Skivor)
This is the best Hardcore band since CRO MAGS! See them live anywhere in Sweden and you will become a believer. The record just pummels the listener the entire way through. Scathing Scandi style riffs with brutal breakdowns and gang vocals. Don't think this is a tough guy macho hardcore band though. This is as underground as it gets. You will find the band members at every DIY show in the Malmo area.

UNLEARN – LP (Deranged)
This record is everything you want from a apocalyptic punk record. Screaming vocals about antisocial behavior and a world without a future. All the while accompanied by searing raw guitars and charging drums.

GOVERNMENT FLU – "Are You Sorry Now" LP (Nikt Nic Nie Wie)
This record reminds me that talented kids still get together and make hardcore music which won't stay trapped in easy definitions of what a 80's style hardcore band should sound like. The LP is recorded with the perfect amount of ferocity and perfection. It's a shame so many people will overlook this band because they aren't from a big city where there are tons of great bands releasing records all the time. Check this out.

PELIGRO! – LP (Discos Enfermos)
This is the closest a band has come to playing ANNIHILATION TIME style hardcore with rock n'roll riffage that doesn't rip every single element of theirs off. PELIGRO! keep a firm foot planted in their Spanish hardcore roots, but with tons of BLACK SABBATH and MOTORHEAD guitar noodling. The songs are energetic and filled with passion. Really great!

EPs & Demos
CULO-"Life is Vile...So are We" EP (Deranged) This is an LP with the EPs included…
LOS MONJO/RULETA RUSA – split EP (Solo Para Punks)
NIGHT FEVER – "Transparent" EP (No Way)
FY FAN – "Ingen Framtid for Alltid" EP (No Way)
TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Impending Doom/Death to Everyone" (Lack of Sleep / Sabotage)
THE WAR GOES ON – demo tape (self released)
CAREER SUICIDE – "Cherry Beach" EP (Dirtnap)

INFERNOH – demo tape (self released)
DOPECHARGE – "Kill Cops Dead" EP (Roehrs Records)
BLANK PAGES – "Unseen" EP (Taken By Surprise)

Re-Issues & Bootlegs
TOZIBABE – "Dezuje" EP
LA PESTE – "Better Off Dead" EP
THE STIFFS – "Innocent Bystander" EP
THE FEELIES – "Crazy Rhythms" LP
BASTARD – "Controlled In the Frame" EP
SVART FRAMTID – "1984" EP
DEATHSIDE – "Bet On the Possibility" LP
T.N.T. – "Manifiesto Guernika" LP
ETAE – "All Possibilities Will Come from There" LP
AXEGRINDER – "Grind the Enemy" LP
VOID – "Sessions 1981-83" LP

Live Bands
PELIGRO! (Spain)
NIGHT BIRDS (USA)
THE ESTRANGED (USA)
HARDA TIDER (Sweden)
LOS MONJO (Mexico)
WARSONG (Spain)
OUT ON A LIMB (Germany)
HOT SNAKES (USA)
INFERNOH (Sweden)
JEMEK JEMOWIT (Germany)

Kenny Kaos

As we established last year, every year there are exactly ten records / videos / whatevers that are the best of the year. Whatever number eleven was, it wasn't even close to number ten. So, with that behind us, here are the top ten records / videos / whatevers of the year 2011 AD. These are in no particular order, except that, like last year, a video gets to go first.

1. DIRTY CUPCAKES – "I Want It (Your Love)" video.
Last year, I picked the Apache video for "Finger Banger," a classless, tasteless, raunchy video about, well, you know. This year, I've run in the complete opposite direction, picking a song/video that is as wholesome as punk rock gets. Seriously, when you see this video, you just want to grab the Dirty Cupcakes and give them a big hug, but not in a mid-40s, creepy kind of way. No, it's nothing like that. They were also awesome at the Stork Club (Crusher Fest 2011).

2. DIALS – "TV Silence / She Said" (Dialogue)
In last year's Top Ten of 2010, I promised that this would be on the list and here it is. From Japan, these guys take me right back to 1977 and I can't tell if I'm in England, New York or maybe even Australia.

3. WHITE WIRES – "II" LP (Dirtnap).
These guys don't seem capable of making a bad record. I just love mid-tempo, garagey, slightly disjointed punk rock that isn't afraid to be catchy and a little poppy. I overlook the fact that they're Canadian.

4. THE HUSSY – "Cement Tomb Mind Control" LP (Slow Fizz)
The HUSSY are no stranger to my Top Ten lists. This may be one of the better lesser known punk bands around these days. From the wonderful state of Wisconsin, these guys have the ability to be catchy and toe-tapping melodic, while at the same time sounding like noise. I understand that doesn't make any sense, but it's true. You'd never know there are just two of them.

5. BLACK AND WHITE – "Mortal Sin / World War 3" (Episode Records)
While some of the youngsters are into grindcore and fecescore and other shit like that, some of us oldsters still have a fondness for punk's original sound. We like to put on a record and get transported back to the late seventies. This one, another from Japan, does that and it does it nicely. There is a great thing that happens when a record is both catchy and melodic, and also furious and frenetic. It's relatively easy to be either catchy or furious. It's a different deal to do both

6. TRENT FOX AND THE TENANTS – "Mess Around" EP (Kind Turkey)
I am a huge fan of punk rock that is also rock'n'roll.

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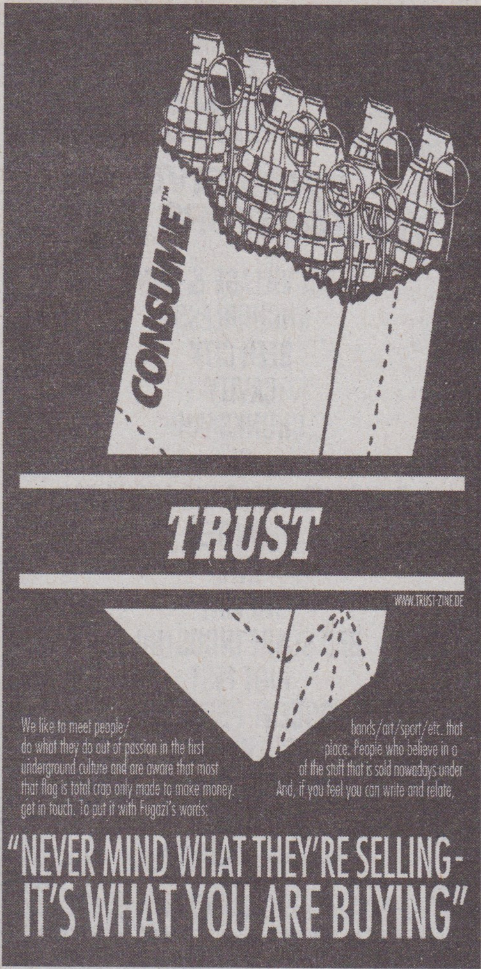
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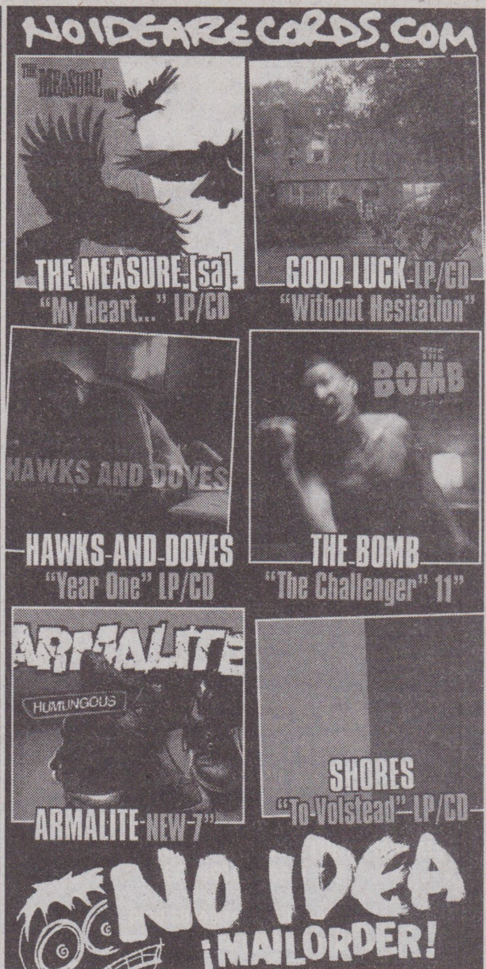
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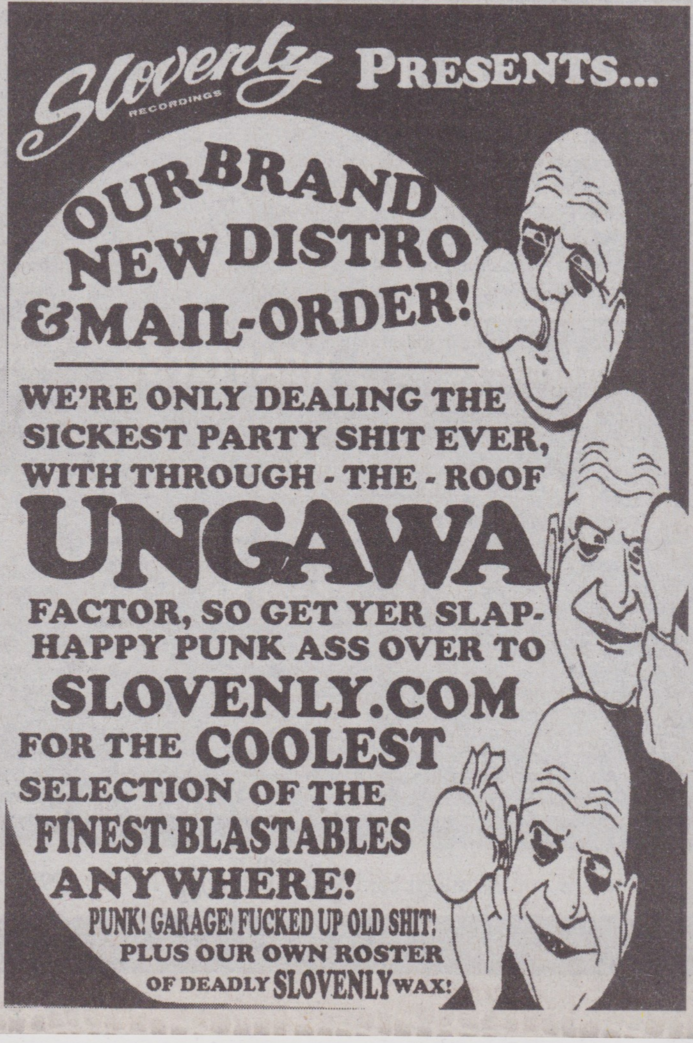
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HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE
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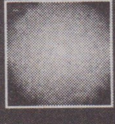

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These cats get it. On top of that, every time I throw this record on, I can't get the melodies out of my mind. Seriously. It's catchy, it's slightly snotty, it's very "honey badger."

7. GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN – "You've Got the Wrong Man/Stubborn Ghost" (Hozac)

GENTLEMAN JESSE is another one that just can't go wrong by me. I find everything he's ever put out is rock solid and this one was no exception. Power-pop, baby.

8. LITERATURE – "Cincinnati/It's Cruel" 7" (Square of Opposition)

I have no reason to believe we'll ever hear from these guys again. Still, "Cincinnati" is such a great power-pop song, that I had to include it on this list. Hell, the B-side isn't bad either.

9. PAPER BAGS – "Prick" EP (self-released)

I think this is what the kids call "street punk." Call it whatever the fuck you want, I don't care. In any case, "Prick" alone is enough to get it on here. That the other three cuts are quality is just gravy.

10. DIALS / IDIOT VOX – split EP (Dialogue)

I know it's not particularly hip or cool to include the same band twice on a year end Top Ten, but I'm neither hip nor cool, so this works out pretty well. Both bands nail it on this one.

And there you have it, the absolute best sounds of 2011. How about motherfucking Japan?!? I'd also like to give a special mention to No Bunny. No Bunny have made some awesome records over the years, but decided to sell their (collective) soul(s) to the devil. So, in response, we at *MRR* will now pretend that No Bunny never existed. Good-bye, No Bunny.

Tony Gunnarsson

IDIOT VOX
PROMO COPY
DIALS
FUTURE VOLTAGE e.p.

2011 was a fucking shit year. The awe-inspiring wave of peoples revolutions in the Middle East were largely high-jacked by western imperialist and local reactionaries and the people in the West did not follow through by marching on their own corrupt governments. The kids on the streets are still not listening to WRETCHED, the SHITLICKERS OR U.B.R. Something very smug is buried in the marshes of Walthamstow. As for me, I lost three teeth this year but scored a lot of obscure records that more than makes up for my loss. Most importantly I got to interview the the INJECTIONS …: here's my list for 2011, it's longer than ten and it even includes a record that was released in 2010. For 2012 lets demand anarchy in the UK!

FIRMEZA 10 – "El Grito de la Tierra" LP (Discos Autoproducido)

Yes, it came out in 2010 but you may take your chronology and shove it up your arse. This record is nothing but the most inspiring radical hardcore punk protest record of the last five years, maybe ten years, maybe even longer. It's by far the most important record of 2011.

DEATHCHARGE – "Love Was Born From an Early Death" LP (Unseen Forces)

Been waiting for this album for a long time, when it finally arrived I was not disappointed. Inverted d-beat turned gothic. Shifting between the beautiful and the brutal, the band on this band proves to be truly singular in vision and positively defiant in musicality.

LA'ALTS – "Onanie Ship Cabaret" CD

First album by Japanese troupe consisting of various known "members-of" personel (notably Mr Passy from CONFUSE), united by love and obsession of all things sex, punk, S&M, controversy and swastikas and all the other things that made punk "punk" in 1976-1977. The amazing band get-up and show (as well as album title) suggest that LA'ALTS is a band to marvel at in a live setting above all, kind of like a male punk rock burlesque, but however that may be the case this album proves that they're also an amazing recording band. This is fucking great! Think bits from various post-SWANKYS bands like MOUSE, SPACE INVADERS, MICHAEL JACKSON & FRIENDS and other weird Japanese cowboy oi punk theatre madness shit and you're halfway there.

VAGINORS – "Nuclear Papsmear" LP (Nopatience)

From down under, here's some upside down punk! Nevermind the crusties! Noise hero the obnoxiousness of the SWANKYS, the snottiness of TOY DOLLS and the nerdiness of DEVO. What the hell? Yes, you will probably hate this. Therefore, this is one of the best records of the year!

WARNING//WARNING – "There´s Nothing Left" LP (Solar Funeral/Kick Rock/Flower of Carnage)

The French living deads are disgracing the corpse of CONFUSE! And by merde, all spiky punx should spend loud night, merci beaucoup!

CRAZY SPIRIT – "Demos" 12" (Quality Control)

It's a reissue of the demo and I included the demo on my list last year. I probably like DAWN OF HUMANS better overall, because they're simply out of this world, but this reissue package is so super-luxurious that I can't help myself taking it out to play pretty much all the time. Obviously when it comes to releasing records, London punx rule the hardest.

ISTERISMO – "Tokyo Crusties" LP (540)

2011 was the year of ISTERISMO and this compilation breaks the curse of obscurity that often spoils Japanese hardcore fandom.

SUN CHILDREN SUN – Demo CD-R (self-released)

Wow. This is probably the first record that I got in 2011 where I had to drop everything I was doing and just indulge deeply into the weird animal sounds projected into my brain. I'm just going to steal Pogo Connor's review: "*What the fuck is going on here? Members of VI-VI PUNX / EXTINTOS playing retardo punk with saxophones? Too fucking right! If EXTINTOS were DEATHSIDE - then SUN CHILDREN SUN is most certainly PAINTBOX! There are all sorts of influences being thrown about in this eleven track demo, and it's really quite difficult to put a finger on what to describe this as. At times it reminds me of TRAITOR from Japan with the tribal-esque drums over punk which then breaks down into almost hip hop style drum beats, all with jazzy saxophone all over the place. Jo2 of EXITHIPPIES described this sound as "crazy." It really is quite the earful and definitely worth a listen! There's a part in track ten where they break into Richie Valens' "La Bamba" and when I heard that I immediately thought, this is the future of punk!*" I'll just add the following: KILLING JOKE, MINUTEMEN, PIL, THE STALIN, THE 4TH INTERNATIONAL (Japan), JOY (Japan), EXITHIPPIES, ASTA KASK, EBBA GRÖN, D-beat, c-beat, noise-core, jazz, techno, acid and skunk. Ltd ed to 100 x CDRs, wrapped in coloured paper with some cartoon animals and a spray-painted disc, but luckily for you the demo is also available on the internet (but you'll have to find the band's website yourself!).

THE LOWEST FORM – "Infinity" EP and demo tape (Low Recordings)

London's finest record nerds somehow prove the often stated theory that record collectors can't rock. But TLF produced a fair share of this years' most intense hard powerful hardcore shit.

EXITHIPPIES / FILTH MILITIA – split EP

EXITHIPPIES / ASOCIAL TERROR FABRICATION split EP

LASTLY – "Noisecore from Underpopulated Areas" EP

FEROCIOUS-X FEAT GUILTY C – "Svart Rädsla" EP

CONTROL – "Live to Destroy Public Spaces" EP

…and a bunch of other amazing Japanese HC seven inches that I can't be arsed to list!! Why? Because Japanese noisy hardcore punk rules the airwaves baby! And you know it.

General Speech #1

Accept The Darkness #6

Ploppy Pants #12

Spit on the Major #20

…and few other select hardcore punk fanzines published in 2011! Why? Because while you may think there's no print zines around today, that's just your ignorance talking! Actually, let's be honest: If you did not buy a zine in 2011 you're not a punk. But don't cry, you can make up for your past crimes in 2012: Stay punk, support the DIY, buy a zine!

Felix Havoc

When I first sat down to make this list I had a hard time thinking of releases off the top of my head that were really going to stand up to 30 years of punk history. But the more I sat and listened, the more it came to me that much truly great hardcore is being made in our day. Like a lot of people, when I want to listen to records, I mostly pull out the classics from my youth, '70s punk and '80s hardcore. And the older I get, I feel more and more out of touch with what's popular. I go to the record store or look at people chatting online about bands and realize I don't know who any of these bands are and only have a glimmer at what they sound like. That said, in my own little closed-minded corner of hardcore punk, things are raging pretty hard. If you are into raw punk and "noise not music" this just might be your second golden age. While the noise core thing isn't always my bag, the raw punk scene continues to crank out heavy hitters. I also try to keep up with what's going on in the Nordic region. While a lot of people seemed to stop paying attention to Swedish and Finnish hardcore, this region continues to punch way above it's weight in delivering top-notch hardcore punk with remarkable consistency. On with the show…

DESPERAT – "Hardcore Deluxe" 12" (Distort the World) "Demokrati Eller Diktatur?" EP (De:Nihil) "Suicide Attack" EP (World Funeral)
Far and away the best band of 2011. Desperat is basically MOB 47 with Jocke from WARVICTIMS on vocals. The demo / 12" is absolutely perfect. It's got the classic MOB 47 fast HC sound with a hint of Swedish Raw Punk. I have to say the demo / 12" stands head and shoulders above everything else released this year, and will probably move on to a decade top ten, kind of like HERATYS did for 2010.

INFERNOH – Demo
Don't know when this band will release a record, (may I suggest releasing it on my label?) but this demo is a show stopper. Outstanding Swedish hardcore, the tapes came and went fast, but you should be able to stream it online somewhere.

MAUSER – "End of the Line" EP (Vinyl Rites)
Not Sweden, Florida. I was clueless about this band but kept hearing people online talking them up and took a chance on the 7". Balls to the wall ferocious blown out hardcore. I kept flipping this 7" and getting pumped up. I was stoked to see them at Chaos in Tejas. I feel like I listen to a lot of hardcore made by bitter old scenesters, but here are some young guys nailing it right out of the gate. Can't wait for more from this band.

KRÖMOSOM – "8 tracks" LP (Havoc / D-Takt and Råpunk /Hardcore Victim / Freedom Fighter)
Disclaimer as I helped release and distribute this one. Australian miscreants deliver a bomb drop wall of noise. Fuzzed out raw hardcore. This one dips one toe into the Noise Not Music pool, but still has another in hardcore punk enough to hold it all together and not sound like just a wall of static or a fistful of bottle caps in a blender. (This is the risk all "nosiecore" bands seems to run, get too noisy and you leave hardcore punk for performance art).

DOOM – "Reasonable Force" EP (Black Cloud)
DOOM was one of my favorites in my late teens and early twenties, to me the most important of the UK crust core bands. Less so than EXTREME NOISE TERROR, NAPALM DEATH or their contemporaries, DOOM was solidly rooted in DISCHARGE, VARUKERS and early ANTISECT. While many of the other bands from this era deviated into metal and grind territory, DOOM is sticking to simple, hard driving raw hardcore punk. Sticking to the basics hard driving riffs, solid beats, thundering bass, impassioned vocals. Seeing these guys live at Chaos in Tejas was probably the high point of the year for me music wise. (That is if you don't count JUDAS PRIEST's last tour)

CÜLO – "Toxic Vision" EP (Deranged)
Obnoxious pissed off hardcore from Chicago, brings to mind early '80s Boston hardcore. I waited around through four hours of tedium at a show to see these guys play for six minutes, but it was an astounding six minutes. If these guys play your town, don't go outside for a smoke or go to the bathroom as you might miss their set.

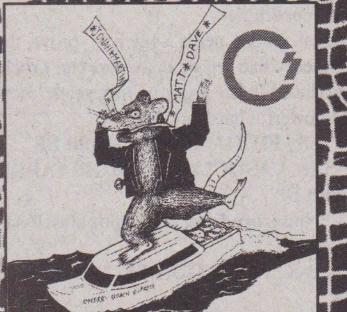
DISABLE / WARVICTIMS – split EP (Symphony of Destruction / Charged//Distorted)
I'd never heard of DISABLE, and picked this up because I'm a WARVICTIMS fan, but DISABLE blew me away. They present us with blown out distorted raw punk with tons of energy. The recording is kind of trebly and tinny, but it works and provides a contrast to all the bands striving for low and heavy. WARVICTIMS are crushing on the flip side, for a band as prolific as they are, they never stop devastating.

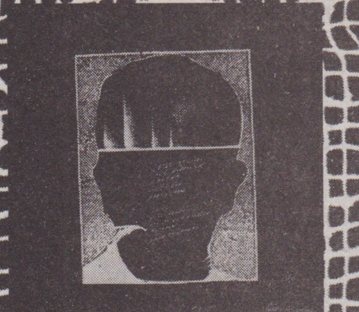
KIELTOLAKI – "Kuoleva Syteemi" EP (Feral Ward)
This Finnish band nails the '82 Finnish style, all their material has been great. There's a discography LP out as well that compiles the demo and first two 7"s and you should get it quick. I wasn't too into them live, but can't stop flipping these records.

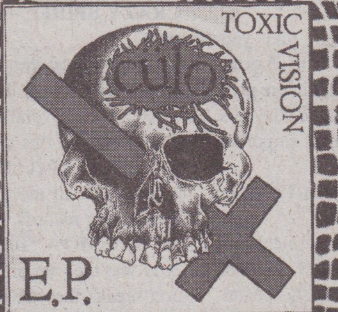
CAREER SUICIDE – "Cherry Beach" EP
This was some kind of tour record that was re pressed? I didn't get the tour version, so I was excited about it. I love CAREER SUICIDE and their ability to channel sloppy, stupid hardcore punk into a fine art. They always manage to crank out fast thrashy songs that somehow stay memorable and catchy.

That gives us nine, I originally submitted several more releases, that although new to *me* in 2011, were actually from 2010 (according to the eagle eye staff at *MRR*). So tied for tenth are these other releases I enjoyed, but didn't rise to the level of writing an essay..

NITAD-two 7"s, INSTAND – "Drag Utan Drog" 7", UX VILEHEADS – LP, KVOTERINGEN – "Storf I Nansen" 7", ILEGAL – 7", FY FAN – "Ingen Framtid" 7", NERVESKADE/PERDITION split 7", VIIMEINEN KOLONNA – "luonontott" 7", DISKELMA-split 7", GERM ATTACK – "Fear of the Unknown" Lp, ELECTRIC FUNERAL-split 7" , POISON PLANET 7"s.







Greg Harvester

LPs

NO STATIK – "We All Die In The End" LP (Prank)
I realized that I loved this record when I was sitting in the passenger seat of the tour van this past spring as we were barreling down the fucking abomination known as the New Jersey Turnpike. This album was blasting out of our speakers and no one said anything during the first six songs of raging, pissed-as-fuck hardcore. Halfway through the epic, sprawling, space-jam-like "We All Die In The End", someone piped up from the back of the van and asked "What the fuck is this?" I looked over at Kyle, the driver, and he was speeding with his eyes open so wide as he said "This. Is. Perfect." My thoughts exactly.

FOREIGN OBJECTS – "No Sensation" LP (Vinyl Rites)
FOREIGN OBJECTS straddles the line between the AVENGERS and the BRAT while keeping their feet firmly planted here in the present. This perfect post-punkish, high energy LP is just like all the other records by this band: amazing, flawless and leaving you wanting more.

FUTURE VIRGINS – "Western Problems" LP (Plan-It-X South / Starcleaner)
I would be happy seeing this band once a week until the day I die. Scrappy, heartfelt, straightforward region rock from four of the nicest guys you could ever want to meet. I could listen to their song "None Of Them" for 24 hours straight and still pick up the needle and put it back to the beginning of the song to start off the 25th hour.

BARAKA FACE JUNTA – LP (Trujaca Fala / Nikt Nic Nie Wie)
Fucking amazing noisy punk from Poland that reminds me of the best parts of DOG FACED HERMANS and THE EX. This one took by surprise and quickly became one of my favorites of the year. Completely perfect.

ARCTIC FLOWERS – "Reveries" LP (Inimical)
This one was probably one of the most over-hyped records of the year and I usually don't pay attention to that bullshit, but this record is really great. It's dark, moody punk with goth overtones, but still remains angry and defiant. It's worth the hype.

IMPRACTICAL COCKPIT – "Pretty Totally" LP (Unwucht)
I've been waiting for this thing to come out on record for ten years now! I even offered to put it out. Originally released on cassette in 2001, this is a sprawling, arty, noisy, cacophonous mess that cleanses my eardrums after reviewing fifteen bar rock bands for this magazine. Lots of improv, lots of experimentation and a shitload of heart and inspiration. Honestly, they're one of the best bands of all time.

V/A – "Punks Win MPLS" LP (Double Dutch)
Usually, compilations have a weak song here or there or suffer from a lack of cohesiveness and it's difficult to highly recommend the entire thing. This is not the case with *Punks Win*. It's a seriously musically varied comp that runs the gamut from pop-punk to drone to dark shit to adventure metal to freak-out jams to fucking punk as fuck without missing a beat throughout and only features bands from Minneapolis. The mix of musical styles compliments the record and the bands flow into each other seamlessly. It features FROZEN TEENS, TERRACIDE, VISITOR, DIRTYARD, THRASH COMPACTOR and more. This is the best comp of current bands that I've heard in years.

DEAD MOON – "Defiance" "In The Graveyard" and "Unknown Passage" LP's (Mississippi)
Yep, all three records at once... Mississippi Records reissued the first three LPs by DEAD MOON and I am happier than a Great Dane rolling around in dismembered animal parts. This shit is classic, essential and possibly the most important music that anyone could ever listen to. I love every second of every album.

RANK / XEROX – LP (Make A Mess)
Gutsy, angular, arty and brilliant. They drift slightly into synth territory on this release and they do it tastefully. One of the delightful surprises of the year for me.

TENEMENT – "Napalm Dream" LP (Mandible)
Great Midwestern punk that reminds me alternately of THIN LIZZY, DIE KREUZEN and a way more sober REPLACEMENTS. Also, one of the best live bands I saw this year.

EPs

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Impending Doom/ Death to Everyone" (Sabotage / Lack Of Sleep)
My initial salivating review of this record within these pages has since been plastered all over the internet and (very arguably) helped to get them a record deal with Deranged. I still feel just as enamored with these two songs as the day I heard them for the first time. They are bleak, infectious, and essential blasts of pop perfection. Completely unfuckwithable and the best new record I've heard all year.

NO STATIK – "No Hospice / Clean Swift Sunshine" (Prank)
Picking up where their LP left off, this quick record finds NO STATIK somehow even more pissed, more fucking honed and completely destroying everything in their way. This record proves NO STATIK as the Bay Area's best hardcore band by far. No fucking around.

1981 – "Decay" EP (Kamaset Levyt)
This Finnish band came from out of nowhere (at least for me) and blew me away with their style of anarcho-punk that's played in the same vein as ZOUNDS and CHUMBAWAMBA. Beautiful packaging and an outstanding record.

COUNT VERTIGO – "I'm a Mutant / X Patriots" (Mississippi)
Another insanely amazing reissue from Mississippi Records. This record originally came out in 1979 and it's so pissed, so anxious and so great that I was sold on it the second I heard the first note of "I'm A Mutant". Fucking excellent.

LEBAKKO – "En Tullut Toistamaan Tarinaa Samaa/Ismeja, Nisteja, Jumalia, Rahaa, Armeijiota Ja Chatteja " (PML)
These Finnish dudes know how to write some solid fucking punk songs without shorting the melody. Snotty, punk and excellent.

FOREIGN OBJECTS – "A Kind Of Life / The Key" (Dirt Cult)
Leave it to FOREIGN OBJECTS to put out a really short two song record that leaves you wanting so much more and have it still make it onto a year end top ten list. Too short. Too insanely good!

THE BODY / WHITEHORSE – split EP (Aum War / Sweat Lung)
THE BODY has been making gut rumbling, devastating, fierce, destructive end times brutality for over ten years now and show no signs of slowing down. WHITEHORSE is also destructive and brutally noisy. A perfect split record.

DARK LION – "For Scotty" EP (Vinyl Rites / Static Gold)
Crucial, lo-fi, spastic, energetic, noisy, chaotic, crazy shit. DARK LION are lifesavers. It's beautiful to know a band who unapologetically hates the cops as much as I do.

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Tied Up / No Meaning" (Timmeheiehumme)
Two more songs of completely untouchable pop genius.

UH-OH / OFF-DAYS – split EP (HS!BF)
Both bands offer up furious, ragged garage punk that is light years better than most slop that passes for garage rock these days. Excellent!

Tapes

TWAT SAUCE – 2nd Tape / So fucking punk and ready to get drunk.

CLEANSING WAVE / Easily the best tape I've heard all year. Total crust punk insanity with lots of noise and reverb-y vocals.

ZEITGEIST – 2011 Demo Tape / Ruling, straightforward punk from Pittsburgh in the vein of GORILLA ANGREB and fierce melodic shitz.

MUGWORT – Tape / Bay Area art noise minimalists that aren't afraid of a steady beat.

FULL SUN – "High Ceiling" Tape / Goddamn infectious super-pop songs. One man, many instruments.

VACCUUM – Space Fi Tape / Totally fucking weird, damaged, noisy as fuck crust.

YOUNG MEN – Discography Tape / Every everlovin', heart breakin' song by these loveable Brooklyn jackasses. R.I.P. forever and always Jimbo.

HUNTING PARTY / Fuckin' damaging Bay Area hardcore.

PERMANENT RUIN / More killer hardcore from the area that I live in. I'm lucky.

SIREN SONGS / Wild ass Canadian basement pop-punk. Solid as fuck.

Panos Asthma

As always, 2011 was an exciting year in easy going Greece: Plenty of sun, non-stop holidays, ouzo-partying every night, Greek salad for breakfast, getting paid for not working (27 fucking salaries per year), stealing the money of our poor European friends, sometimes working an hour a day (just to fool our European friends), sun-bathing and swimming naked half of the year and the rest of it traveling around the world. These and other assorted Greek hedonistic activities fulfilled my easy going Greek life once again. No less beating up German, French and Dutch tourists under the influence of Five Star Metaxa, because I am a hairy Greek macho type of person who loves to make every single European suffer. Yeah, Greece managed to conquer your world once again. You work, you pay our debts. My country managed to make your country poorer and it will soon make you starve for real. As a proud member of my Great Country I'll also make you waste what little money is left to you from my Country. If you don't that money along with that of your families and friends will go into repaying the Greek public debt. So just make your choice. This is Asthma spit in your face! Eat Feta or Die you bastards.

LPs

1. ACID BABY JESUS – LP & "Hospitals" EP (Slovenly)
Rich kids from the northern suburbs of Athens playing lo-fi cool music to excite their local girlfriends. They look sweet but have nothing clever to say. They will laugh with your cold jokes but they will also drink your beer. They enjoy good Greek food but they won't miss it much on tour since they all hold golden visas and can get whatever they want and need anywhere in the world. They could even buy you and send you as a memorable postcard to my mailbox. I know they bought Slovenly records to put their record out and they also bribed me to put them on my coolest of the cool top-ten.

2. ICEAGE – "New Brigade" LP (Escho)
Danish people love NOFX , American pizza, Malboro Lights and brown sugar in their cafe. ICEAGE is just one side effect of such habits. Freaked out kids who when not hanging out at their local porn video clubs, love to play music that is influenced from the sentimental parts of '80s adventure movies.

3. RASPBERRY BULBS – "Nature Tries Again" LP (Hospital)
This album made me feel like smoking a long cigarette from the inside. The front cover of the album is pink but the music is colorless. They try to be aggressive but they seem to be too old and not strong enough to reach the top of their anger. If you ever fight with them, they will manage to kick your ass pretty badly but you have been beaten harder from others in the past. Anyhow, they may leave you with some memorable bruises, but that will be that. You've had worse before

4. YUSSUF JERUSALEM – "Blast From the Past" LP (XVII)
I bought copies of this LP for my small distribution label. Nobody has bought a single copy yet. I am putting this record on my top-ten hoping that after reading this you will definitely want it, after all this is the coolest guy of this year's top-ten giving it props. So, don't waste another second, just paypal or send me well hidden cash to get your copy. When you play it you'll realize that it was worth buying it. If you don't like it then you definitely have bad taste in taste, so don't expect a refund.

5. DEATH TOKEN – "All Dreams Are Nightmares" LP (Adult Crash)

I am not sure if all Danish people are having nightmares in their sleep, but I can at least understand the title of this album here, since DEATH TOKEN features the ugliest guys of the northern and smileless Europe. For the members of this trio, facing each-other everyday is definitely a nightmare so don't catch those monsters live or you'll end up hospitalized with excruciating stomach ache and fits of unstoppable vomit. Listening to this album won't make you feel better either.

6. ANTI – LP (Είρκτη)

Anti is a Greek word. It means "against" or "opposite," and is also often used in English words as prefix. As a word on its own Anti is an adjective or preposition describing a person or thing that is against someone or something else. In a casual sense Anti is sometimes used as a noun for a person who is against something — if you're not on the pro side, you're an Anti. ANTI was also a Greek punk band which was formed in 1980 (as PPF first) and which seriously and simply produced the most original "ANTI" form of punk music.

7. DEAF MUTATIONS – "Crash the Clubs" (Static Shock)

I know a lot of people out there who I wish I could throw into a huge trash-can full of mutant worms and huge disgusting one-eyed rats which would slowly start eating them alive. Stuffed into those trash cans, with the rats gnawing at their bones and the worms crawling inside their flesh. Actually, I recently found out about some guys up in the Boring Toronto , who started producing such trash-cans. People who tried them enthused about the quality and the results. For orders please visit www.deadmutations.kill

8. MIDNIGHT – "Satanic Loyalty" (Hells Headbangers)

Every single man or woman would wish to spend a night with Jamie W. of MIDNIGHT. Jamie W. is a sweet, sensitive and open minded but still old fashioned American who besides his tough day-job as a mechanic in the USAF, loves to write and perform old styled sentimental American music for his family and friends. He grew up as a hippie but he got sick of drugs and non-stop wild sex. He decided to move a few steps closer to his country's traditions and at the same time he got seriously involved with Christianity. His music is an expression of all these variable experiences that have stigmatized his life.

9. TOTAL ABUSE – "Prison Sweat" LP (PPM)

There is nothing to like about this band, except the fact that they invariably release records that are rather more enjoyable than your last outdoor night with your boring friends. These guys are as boring as your friends but at least their music is marginally more interesting than what you usually play in your hi-tech mp3 player.

10. TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" (Iron Lung)

Hipster indie synth-pop punk that will sooner or later end up to the pages of *Vice Magazine*. If you need to kick out the annoying macho punks from the party, then TOTAL CONTROL is the right musical choice. It'll make them beat you up, smash up the place and rape your sister in front of her boyfriend. Rumors have it that her boyfriend called the macho punks at the party but your sister brought this record for you..

EPs

1. STRESS – "Athens is Burning I & II" EP (B-Other Side)

You have probably seen images of Athens, the capital of Greece, on fire. From the early '80s till 2011 Athens has been one of the wildest spots of non-stop violent street fights between protesters and system-sucker cops. STRESS wrote songs about such topics back in the day. Since then everything has changed to the worse and Athens has kept burning. These two EPs carry unreleased tracks that were recorded back in 1982, 1983 and 1985. One of the most influential Greek punk bands give a sign of life just at the right time.

2. HOAX – "Fagget" EP (Deranged/Katorga)

Frozen vodka, kindly preserved in the fridge for the right amount of time and served in the right time of the year. Russia produces some of the best vodka and some of the most violent Skinheads in the world. HOAX is not Russian but it's the best vodka around nowadays and it's produced by Western Massachusetts emo skinheads in Mustache. Neo-Nazi Russians beware.

3. BLANK VEINS – "First and Final Wash" EP (UNC)

The Sound of the Greek Debt Crisis is loud. Europe hates us and we hate Europe. Fuck you EU stupid citizens! We came to take your money and we will die partying until every fucking single euro you made is wasted. Viva la Poor Europe – Viva Hell-Ass!!!

4. SEXDROME / SUMP – split EP (Posh Isolation / Legion Blottan / All Dead Tapes)

It's pretty rainy nowadays and in such conditions we enjoy eating fresh snails with raw vegetables down here in Greece. This year a friend of mine dropped me a recipe, which mixes Danish and English snails freighted in pork's blood. It was the best snail recipe I had in years.

5. THE ROPES – "Your End" EP (Self-released – Fuck Youth Attack)

This is your father howling at you after he learned that you run over a cop with his uninsured car. He is insanely mad at you because the cop survived.

6. GO FILTH GO/ELECTRIC FUNERAL – split EP (Phobia)

Front and rear cliff creek.

Represses

1. ASTRONAUTS – "Peter Pan Hits the Suburbs" LP (LVEUM)
2. BASTARD – "Controlled in the Frame" LP (540)
3. CANI – "Tutto Quello che io Chiedo" LP (SOA)
4. FAITH – "Subject to Change + first demo" LP (Discord)
5. LAMA – s/t & "La Mikaan Ei Muutiunot" LP (Svart)
6. MOOT POINT – Ποντικοφάρμακο (B Other Side & Wipe Out)
7. ROTTING CHRIST – "Thy Mighty Contract" (Black Vomit)
8. SVART FRAMTID – "1984" EP (Voltage)
9. VOID – "Sessions 1981-1983" LP (Discord)
10. ZOUO – "The Final Agony" EP, "Frustration" EP & "A Roar Agitating Violent Age" LP (Crust War)

Other: CIRRHUS / WULKANAZ / WHITE MEDAL

Langford Poh

2011 was a great year that started well and ended strong (for punk music anyways). The biggest occurrence was my simultaneous boredom with hardcore and my amazement at how creatively some people shape the medium to fit their strange visions of hardcore in 2011. So here are ten really good records from this last year and a few words about them. This is not a "best of punk 2011," just some records, so I'm not including my list of best live shows, demos, shirts, tattoos, patches and quotes (you'll have to write in for that shit). They aren't in any particular order, oh well. Also, I included a few also-rans and honorable mentions at the end.

SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience)

Is this the record of the year? Perhaps. I think it pretty accurately sums up a lot about the year for me and my experience of punk. Noisy hardcore noisiness, goth inflection and attitude, and indie rock underpinnings. Also, it's really good and, while having elements of things that were spiraling around in 2011, it doesn't really sound like much else in 2011. Or, "You can not defeat the darkness. You can only be the light."

NEON BLUD/DIET COKEHEADS – split EP (Palm Beotch)

What's in a song? What's not? What's noise and how is it different from music? How much art can you take? Waves of noise crytalize seamlessly into killer arty hardcore. This shit is ridiculously dialed.

COUSIN BRIAN – "Wrong" EP (Evil Weevil)

I have listened to this record maybe five times since it came out way earlier this year and "Do Stay Over" is still stuck in my head. This morose pop record has lodged itself into my brain in a way no other record has this year. I know nothing about this band other than that these songs are solid, jangly, and even a little soulful, and that I like it quite a bit.

SILLA ELECTRICA – "Ritmo Suicida" LP (Sóla Para Punks)

Sometimes you want it fast. In 2011, when I wanted it quickly and precisely, I turned to SILLA ELECTRICA's *Ritmo Suicida*. Not contest. From the bare bones assault of the music to the rapid fire trade off vocals, everything worked in a way that only a precision crafted machine can. This is what happens when all of your tolerances are set just right, your belts are new, and everything is thoroughly lubricated and ventilated. Fast, catchy, fierce.

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Impending Doom/Death To Everyone" (Lack of Sleep/Sabotage)

The 7" to have of the three from this band that came out this year. Both songs are so awesome, like a depressed and angsty MASSHYSTERI, but not sounding like a rip off, just classic Scandinavian punk with a gloomy lean. This shit is also great to dance to, giving you one more reason to slap these songs onto mixtapes for years to come.

HYGIENE – "Public Sector" LP (La Vida es un Mus)

The cold dead starkness of English punk lives on. These songs really reverberate with a feeling of otherness and outsiderness within me that initially drew me to punk. What's really impressive about that is that they most directly conjure these feelings by rejecting a more traditional view of punk in their lyrics and aesthetic. The fact that this is killer stuff in the vein of England's post punk roots, and that the music is as acerbic as the lyrics about work and self imposed isolation certainly helps.

THE OVENS – "Now It's Over" EP (Catholic Guilt)

I cannot listen to this record just once. It's a threepeater for sure. Short songs, fuzzy DINOSAUR JR. guitar, peppy poppyness, Brian May's guitar tone deliciously stolen for solos. A penchant for references to the east bay ("Millbrae Belongs To Me") and I don't even care if it sounds like WEEZER, I never listened to that band anyways. Fun fun fun for sure.

KRÖMOSOM – "8 Tracks" LP (Havoc Records / D-Takt & Råpunk / Hardcore Victim / Freedom Fighter)

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, and sometimes I just wanna hear raw d-beat. When that uncommon craving hits me, this is what I reach for, KROMOSOM. No poetics for this record, just eight shredding songs to make me mosh in my living room.

MILK MUSIC – "Beyond Living" LP (Perennial)

Stoned to the bone and I wouldn't have it any other way. Hair shaking fuzzy guitar music. Some old assholes wrote a song that matches my feelings about this record to a tee, but I won't quote them here. Perfect for skating to, sitting immobilized on yr couch, or whatever else you'd want to do. Sometimes, I get the say excited vibe out of this that I sometimes get out of '70s dirtbag, "hanging with the boys" buttrock and I really like that.

SUFFERING LUNA – LP (To Live a Lie)

This record came to me out of nowhere at the last minute. The coolest part is that they steal what I think is a PINK FLOYD riff and bass line in either "Up For Days" or "Freestyle" (or maybe it's KING CRIMSON, I can't remember) and it totally works in their fucked up psychedelic powerviolence sludge prog fucking *art* mixture. It's intense, it's brutal, it's sick, it's fucking weird, it reminds me why they were on a split with DYSTOPIA and I really like DYSTOPIA.

ALSO RANS/HONOURABLE MENTIONS

DIRTY MARQUEE – "Hey Larry" EP

Genius Mission pop punk. Music of my soul. Great record, sadly the 11th best of the year so down here it goes.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS – Burning Trash/Price Of My Words 45

Good songs that reminded me of how much I like this band. Recorded on my sixth birthday.

THROWING UP – When I Touch You/Toothache (self-released) Screaming rules. This record scared the crap out of me.

STREET EATERS – "Rusty Eyes & Hydrocarbons" LP (Bakery Outlet) Their sound grows and becomes more lush, with hints of indie rock now invading their melodic minimalism.

RAPE REVENGE – "Car Ride With Vivisection Intern" EP (True) Trying to squeeze this one in on a technicality. So good. Would have been on the actual list but came out in 2010 (reviewed in 2011 though so I'm putting it on here). The best powerviolence/ hardcore 7" in a long long long time. Minimal, harsh, crushing.

NO STATIK – "We All Die in the End" 12" B side (Prank) Remember what I said about hardcore in 2011? The A-side is good, straightforward, and not something I would really ever throw on at home. The B-side is NO STATIK unlocking to potentials of the future of hardcore and laying them out for all to see. There is hope for us all, even if there is no future.

Layla Gibbon

The worst thing about doing these things is that feeling of knowing you are forgetting something crucial, but I tried to do it by picking the records I listened to the most, the ones I pulled out again and again, "most" not "best." I am not putting any reissues, even though there are many worth flipping your shit over. I feel like punks have become so reliant on the past for their aesthetic and band ideas, recycled art work, recycled sound, it's so boring and depressing! Punk rock should not be a museum, it should not be reverent to ancient artifacts at the expense of what is happening right now. And I gotta say it was an incredible year in terms of demo tapes, and new bands so… No more excuses! Stop Xeroxing shit fuckers! There is no order to any of this, my brains are pretty wrecked from a sixty hour workweek.

LPs

HOUSEHOLD – "Items" LP (Dull Knife)

This was just a demo tape, but it was clear it had to be pressed to vinyl and so it was. I am gonna be lazy and just reproduce my rant from last issue that I feel eloquently elucidates my love for this record: People often compare this band to YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS, perhaps because of the disquieting female vocals and post-punk girl sound, but I think the reason I freaked out is because it makes me think of early '90s CHRISTINA BILLOTTE bands, especially AUTOCLAVE who had one of the coolest updates on the post-punk girl sound, (without sounding like a museum piece like so many bands that do that sound now). Brooklyn's HOUSEHOLD have the secret bedroom recordings feel of the best of EXCUSE 17 and HEAVENS TO BETSY, but with a furtive post-punk undercurrent rather than anything strictly grrrl style. More ALISON STATTON than CORIN TUCKER. Whenever people reference post-punk it's always for the herk n jerk of DELTA 5 or the POP GROUP and while there are some parts that bring that idea to mind, this sound is so far from punk funk. HOUSEHOLD use dissonance in a different way, creating space and an out of place feeling with the minor key vocal harmonies and interplay between the instruments; the way they play off each other is reminiscent of the awkward and disconcerting atmospheres of the most desolate WIRE songs. I think it's the starkness of the songs, the music and the lyrics just create this foreboding atmosphere. The song "Desperate Times" hits me like the most evocative AUTOCLAVE songs do, and "Cold Hands" has this amazing YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS meets classic era SLEATER KINNEY feel, it's awkward and true…

CRAZY BAND – "Fuck You" LP (Teenage Teardrops)

Man, *Thrasher Skate Rock* meets the first KLEENEX 7", but with a bunch of skater girls from LA. This is so good, nasty and dumb, snotty in jokes and off color humor. Would make sense at a skate competition in 1982 or at a backyard show last week. They made their own thing and it rules, it's not just some arcane perfect collection of influences, it's is an FU record for FU times. And they are laughing at you, not with you.

RANK XEROX – LP (Make a Mess)

An urgent, desolate sound that evokes collapsing modernist architecture, awkward photographs and grey polyester trousers. Post-punk nausea for those that would rather reach for *Soma Holiday* than anything outta Leeds in 1982. This is my favorite local band. Their music is constantly moving, a million parts in action creating a picture that's stark and powerful, and there're only three people in this band, one Australian accent and two American ones. Former members of HC acts BURNING SENSATIONS and JUMP OFF A BUILDING now making out of place music for desperate listeners. They are excellent live, propulsive energy and power to flatten all dispassionate audiences. I've heard people compare them to ZOUNDS, I think they are more in line with the PROLETARIAT with some MIDDLE CLASS aggro snot additions. At any rate, this LP is a totality of nervous energy and dark movement. It's hard to write about a band you love sometimes, it's easier to dismiss things than to explain what the secret ingredient is that makes something rule… It's stark, dark music with underlying currents, PETER HOOKish basslines and scratched out guitars and the drums are like a more organized PALMOLIVE! For real. If you like skating around town with WARSAW on your headphones, this is your sound.

HYGIENE – "Public Sector" LP (LVEUM)

Every time I wasn't sure what I wanted to listen to this year, it runs out *Public Sector* was the answer. This is an incredible LP. A lot of desolate post-punk music came out in 2011, early Thatcher years reconstituted through the sausage machine of David Cameron?! The ruins of socialist architecture, towerblock alienation, kids in crombies with nothing to do, social worker dresscode; another Tory government and England and its punx come alive with spit and gristle. And the Canadian vocalist singing about O-Levels!? Hmmmmm! Initially I was gonna lump the PHEROMOANS LP in with this selection, but the HYGEINE is just weightier, feels more significant. Not that everything has to be that way, sometimes you want a different take, but in this case…

ICEAGE – "New Brigade" LP (Escho)

Anything that puts me in the same frame of mind as the first SORT SOL LP while retaining a sense of teenage venom gets airplay on this girl's turntable. I love how it's structured collapse.

SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience)

Meredith's vocals remind me of the girls from HUGGY BEAR, but the music is hardcore… Sounds like it could have come out on Gravity—it's got this dense, layered savage appeal. This would have blown my mind in 1993 and it is doing the same now. I am sure it's gonna be seen more in the lineage of shit that is happening now by kids who were not fifteen in 1993 like the human writing this. It's noisy, sounds like it's on the verge of collapse, everything played to the fullest extent, blown out speakers, drums rolling in and out of control adding to this totality of sound, a wall of form… Honestly it reminds me of *Kandy Korn Rituals* era UNWOUND in the best way, and Meredith's voice is so all consuming and excellent—totally *Weaponry Listens to Love* with less defeat and more sense of what could be. The lyrics are personal and sincere, ambiguous and specific, poetic and charged… This record will not suit you if you only respond to songs wrapped in a heavy layer of ironic removal from the realities of existence and a girl's experience but if you want something else…

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" LP (Iron Lung)

TOTAL CONTROL got a lot of airplay in this month's issue already, so I am gonna just say that it lives up to all the words, a great LP by a great band. Has not leave my listening pile once since it came out. Discomforting sounds for discomforting times.

GG KING – "Esoteric Lore" LP (Rob's House / Scavenger of Death)

I like the 45s, but was not expecting this… My favorite post-CARBONAS record, easily. Scratchy all over the place garage punk that creates its own world, art punk, shit punk, end of times punk, one of the most creative/interesting records this year. Using the constraints of genre to create something entirely other….

THE UV RACE – "Homo" LP (RIP Society)
I love this braintrust of Australian punk mutation…

MILK MUSIC – "Beyond Living" LP (Perennial) / GUN OUTFIT – 12" (Make a Mess)
I think of *Beyond Living* as being a 2010 record because of the self-released version, but hardly anyone got a chance at that, so Perennial stepped in. I am putting both of these records in the same slot, I listened to both so much this year. Olympia atmospherics, MEAT PUPPETS II, perfect pop, DINOSAUR, light through trees, eternal sound anew.

Runners Up:
PHEROMOANS – "It Still Rankles" LP / INSERVIBLES – LP / HOMOSTUPIDS – "Strawberry Orange Peach Banana" LP / CRAZY SPIRIT – "Demo" LP / YOUNGER LOVERS "Rock Flawless" LP / SILLA ELÉCTRICA – "Ritmo Suicida" LP / DAYLIGHT ROBBERY/DEFECT DEFECT/FOREIGN OBJECTS – split 12" (Dirtcult) OMEGAS – "Blasts of Lunacy" / RATIONAL ANIMALS – "Bock Rock Parade" LP / CONDOMINIUM – "Warm Home" LP

The TVP fan section:
VERONICA FALLS – LP
BRILLIANT COLORS – "Again" LP
COMET GAIN – "Howl of the Lonely Crowd" LP

EP

OBEDIENCIA – "Edificios" EP (Sólo Para Punk)
7" of the year; I fucking love this record… Powerful Spanish punk with *incredible* vocals. This record is timeless and perfect. This is why I am a punk.

HYSTERICS – "Arm Candy" EP (M'Ladys)
Like the WRECKS playing the first AGNOSTIC FRONT 7", truly radical sounds.

DARK LION – "For Scotty" EP (Vinyl Rites / Static Gold)
Reminded me of FISTICUFFS BLUFF and the YAH MOS… dreamy/tuff.

AVON LADIES – "Guns and Gold" EP (Kartoga Works)
This was the first year in a while that I wasn't blown away by that many HC 45s. There were many bands and records I loved for a week or two, then filed and forgot. The AVON LADIES tape was amazing, and this added to the legacy.

BLEACHED – all singles
I wish this band weren't so ready/geared up for corny industry showcase doom, because they make great ZEROS-esque 45s, and it's the first time the Clavin sisters have played together since MIKA MIKO disbanded. Maybe they will succeed where the FABULOUS STAINS failed.

VEGETABLE – "C.F. Sol" EP (Gilgongo)
The live show is way better than this, but this band is so good I had to include this one-sided 7"! Anna Nxty=most compelling drummer/frontperson of the year. Weird dislocated art-punk from fucking Arizona!

SHARP BALLOONS – "Evening News" EP (Goner) / CYCLOPS – "Cyclops" EP (Jonnycat)
One two fuck you… Finally! Dual M/F vocalled garage punkers that put the MF and *punk* back into garage. Really excited to hear more from both of these bands.

ALUMINUM KNOT EYE – "Still Cleaning That Same old Grease Trap/While on Snowshoe" (Lemon Session)
Weird genius midwestern proto-punk mutations! A true mix-tape staple, I need more!

LOWEST FORM – "Infinity" EP (Low Recordings)
Melting London sound.

Runners up:
DIET COKEHEADS/NEON BLUD-split EP, WEIRD TV – "Sufir/Sex" EP / TIMMY'S ORGANISM – "Scum Revolution" EP, NU SENSAE – "Tea Swamp Park" EP + split w/WHITE LUNG, LA LA VASQUEZ/NEONATES – split EP, BLACK BUG – "Shards of Glass" EP, NATURE – "Workout/The Color of the Ocean", GRASS WIDOW – "Milo Minute"

Tapes:
VIXENS (This is one of my most listened to musics of the year! Vixens.bandcamp.com), NECRO HIPPIES, GOOD THROB, CRUDE THOUGHT, NOSEDIVE, HYSTERICS, GENERATION SUICIDA, FIREBRAND, STARING PROBLEM, CROSTA, LOWEST FORM, SYNTHETIC ID, LIVID, DISPLEASURE, SUDOR, BRAINWAVES, VEGETABLE, MARGY PEPPER, INDEX, ABSURDO, AUTONOMY, NEON PISS, SUDOR, THE OUTS. So many good new bands!!

Mariam Bastani

Man, this was as pain in my ass, but I guess I have to choose: here is shit that kicked ass this year… New shit is where it's at — it's what keeps punk alive. Here are my 2011 top tens (in no particular order).

THE OMEGAS – "Blasts of Lunacy" LP (Hardware)
The singer of this band sounds so hateful, damaged and nihilistic that I am surprised we haven't married and divorced yet. Insanity is all over this record in vocals and music — nasty, macho hardcore without the pushups (although I did see a picture of them involving some ski gear). I believe the words "greasy" and "slutty" were used to describe this before I heard it…that is right on.

ISTERISMO – "Tokyo Crusties" LP (540)
NO STATIK – "We All Die In the End" LP
INSERVIBLES – LP (Shogun/La Vida Es Un Mus)
DEAD LANGUAGE – "Paranoia" LP (Iron Lung)
Powerviolence to give you nightmares and a possible enduring nervous condition.

MORBO – "De Baja Calidad" LP (Cintas Pepe)
Ugly deconstructed rudimentary Peruvian punk fucking rawk. People hate this record, which further supports my opinion that it rules.

TOTAL CONTROL – "Henge Beat" (Iron Lung)
GG KING – "Esoteric Law" LP (Rob's House / Scavanger of Death)
RANK XEROX – LP (Make a Mess)
PHEROMOANS – "It's Still Rankels" (Convulsive)
This band is totally not something I would usually listen to but this record is constantly on play in my house. A nerdier FALL with creepy and charming sounds. It's like looking at a creepy velvet clown painting.

EPS

SPEED KILLS – "Como O Fogo" EP
Scandinavian influenced HC by way of Brazil with no metallic shit and with enough fuzz and speed to make you wanna tear your fucking face off. If you don't like this record, I hate you.

GOBIERNO MILITAR – "Destino" EP (Enfermos/Crust as Fuck)
No one gives a shit about the record and everyone is stupid. This is totally my shit. Primitive, loud, ugly pissed and simple. No stupid inflated solos that usually totally fucks up this mid-tempo D-beat meats crust (no melodic shit…). Reminds me of Mexican street punk and all I love from the '80s without the pathetic desperate revival.

NECROMONGO – "Grabaciones Desde La Ultratumba" (Lengua Armada)
Fast driving and slightly messy punk rock from Peru that is so fucking catchy and unique that it will be stuck in your brain for days. Best punk vocals on here!

ALUMINUM KNOT EYE – "Still Cleaning That Same old Grease Trap/While on Snowshoe" (Lemon Session)
Another great record that no one really paid attention too. Messy, primitive, dark beat driven garage-y, creepy and fuzzy with graveled yells glazed with JOY DIVISION.

NEMESIS – "Dou-Koku" EP (Ratbone/Flower of Carnage/Solar Funeral)
WARHEAD – "Acceleration/This World of Confusion" EP (H:G Fact / Feral Ward/ LVEUM)
ORDER – "Aaso/Nazonazo" 7" (H:G Fact)
VACUUM – "Never Defeated" EP (Irukandji)
THE LOWEST FORM – "Infinity" EP and demo tape (Low Recordings)
ISTERISMO / KRÖMOSOM – split EP (Hardcore Survives)
OBEDIENCIA – "Edificios" EP (Sólo Para Punk)

Tapes:
VIXENS, GOOD THROB, CEMETERY, ASPECTS OF WAR, NOSE DIVE, HUNTING PARTY, FIREBRAND, HYSTERICS, GENERACION SUICIDA, AUTONOMY, NECRO HIPPIES, NEON PISS, DISPLEASURE, LIVID, THE OUTS, SUDOR, ABSURDO, DRAPETOMANIA, TRUNCHEONS, V/A: THESE ARE THE VOICES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.

Live:
NIGHT FEVER, YADOKAI, COKE BUST, DEATH AFTER DECAY, CEMETERY, PORKERIA, SHOPPERS, SICK//TIRED, MUGWORT, NO STATIK, VILE GASH

Reish…
1984 – "Why Not?" LP, (Pasazer), MAXIMO VOLUMEN "Inyecciones Por El Bul" LP (Burka for Everybody, Terminal Picnic), NARCOSIS – "Primera Dosis" LP (Contra Orden / Odio Los Discos), MARIA T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL – EP (Sin Temores / Discos Huayno Amargo / Rock SVB), MOSKWA – "Studio '84" EP (Warsaw Pact), VOID – "Sessions 1981-83" LP (Dischord), SVART FRAMTID EP (Voltage), ZOUO "Final Agony" EP (Crust War), COLERA/RATOS DE PORÃO – split LP (Nada Nada / Spicoli), RATSIA – first LP (Svart), LOBOTOMIA "Nada e Como parece" LP (Black Water / Kämäset Levyt)

Here is my long ass list of shit that kicked ass but didn't make the top ten:
RAZORFADE – LP (Not Normal), DESPERAT – "Demokrati Eller Diktatur?" EP (De:Nihil) BELGRADO – LP (Static Age), RATIONAL ANIMALS – Bock Rock Parade LP (Katorga Works), SHOPPERS – "Silver Year" LP (Drugged Conscience), BANNYLST "Diskografi" (Norwegian Leather), DEATH TOKEN – "All Dreams Are Nightmares" LP (Adult Crash), ICEAGE "New Brigade" (Escho), KRIG I HUDIK – "2" EP (Skrammel), RAW NERVE "Midnight" EP (Shit Attack), CÜLO – "Toxic Vision EP (Deranged), NIGHT FEVER – "Transparent" EP (No Way), MAUSER – "End Of The Line" EP (Vinyl Rites), MANIPULATION "Subversive Intent" EP (Sorry State), ILEGAL – "La Vida es el Producto de Nuestra Esperanza y las Visiones Irreals" EP (Todo Destruido), BLOODKROW BUTCHER – "Endless Fields of Rotting Sacks" EP (Total Fucker)

Record I wish I had put on my top ten last year:
ASSPISS – "Fuck Off and Die" EP

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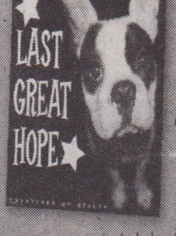

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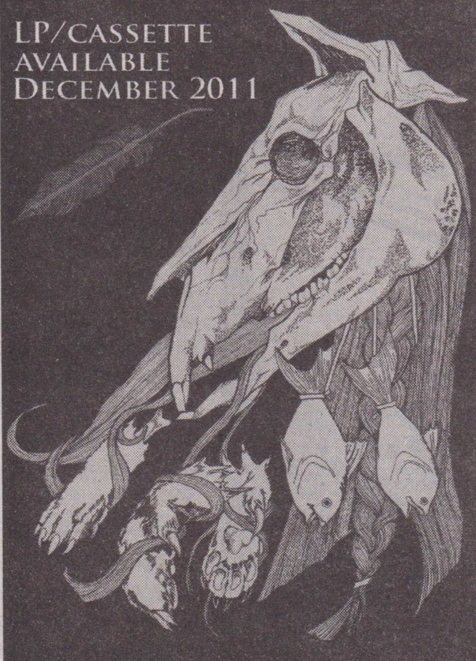

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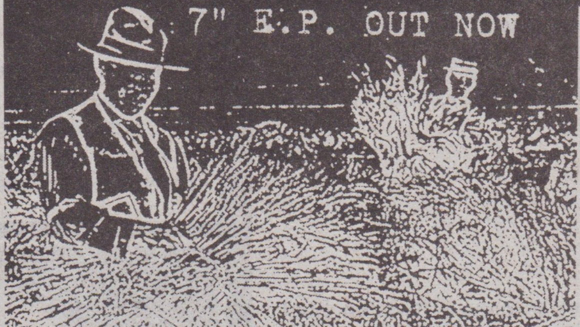

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TERRIBLE FEELINGS

There are always interesting bands around. Sometimes they can be obscured by loads of less interesting junk, or perhaps they just don't try to get their names out there. What's rare however, is the interesting band that's also fierce live. What's even rarer than that is the band with both of those aforementioned qualities that actually sounds fresh, and has an extreme air of originality in their song writing and in their performance. Sweden's Terrible Feelings has all of these qualities. More and more people are championing the few records the group has released (pick them up where you can find them, and do it fast), and anyone who sees them live will be convinced.

Interview conducted by Mike Hunchback Photos by Hugo Nabo

Manuela – Vocals
Andy – Drums
Anton - Guitar
Willy – Bass

MRR: I don't know much about the scene in Sweden, but I think of you guys as "young veterans" in a way. You've all been in bands previously, toured, and released records. None of the output from any previous project seemed too similar to these ears; and truthfully Terrible Feelings caught my attention perhaps most of all because of its cohesive original sound. How conceptual is the sound of the band? Did you work towards the sound that you have now? If it was simply a natural occurrence, what led up to it?

Andy: What we've done previously affects what we do now, and even if this band doesn't sound like our other bands, there's still so much we can bring in—learning from your mistakes, etc. During the eight years that I didn't play drums, I still thought about it very much. So, when I picked up the sticks again, I had a clear vision of what I wanted to do: no fast stuff and try to glue with the bass and guitar as much as possible.

Anton: When we started out I guess we had a faint idea about what we wanted to sound like, though not necessarily the way we sound now. We just wanted *not* to play D-beat or any kind of pre-packaged punk with a strict formula. The more we played, and the more attention we got, the more I think we realized what we were about, and I think it encouraged us to move ahead with the vintage kind of power pop sound we've got going now. However, I still find it hard to put down in words what we *want* to sound like. Personally, I just write songs and lyrics that I find beautiful and intriguing, and as far as previous bands and experiences go, I can only agree with Andy—you learn from your mistakes.

Willy: I kinda feel I started anew when I picked up the bass, which I did around the time we started rehearsing. Before I only played drums, which of course is a totally different sphere. Since I don't really know how to play bass, I just try everything, and if it sounds too fucked I trust Anton to tell me. As for visions musically, I just love that high, lonesome sound.

Manuela: I've played music before, but besides a few month-long projects, I've hardly ever been in bands. I worked with and around music for a very long time, though. Not that that really gives me any more credibility, but easy access to records and concerts made me more curious. I constantly

listen to, write about, and think about *a lot* of music, and I guess I just wanted to create something better than a lot of the stuff I hear and see. I have strong opinions about what I like and what's good, both live and on record, and I want to match, and perhaps surpass, that. Essentially, with Terrible Feelings, I just want to make music that I myself would listen to.

MRR: Manuela, in what capacity did you work with and around music? I think I've heard that you write?

Manuela: I started working at a concert venue in Lund when I was seventeen. Ever since, until just recently, I've worked within various areas of the so-called music biz: with concert production, at a record label, merching for bigger bands, as a stage tech, booking, doing press, handling economy, etc. It was fun for what it was, but everything has its time. I also used to write for a Swedish music magazine called *Denimzine*. It was pretty big all around Scandinavia, but due to various reasons we had to stop, and released our last issue in October 2009. It was a lot of fun, and I'd like to get back to writing again at some point.

TERRIBLE
FEELINGS
XL
CRIATUR

MRR: Andy, I love what you said about previous bands mattering because you learned from your mistakes. I'm a firm believer that trying and making mistakes is one of the most valuable tools a person can have. Are there any particular mistakes that have resulted in a good lesson for you? A disastrous show or studio experience perhaps?

Andy: I guess it's the touring life that really teaches you lessons. Try and keep short distances between shows, preferably not more than five hours. Try not to intrude on your band mates' personal bubbles too much. Don't have more than two to three beers before your show, if any at all. And in the studio, which I hate, stick to your beat. Geez, this sounds boring. And honestly, I can't say I follow these rules all the time. But it's good to keep in mind sometimes. What matters most is enjoying stuff and doing it right. It's funny, because I can have a very short fuse when it comes to other people and their mistakes.

MRR: Growing up where you all did, what were the bands you saw live that cemented your future involvement with playing music?

Andy: In the mid-'90s when I began going to shows, it was very different from now. I was into NOFX and Misfits and when, or if, they came to town it was a big thing. Nowadays it seems they get flown over for every one day festival there is. I think kids today are more spoiled and used to getting things very easily and fast. However, I don't think their style inspired me, but definitely the relentless non-stop tour attitude. Later on I got into a lot of DIY bands, Detestation and DS-13 among the first, who proved you could do all the touring without being major. That inspired me.

Manuela: I sort of gradually grew into punk rock, more than seeing one band or hearing one record that "changed my life." I can't really remember what my first favorite records were, maybe Nirvana was among them. I moved around some in my early teens, and never felt really at home anywhere; not when I moved back to my hometown for high school either. I started to hang out in the punk scene in Copenhagen and Malmö, and the energy and music of all that seemed to fit with me. From there it sort of spawned in to music in general.

Anton: Personally what really got me into music wasn't a live performance but seeing the cover of Weezer's first album when I was ten. I instantly knew that I would love it. They looked so insanely dorky. I could totally relate. And then their sound was just immense, totally blew me away, and that's when I knew that I would play, or at least try to play, music. I never grew up in the punk scene.

MRR: But did you guys have local venues of any kind to see bands growing up? Like all-ages show venues, or even maybe in school? Were there local bands from your neighborhoods that you thought were cool, punk or otherwise?

Andy: I've spent a lot of time at a local youth center called Hemgården. They had rehearsal spaces, helped us put on shows, held movie nights and so on. Really nice, and probably something very luxurious. That's where I met a lot of people who became punks, and punks who became people. Satanic Surfers used to rehearse there, and they were very inspirational to us kids. They went on tour, made records and were down to earth. The singer/drummer Rodrigo took time to record my old band's demo.

Anton: I'm from a small village outside the major towns where all the shows took place so I never really went to any shows as a kid. Not until one of my father's friends introduced me to Turbonegro, so I went to see them in Malmö. That was quite an epiphany.

MRR: I'm the type that doesn't always think lyrics are most important. With the lyrics of Terrible Feelings however, I've become obsessed. They not only match the tone of the music, but also all seem to work next to each other as if you're sticking to a manic, despair-fueled mission to endorse the joys of anxiety and melancholy, *or* cathartically exorcise these demons of worry from your souls. How did this come about? I've convinced myself that there's no way you could accidentally have lyrical content like this.

Andy: I'm not a lyrical man either, but I like when they are sharp and direct, and hopefully free from worn out phrases like, "set me free" or, "you and me were meant to be."

Anton: I agree with Andy that direct lyrics are the best. I guess I'm largely responsible for the somewhat bleak lyrical content of our songs, and there's a lot of thought behind the lyrics and the way they're meant to go along with the concept of the band. I believe that the musical content is number one, but good lyrics can truly enhance a song to become something really important. As for the anxiety and melancholy, I guess we all feel bad sometimes, perhaps not to the extent the lyrics suggest, but feelings you've felt still linger. Writing about scenarios way worse than your own feeling might be a way to "exorcise the demons" but I'm not really sure. I'm certainly not a person who revels in melancholy in my spare time. I guess I just think that dark lyrics are better, more powerful, and more suggestive than happy ones.

Manuela: Same goes for me. I write when I feel like shit, which is not most of the time, but happens enough for me to be able to produce some pretty dark stuff. Most lyrics I identify with are about feeling bad, so it's only natural for me to produce something in that vein. For me it's easier to access those moments and put them to paper than trying to explain in a not-overly-cheesy way something I feel happy about. Some of our songs are about hypothetical situations, or stuff we've read about, that are harsh enough to want to turn into a song.

Willy: I mean, who wants to hear happy lyrics?

MRR: Definitely a good point, Willy! I'll be honest, I'm pretty much a grouchy old snob when it comes to bands' live shows these days. To me, there's either a ridiculous lack of energy or a "studied craziness" that just comes off as trying too hard. When I saw you guys, however, it was, as I've already written in a show review, like someone let a wild animal loose in the room. And to me, it was totally from the heart; a seriously passionate performance that mesmerized all who were lucky enough to be there. Do you all just play your asses off naturally or does it have more to do with feeding off of each others' energy? Are you conscious of it?

Andy: There's always gonna be shows where you just can't give 100%, but I think we all do our best cause we've seen so many bands—good and bad—so we know what needs to be done.

Manuela: Playing a good show is crucial. If you can't be a good live band, I don't see any point in playing concerts. I hate watching people on stage that look as they don't wanna be there. I put a lot into playing live, and I just want there to be this sense of raw energy. I don't think I feed off of the other guys. I just try to make my own performance as good as possible.

Anton: I always put in a second gear when I feel that the audience is a bit weak or uncertain what they're about to witness. That encourages me to get really crazy—I guess to prove them wrong or whatever. But generally I just like to move around a little and as an audience member I always enjoy when there is visual energy on stage. And finally, Andy's drumming is really aggressive, so it's hard not to play your ass off naturally.

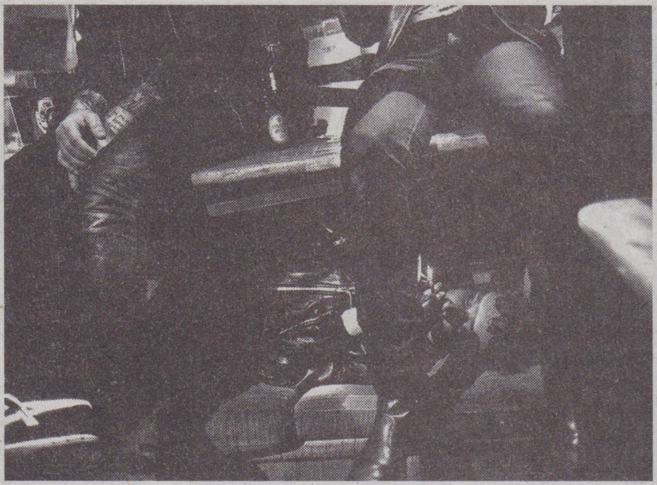
MRR: Terrible Feelings has thus far credited the music and lyrics to the whole band. Is that just an easy way to say that everyone contributes on some level, or do you guys actually sit down together batting around lyrics and riffs?

Andy: I just await Anton and Manuela's next master plan. I'm passive in that matter.

Anton: I have quite a musical background and have been writing songs for some time, so I usually have a somewhat complete song before we rehearse it. Same goes with the lyrics. I think it's easier that way, and saves shitloads of time. However, I usually don't have much to say about the bass and drums. I show it to Willy and Andy and they do their thing, nawaddamsayin'?

Willy: Anton always has insane riffs in the back of his head. Often he and Manuela present song-skeletons to me and Andy. I add little harmonies from the back of my very own head.

Manuela: We never write or jam songs together. Mostly it's Anton, and at times me, that have a finished song or concept we want to work with. My songs are always a bit weirder or more loosely arranged and I have more of an idea of what



I want the song to sound like. Anton helps me out with the guitar riffs and completes it. Sometimes he has a complete song but no lyrics, and then I'll try to write something fitting for that.

MRR: Anton, what's this musical background that you speak of?

Anton: Well my dad taught me guitar as a little boy and I always hung out when he rehearsed with his country band. Then as I got older I started playing the trumpet, haha. I went to a high school with a music-direction, which isn't necessarily good for you. The only thing that matters now from that time are all the people I met, some of whom I still play with in other bands.

MRR: And Anton, my Swedish brother from another mother, how did you come up with such a wild guitar rig? Please tell the kids at home what's on your pedal board.

Anton: Hey Mike! I miss you! Anyway back to the guitar matter: My dad had a lot of old guitars and stuff and I guess it started way back when I was a wee lad, looking through coffee table-books with pictures of old Fender nocasters and shit. I just like the old vintage stuff, but since I'm not a millionaire I buy cheap vintage-stuff. Hence I play on a Hagström (Swedish brand, did great guitars in the sixties and seventies), and on Musicman amplifiers. As for my pedal board I use a vintage Ibanez Delay to get that "sneaky surfesque sound." Other than that I really favor the Danish brand T-rex. I use their reverb, tremolo, and their distortion. Finally, I use a MXR micro-chorus and a boutique boost pedal that I keep on all the time. Dude, I am such a nerd, and I absolutely love it.

Willy: He's got twang, he's got fuzz, he's got some kaboom as well.

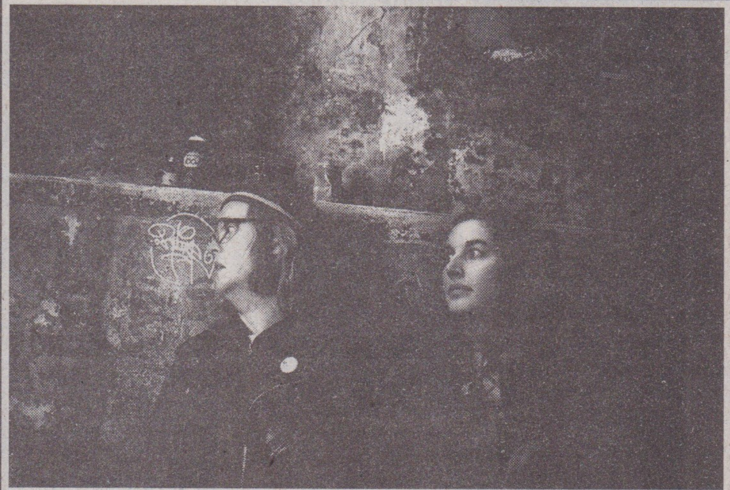
MRR: I'm assuming and hoping that you're working on a full length. Any thoughts on whether or not some of your older songs will be re-recorded for it?

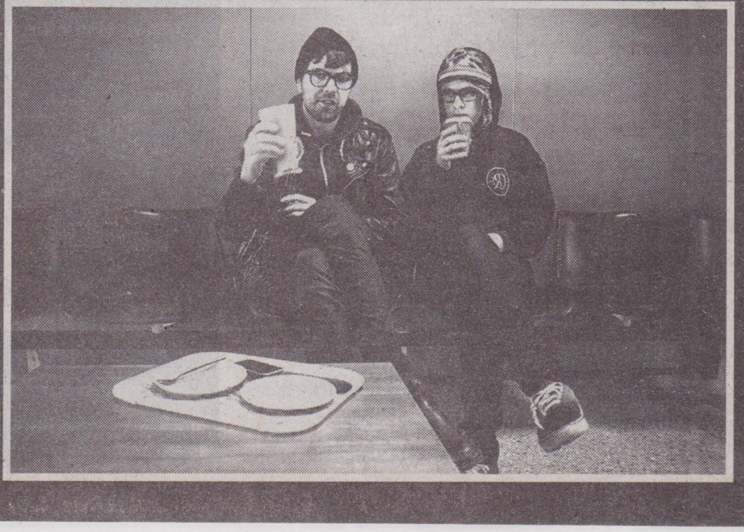
Andy: A friend of ours suggested that we should re-record "Impending Doom" and include it on the LP, but I'd rather move on and release all new material. People, including me, get scared when bands they like have a new release coming out. There's a fear of getting disappointed, but I guess you gotta have a little faith.

Anton: Yeah, I think we might be dealing with a fair amount of expectations, but I don't think it will inhibit us in the recording process. We have a clear idea about the LP, or at least its forming, and we will go through with it. And to answer the question, we will not re-record any of the old songs we've already recorded. That's like ordering the same meal twice at a restaurant where you know that all the food is delicious.

MRR: Oh man, that's embarrassing. I totally do that all the time! What's the next release scheduled to come out?

Manuela: We're recording in January, and want the record out by mid-March. The entire layout is supposed to be done around Christmas, so once the songs are mastered we can send everything off to print quickly. We have a pair of cool collaborations coming up in 2012 as well, but more on that when they're official.





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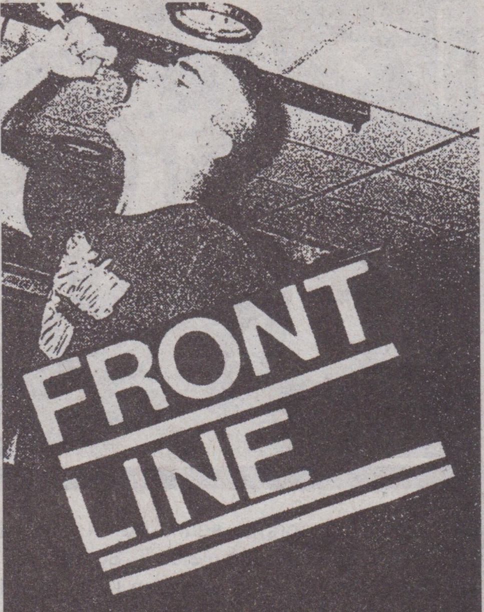

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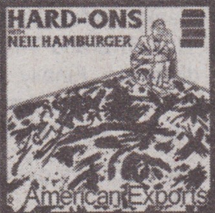

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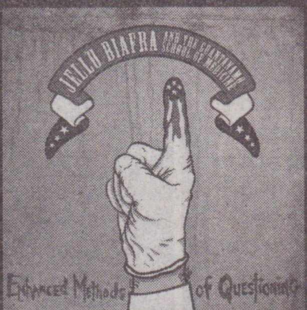
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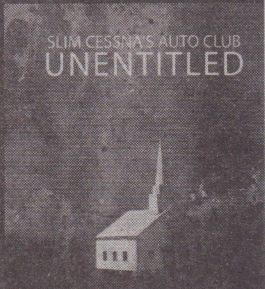

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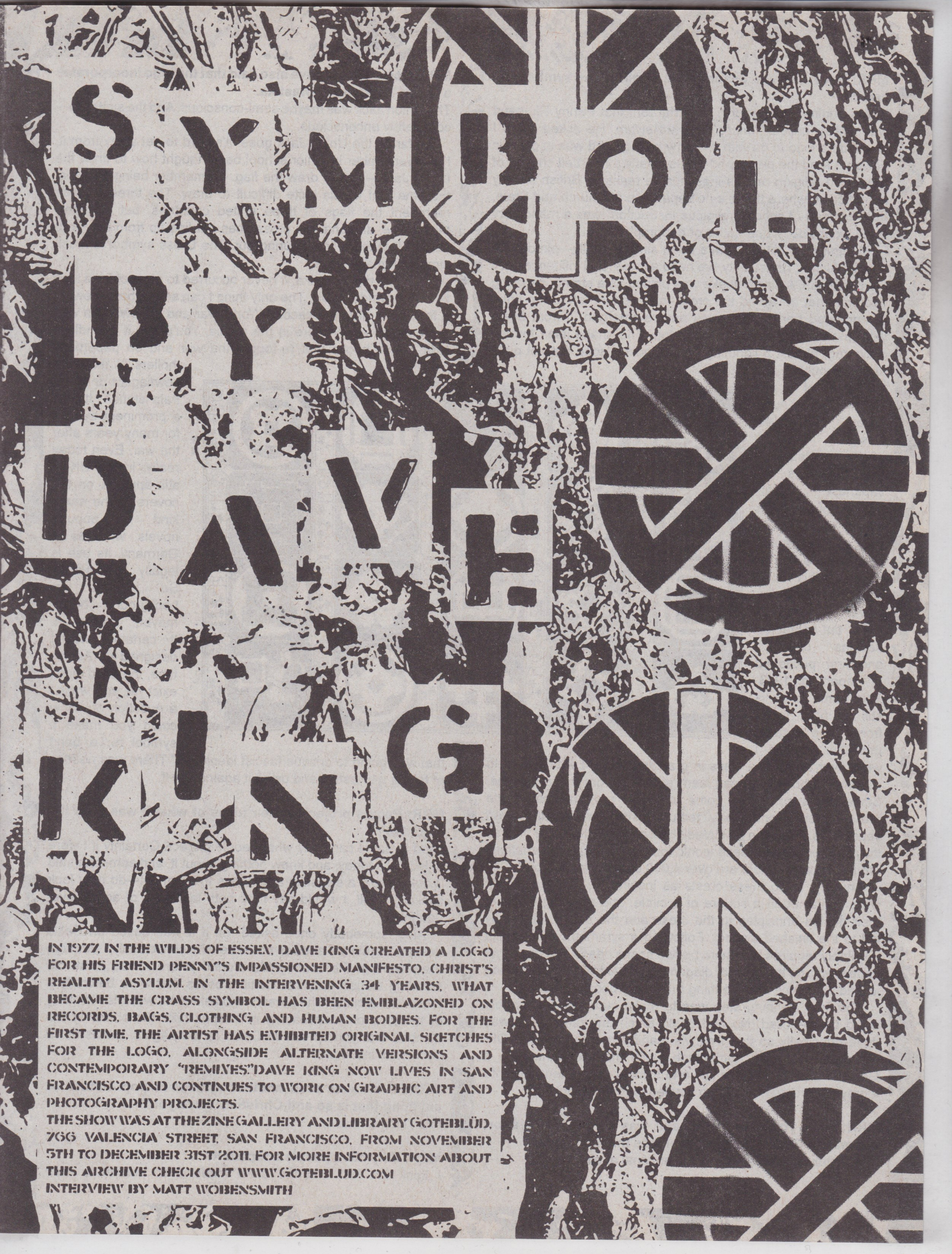
SYMBOL BY DAVE KING



IN 1977, IN THE WILDS OF ESSEX, DAVE KING CREATED A LOGO FOR HIS FRIEND PENNY'S IMPASSIONED MANIFESTO, CHRIST'S REALITY ASYLUM. IN THE INTERVENING 34 YEARS, WHAT BECAME THE CRASS SYMBOL HAS BEEN EMBLAZONED ON RECORDS, BAGS, CLOTHING AND HUMAN BODIES. FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE ARTIST HAS EXHIBITED ORIGINAL SKETCHES FOR THE LOGO, ALONGSIDE ALTERNATE VERSIONS AND CONTEMPORARY "REMIXES." DAVE KING NOW LIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO AND CONTINUES TO WORK ON GRAPHIC ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY PROJECTS.

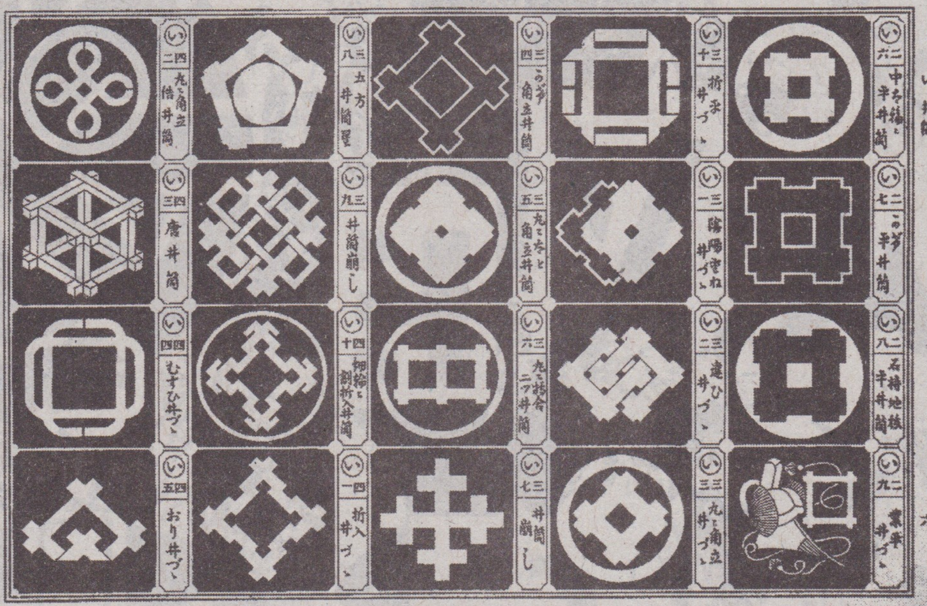
THE SHOW WAS AT THE ZINE GALLERY AND LIBRARY GOTEBLÜD, 766 VALENCIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, FROM NOVEMBER 5TH TO DECEMBER 31ST 2011. FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THIS ARCHIVE CHECK OUT WWW.GOTEBLUD.COM

INTERVIEW BY MATT WOBENSMITH

MRR: Dave, can you describe the origin of the symbol you created?
It was originally done for a powerful rant that Penny Rimbaud was writing called *Christ's Reality Asylum*. He asked me if I would do a logo to go with it, as my background was in graphic design. I read the piece, and it was clearly a heartfelt critique of organized religion and its inescapable reality in British society in particular, where there is no separation of Church and State. In every kind of school "religious instruction" was a mandatory class alongside mathematics or geography.

My first idea couldn't have been simpler really—almost too simple. Alright, Christianity, we need a cross. Evil influence, let's have a snake. A single snake was placed as a strong, negating diagonal that traversed the cross from bottom left to top right, disappeared behind the cross and re-emerged in front again with just one snake head at the top. The snake itself formed a zig-zag, almost a lightning bolt. It looked good but not quite strong enough.

One of my favorite books was called "Japanese Design Motifs," which featured line drawings of Japanese crests, the kind of symbol a clan or family would use as a graphic identity on a flag or kimono. This book was published by Dover Books in 1972, but contained designs collected and first published in Japan in 1913. This same book is still in print today from the same publisher, and if I were ever to teach a class in graphic design, I would want to assign this book. You can learn so much from these designs. Some are symmetrical, some strangely asymmetrical, some are geometric, and many feature birds, flowers and even vegetables. They can be incredibly complex at the same time as they are reduced to these iconic forms. The multiple variations are remarkable. There are over 4,000 designs in the book.



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Anyway, using these crests as inspiration, many of which were contained in a square or a circle, and applying some of their design principles to the cross and the snake, ultimately led to the finished symbol. Following a symmetrical approach inevitably required that there be two snake heads and once that happened and the original diagonal was centralized, everything locked into place and the thing practically began to spin.

The final, defining step was to make sure that the symbol could be stenciled. No part could touch any other. This was done principally so that Penny's manifesto, in a pre-punk DIY approach could be "homemade," with the text printed on a Gestetner copier and the title and symbol spray-stenciled onto a grey cardboard cover, then stapled together. Done!

MRR: When you added the snake, was it a conscious effort to create a Greek Ouroboros, or was that incidental?
Completely incidental. No, not intentional at all.

MRR: Some people have also said that the logo incorporates a Union Jack and a swastika.
The Union Jack was maybe semi-conscious. And the swastika—completely unconscious.

As far as the Union Jack goes, it's hard to get away from it. I also remember in junior school being taught how to draw the Union Jack—how to draw the flag. I remember being struck at the time that it was quite difficult to draw. The three crosses represent the flags of three united countries, but strangely the narrow, diagonal red cross does not line up from corner to corner. It takes a little figuring out. The Crass symbol is much simpler in many ways.

As far as the swastika, it never occurred to me, not for a long time afterwards, really. The only thing I can say is that I grew up a few years after the second World War and the swastika was represented everywhere in the media. You'd see it in endless kids' comic books that re-fought the war and on paperback thrillers in the local newsagent or at the train station. It was a prominent symbol for many years after the war. Even today really, in the UK, it still appears on the covers of the same kind of popular novels, whereas in Germany, its use is legally restricted. So, it was like background noise, maybe, filtered in. It certainly wasn't designed in. At this time, the band didn't exist yet, so it wasn't a question of: "How could you make a symbol for a band that was going to critique fascist ideology?" There was no idea of taking a swastika and using it against itself.

MRR: People projected their ideas of what it was onto the logo itself?
Hard to say. I can't say what people project. Certainly if I were to look at it today, and knew nothing about it, and someone said "Look, here's a swastika and here's this symbol—do they look similar?" Well, I would say they both look kind of aggressive! (laughter)

Also, somebody once asked me if it was based on Celtic designs. Again my answer would be "Not consciously," although there were in the countryside around where I lived some old standing stones—original Celtic crosses that were basically a cross with a circle. The person who asked me was also thinking of the kind of interweaving of shapes (like the snake in the symbol) that you do see in Celtic art but, again, it was not a conscious influence.

MRR: I've never seen another symbol in pop culture or anything that is so anti-Christian. Have you?
I don't think I have.

MRR: Why have people adopted it?
I think the fact that the band made it so central to their

presentation. They had the idea that if the big corporations had their logos, why couldn't they have their own symbol in opposition that was just as strong and pervasive?

MRR: Oddly enough, in doing so they've created a symbol that has all of the brand awareness of what Nike has to sneakers. The Crass logo is up there with other counterculture logos. Such brand recognition even today, it's somewhat ironic. When you see this symbol reproduced ad nauseum, what kind of feelings do you get?
Well, I have somewhat neutral feelings. I think if I had been a Crass band member I might have stronger feelings. I'm not opposed to variations so much now. There were times when the symbol would get reproduced, and the tongue of the snake would be missing. I would think, "It's a snake. It has to have a forked tongue. How could it be left off?" The only thing that still bothers me is when it's drawn with some of the separate shapes touching, which renders it impossible to stencil. It has to be stencil-able. But variation can make things interesting. I have grown to appreciate that. At this point I don't think the original symbol is really diluted or cheapened by multiple uses or indeed misuses.

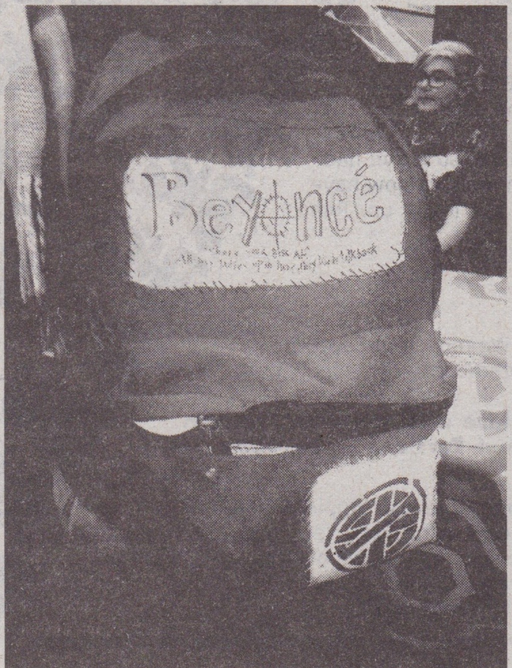
MRR: When you created this symbol, it was obviously a gift, and over the years you haven't asserted a copyright. Do you have feelings about copyrights?
Basically all artists have inherent, recognized rights to their own creations and actual copyrighting shouldn't be necessary. When the logo that was designed for the book was later adopted by the band, I don't know if they consciously wanted to make it anti-copyright so that anyone could use it. What came to be known as the Crass symbol just became so ubiquitous so quickly. People coming to the gigs would see it on flyers, on stage and of course it was on all the records. Almost immediately it was everywhere, not least on the fans' clothing. It was very accessible to anyone. I don't think you could have contained it if you wanted to.

MRR: By virtue of its easy reproducibility?
Yes. By anyone with a piece of cardboard, some kind of knife and a spray can. The individual parts of the symbol are pretty basic shapes.

MRR: What if a major US sports gear maker like Adidas decided to make sneakers with it? How would it make you feel?
I don't think I'd like to see that. Obviously it represents the band and also, I think, it belongs to the fans, however you define that word. If someone wants to stencil it on their jacket or go so far as to tattoo it on their arm, then it's theirs, on their body. As far as it being used by an unrelated company, it doesn't really make any sense to me to have it represent anything else than what it already does. To me it wouldn't make sense for Adidas to use it. I don't know. I just associate it mostly with the band, very much with the period within which the band was operating. I don't think the symbol is particularly dated, though you can probably tell it was designed in the '70s. It doesn't look like it's from the '60s or '30s. But perhaps the fact that it has some classical elements, has kept it somewhat timeless.

MRR: In a nutshell, you'd say that this symbol has become the embodiment of what Crass has done. Putting it on a sneaker would lessen its meaning, taken out of context—just the logo itself.
This raises the crucial question, "Can the symbol be co-opted?" For better or worse we live in a media culture of appropriation, homage, and mash-ups.

MRR: I'm gonna say that I'd love to see it on Adidas sneakers, on iPhone cases, because I feel like the symbol itself, regardless of the band, is so subversive. When Angelina Jolie wears it on a shirt she might be making a fashion statement—who knows—but the fact that it's this incredible indictment of Christianity, pushed into the face of middle America...I think that's what young people are gravitating towards. When they paint it on their jacket, they may or may not be Crass fans. I think it embodies anger and frustration over authority. There's almost nothing else to replicate their feelings. I think it almost cannot be co-opted. The symbol itself is inherently blasphemous. There's no way to reduce it in a way that would take away from the power of the symbol. Maybe this isn't relevant for the booklet.
I don't know! (laughter)

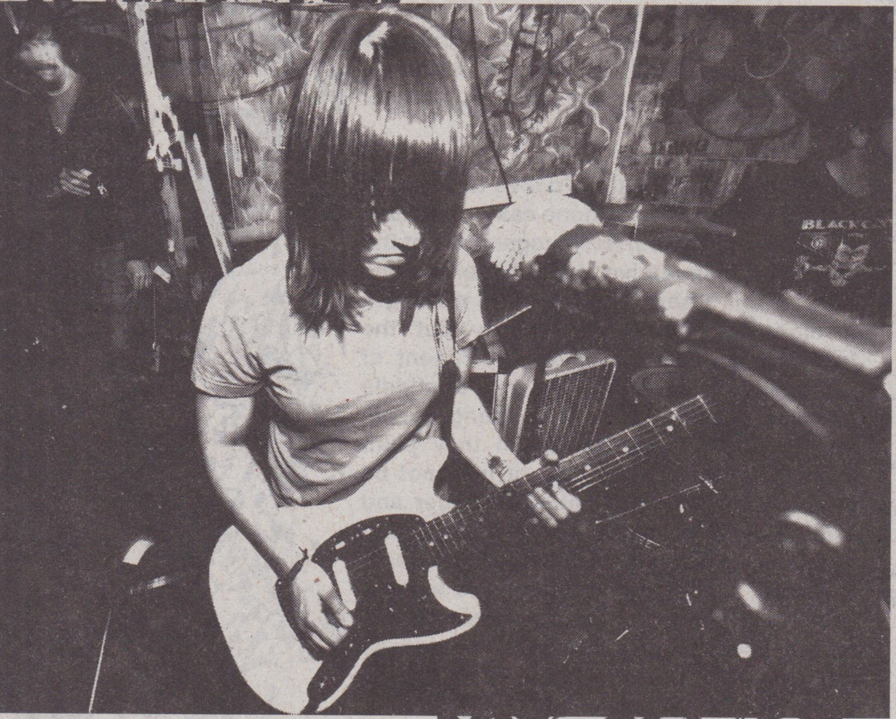


BIG EYES

Big Eyes is a rock'n'roll band. Perhaps they're a lot of other things, too, garage or pop or punk, but their live set undeniably has the two essential elements in all great rock: their music is loud, and it kicks ass. It's been a big year for the trio, releasing their debut album, relocating to the West Coast, and gaining a new member. On a rainy night in Portland, I interviewed my new neighbors on the penultimate night of their six-week North American tour in support of their new LP "Hard Life."

Interview by Aaron Attica

Photos by Donna Baluchi and Emily Denton



MRR: The last time I saw you play was at Fest 9 last year. What's changed in the year since then?

CJ: We have a new member, Chris, and we have a new record.

Kate: Actually we've had two new records since then, because the "Why Can't I" single came out in...when did that come out?

CJ: I have no idea.

Kate: That came out in early 2011, so we've had a 7" single and an LP since then, and we now have Chris Costalupes playing bass, tearing it up. Reno represent.

Chris: Woo-woo.

MRR: And Seattle?

Kate: Yeah, that's a new thing. We moved to Seattle.

CJ: We moved to Seattle in September.

MRR: I can definitely empathize with the great western migration...why Seattle and not Portland or California or Arizona?

Kate: I went to Seattle pretty often the last couple of years to visit friends, and it's just a beautiful city. Being from New York...the whole area, New York, New Jersey is kind of humid and overcrowded. Seattle is still a major city, but it's just, it's beautiful you know. There are lots of trees there, and it doesn't smell like hot garbage in July.

MRR: (laughs) Right.

Kate: I grew up in New York. I felt like I was destined to move to the West Coast at some point, and Seattle was always one of my favorite cities. I had spent time there in all different months of the year. CJ and I were actually there playing in another band a couple of years ago on the hottest day...

CJ: ...in recorded history.

Kate: Yeah, it was in '09 and it was 103 degrees.

CJ: 105°.

Kate: Yeah, and I was there last November for Thanksgiving, and it snowed, and it rarely ever snows in Seattle. The whole city shuts down and I thought, "Wow, I was here in the heat wave, I was here when it snowed, I can deal with these extremes." It's a beautiful city and it's just a nice change and a breath of fresh air.

MRR: Totally. So what's it like psychologically to move a band? I know you're a trio, and there's less personnel issues involved in doing that, but like what's the mentality of totally relocating and leaving your home scene and dropping down somewhere new?

CJ: Well we left a one-year plan with the intention to tour a lot, so Seattle's not exactly like a home as much as it's a place that we go to at the end of tour.

Kate: And it's a really nice place to be for a month or two.

CJ: We definitely moved there for the weather (laughs). Also, of all the touring we've done we haven't really had an opportunity to do a lot of West Coast stuff, and now that's a big part of what we do.

Kate: If we were still in New York and New Jersey we would all have fifteen reasons that we couldn't go on tour for six or eight weeks, we would all have rent to pay. We're kind of just crowd... couch surfing right now. Crowd surfing? Couch surfing. We're kind of couch surfing in Seattle at the moment, which is a little bit frustrating sometimes obviously, but we don't have things that are holding us back. I miss my family and everything, but I don't have any family in Seattle, so I'm not like, "Oh, my family needs me to be here," or like "my job..." or "my boyfriend..." We all just get temporary jobs and we don't have anything holding us back.

CJ: We're definitely on tour more than we're not on tour.

MRR: Now is this the first time for all of you getting to the point of touring where touring is more of your time than not touring?

Kate: Absolutely.

CJ: Yeah, none of us have done this before.

Kate: I've wanted to do this since I started playing guitar when I was twelve years old.

Chris: I had no intention of playing music again for a long time before Kate called me and asked me to be in this band. This is all I ever wanted to do, be in a full time band. So it works pretty well for me.

Kate: Yeah, Chris was the first person that CJ and I even thought of.

CJ: Yeah, the very first person.

Kate: We met Chris about a year and a half ago when he was living in New York for a few months, and he came with us on tour for a few days on the west coast, and we all got along great. He was the only person we thought of, like right off the bat. So I called him and he said, "yes" immediately. It was great, I felt awesome.

MRR: So from your demo, which created a moment in time for the people who started paying attention to what you're doing, from that point, what were you looking to do with "Hard Life?" What were you pushing towards from the demo to the album?

Kate: For the demo, I had these songs that I had already recorded demos for, and I showed them to the guys and we just pretty much played them exactly how I recorded them. But with "Hard Life," there was a little bit more of a band writing process. I still write all the songs but there was a little bit more of a helping hand here or there, like "let's have this one chord here to change the bridge," or "let's slow the song down or speed it up." The demo, that was pretty much all me trying to get this band going because my last two bands had just broken up and I was just really frustrated, and I just wanted to just fucking do it, just start this new band and get it going. CJ and I had already been in bands together, so I knew that I wanted CJ from the start. The album definitely has a poppier sound, and a bit of my songwriting has maybe changed to be a bit poppier. It's still pretty rockin', it's not like a straight up pop album or anything like that, you know?

MRR: How are things different being on a label like Don Giovanni that has a pretty diverse roster and yet is still pretty localized in the NY/NJ area? Does anything feel different about that label experience?

CJ: It definitely inspired us to hit the road the way that we did, to get our record out, and to get it heard, to get some attention drawn to it. It pushed us to fucking push ourselves.

Chris: One of the things that I've always thought about Don Giovanni is there are bands on there like Screaming Females and Laura Stevenson and the Cans that are really hard working bands, and they're doing really well for themselves and putting themselves out there. They're on the road and they're active bands. We're on the same page as that, so people know that we're associated with bands that are hard-working and with people who are compromising their chance at having a regular lifestyle to be in a touring band...to be out there playing for the people that appreciate the music.

Kate: Getting out there and busting your ass.

Chris: Yeah.

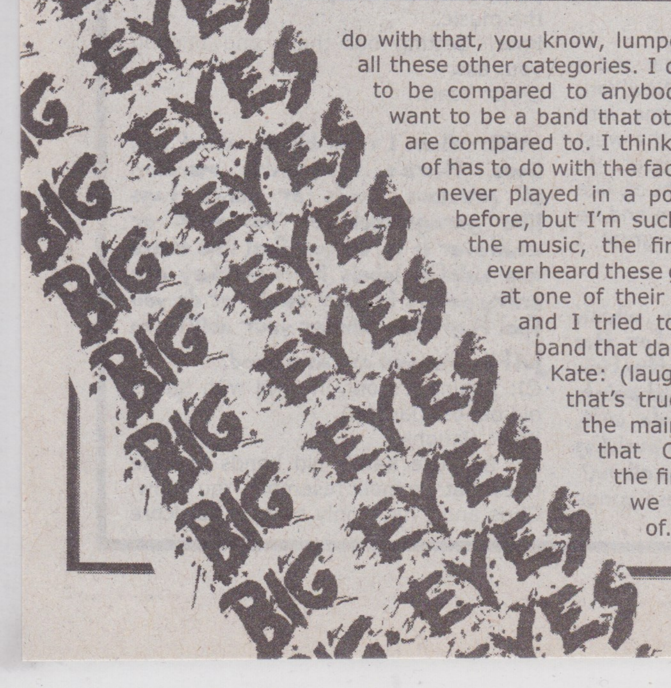
MRR: When I read blurbs about Big Eyes, there's frequently mention of previous bands or genre tags like "garage rock" or "pop punk" or whatever it is. Do you feel like these are helpful labels in that they are entry points to your music, or do you feel that they hinder your ability to just be who you are as a band?

CJ: I think it's only helpful with Kate's old bands. (laughs)

Kate: (laughs)

CJ: Because Kate's old bands are the ones that we most resemble. You know, Chris and I have only been in hardcore

bands and punk bands with very little pop influence. But it definitely helps.
Kate: Yeah, especially when we first started, people would often say, "Oh, I love your old band Cheeky," but we live in the Internet age and bands become obsolete very fast. Big Eyes' first show was on New Year's Eve in 2009, and the first few months after we started a lot of people would come up to me and say, "Oh I love your old band, so that's why I'm here." That still happens sometimes, but I feel like that was more helpful in the beginning. I think that at this point, Big Eyes may be—to flatter myself—overshadowing my old bands. We never play a specific sort of show, like you were saying, with the labels, like it's garage punk, or pop punk, or anything...actually on the East Coast we played a lot of shows with hardcore and grind bands, and then we'd go and we'd play with acoustic bands or pop punk bands. We're just trying to get out there and we're not trying to play just one sort of show, because that gets really boring.
Chris: Yeah, the bands that Big Eyes has played with spreads all the way from Paul Baribeau to Burning Love.
CJ: It definitely reflects what's going on when it's just us driving around going to shows, we're all such fans of music that we can just go and play with any type band and be open-minded and just fucking enjoy the experience of being a band.
Chris: I've definitely heard people tell us that from the flyers, not knowing anything about us, or just hearing from their friends that we're garagey or poppy that they weren't expecting us to be as loud or as rocking as we really are. You put that connotation in front of it, especially with all the lo-fi bullshit that's going on these days, I don't think we want anything to do with that, you know, lumped in with all these other categories. I don't want to be compared to anybody else; I want to be a band that other bands are compared to. I think that kind of has to do with the fact that I've never played in a poppy band before, but I'm such a fan of the music, the first time I ever heard these guys I was at one of their practices, and I tried to join the band that day.
Kate: (laughs) Yeah, that's true. One of the main reasons that Chris was the first person we thought of...



CJ: I remember my reaction at the time was "Who the fuck is this guy?" (laughs) "I've known him for like five minutes."
Kate: We used to practice at my old house in Brooklyn, and a couple friends brought Chris over one day last spring, and he was watching us practice, and I'm pretty self-conscious that in the back of my mind, I thought "Is he mocking me right now? Is he kidding?"

MRR: Is it intimidating to move out here and leave your network and all of a sudden you don't necessarily have go-to people in every town within a three-hour radius?
CJ: There was definitely a huge element of starting over again when we moved out here.
Kate: It's pretty humbling.
CJ: That's a big reason why we moved out here. We weren't like a huge band in NY/NJ...
Kate: Not at all.
CJ: ...but our shows were good, you know, we could rely on that, having a good tour kickoff show. Then we moved out here and we're just back to the grind of promoting as hard as we can making sure people come out. That's just part of what we're doing.
Chris: And there's a million reasons not to do it if you're back at home. Now we're out here, and we can't get into a routine where we can rely on certain people knowing us, certain things happening, working out a certain way, and now it's a fresh start. It's a new hustle.

MRR: Kate, someone mentioned to me tonight that you have a really unique guitar tone, which is something I was thinking during the show as well. Would you consider yourself an obsessive guitarist on the level of tweaking your levels all the time? Or do you just turn it up and play?
Kate: That's flattering to hear. My amp was definitely squealing tonight, ha-ha. Well, I know what I like to use and how I like to sound. I don't really like using other peoples' gear for the most part. I've actually recently changed my set up a little bit. I've been using Chris's Marshall 4x12 cabinet with my Music Man head. For a long while I was using my Fender 2x12 cabinet. As a three piece band, I recently started feeling that the sound was too thin for me to get up there with a Fender guitar, with single coils, and play through that head with that cab. So I decided when we came out here, I needed to beef it up little a bit. I love the tube sound of my head, and I always have my gain all the way up on 9 or 10, just kind of cranking it, getting that natural overdrive.

MRR: On your recordings, I noticed there's a good deal of two simultaneous guitar parts going on. Is that an intentional choice to broaden the sound on the recording from what the live sound is?
Kate: If there were just one guitar it would sound too thin. We're not trying to be some crazy heavy band, but we have a heavy element to us, and it would sound too weak with only one guitar on the record. Maybe we'll get a fourth member and have a second guitar player. That might happen, who knows.

MRR: Where'd you get the name of the band?
Kate: We all decided at an early band practice that we were going to name our band after a Cheap Trick song, and then I was kind of brainstorming and calling and texting the guys, and then all of a sudden it hit me. "Big Eyes!" and we all agreed on it immediately.
CJ: It was pretty much the obvious choice.

MRR: It's funny to image search your band because you get all these weird pictures of people with their eyes wide open.
Chris: You mean our fans.
Kate: (laughs) I like that, Chris.

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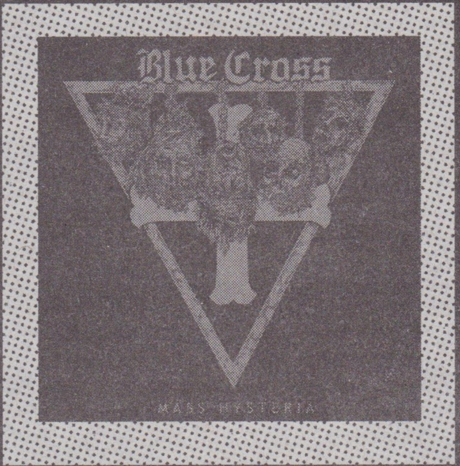

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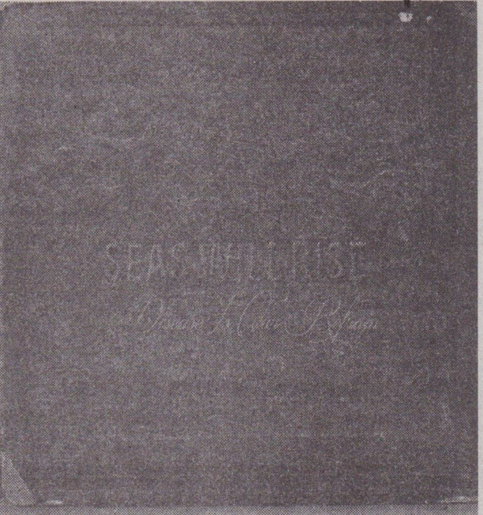

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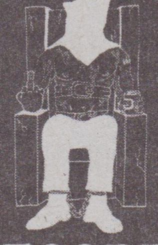

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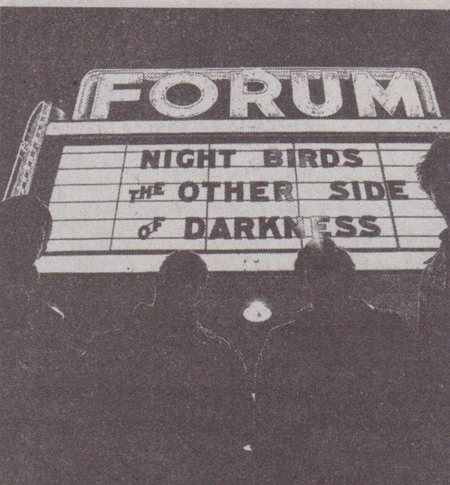

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RAPID LOSS

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada lies in the heartland of the western prairies and is the most populated, northern city in the country. It has the reputation for being a cold, tough and intense city built on the proceeds from the oil and natural gas industry that has come under fire recently due to some people's concerns of the economic boom's effect on the environment and communities. It's also considered a right-wing nightmare for liberal minded individuals.

This is the birthplace of Rapid Loss, one of the finest hardcore bands to play this brand of punk rock to come out of this region in a long while. Raised on a steady diet of Jerry's Kids, Agnostic Front and Negative Approach, they are starting to raise eyebrows and make people stand up and take notice, everywhere they play. Here are a few words I had with members of the band…

Interview by Dave Quirk

Photos by Bubba Hamilton

and Evan Voltron.

MRR: Okay, let's start with a bit of a roll call, names and what you play in the band and anyone else that's missing?

Kale: I'm Kale and I play guitar.

Mark: I'm Mark and I play bass.

Ian: I'm Ian and I sing.

Mark: Jesse is not present and doesn't matter, he plays drums.

MRR: Enquiring minds want to know, how did Rapid Loss come to fruition?

Kale: Well, I was living in Saskatoon and getting sick of it and started writing a bunch of jams. Then I ended up moving back here to Edmonton and got a hold of these guys and made sure they were down and we just kind of went for it.

MRR: Some of you have been in other bands (Ian/Geister, Mark/Bat'leth, Kale/Thrashtic Fibrosis), what does Rapid Loss let you do or say that these others didn't?

Kale: For me, other bands I've been in, I've never contributed to the lyrical content. It's a lot more personal than any of the other bands I've been in.

Ian: I'd say, it's an easier ride for me, I don't have to play any instruments and Kale writes a lot of the lyrics. I write some too.

MRR: So you're pretty much the hired goon?

Ian: Yes, I am a hired goon.

Mark: I'm a hired goon, for sure. They tell me where to go and I go there but it's a lot of fun because all the jams are really short and fast. Our set is usually only like 16 minutes, kind of thing. So it's fun to play just, bang, bang, bang!

MRR: You've recently released a 7" EP on your own, what are some of the challenges you've faced so far with doing it this way?

Kale: Distribution.

Ian: Money.

Kale: Yeah, those and just dealing with the pressing plants and stuff. I've never done it before but Ian has done a record with Geister like that.

Ian: It's just a headache. Labels exist for a reason so that it's not such a headache for the band to release a record.

Kale: But for us, it was pretty essential, we didn't really want to sit around and wait for someone to come along. We could have been waiting forever. So, we basically treated the 7" as a demo.

Ian: A very expensive demo.

Mark: It was a good experience, even though it was definitely a headache but it was nice to have that under your belt for a little experience of knowing how much of a pain it really is.

Kale: It gives you a little more respect for people that do it for you next time.

MRR: Alright, tell me a little bit about the recording of the 7".

Kale: We did it with Mike Lefebvre (Poser Disposer/DFA/Rehashed) in Saskatoon at…

Mark: The Avenue Recording Company.

Kale: Yeah, recorded it all live off the floor and did it in about two days.

Ian: Even the vocals were done live.

Mark: I think the whole recording was done in one day and mixing the next.

Ian: It was probably more expensive than I personally would have wanted but it sounds pretty good.

Kale: It was nice to just bang them off and work with him too. They did a pretty good job for us.

Mark: Lefty had a real good vision of what it should sound like.

MRR: A band's name is a way of identifying itself to its peers. What made you guys want to use it?

Kale: (A) It just sound cool; and (B) I think it fits well with how we feel.

MRR: Represents your start to finish stage presence?

Kale: Haha. More like a testament to my hairline. (Room explodes into laughter) It definitely fits the lyrics of what we write.

Ian: They're pretty negative and self-loathing.

Kale: So they're expressing the feeling of being constantly shoved around and it being a losing battle, sometimes.

Ian: We did come up with it after a few pretty shitty band names and ones that were already taken.

Mark: Like Rabid Habit.

Ian: That wasn't even one of them. The original one was "Curtains" and it sounded too fucking Throwdown-y.

Mark: I liked when Kale would say it though, because he would say it like, "It's Curtains for you, bud!"

Kale: There's already a band called, It's Curtains for You.

Ian: I just pictured college font and was immediately turned off.

Mark: We were Double Crossed after that.

Ian: I think we were supposed to be that for the first show but found out there's a band already called that and changed it pretty close to the show date.

Kale: Ian wanted Rabid Dogs but there's like thirty bands called that already.

Mark: A lot with the name, we were jamming in my basement at the time and it was mentioned and we were all like, "I could live with that."

Ian: I remember just repeating it a lot of time to myself, "Rapid Loss… Rapid Loss. Yeah!"

Kale: And then we came up with the logo and we were all down.

MRR: A lot of people try attaching older bands to newer ones to help describe their sound, how would you guys explain what you're going for?

Kale: What we've heard but I don't see it fully, maybe because it's dark, fast and chaotic, is Jerry's Kids. It's dark and heavy but the fast stuff is fast but they do have some slow ragers that make you wanna blow your brains out.

MRR: Always a good thing.

Ian: Yeah, everyone says the Boston thing.

MRR: I've heard you described that way quite a bit.

Ian: I don't know, influence wise, Poison Idea is one of my favorite bands and Die Kreuzen but I don't think we sound like them.

Kale: We draw from basically, "all-over-the-map" hardcore style. Somehow we got labelled that we were going for that Boston HC sound.

Mark: The whole point of it is fast, short songs and the slow ones keep heavy.

Ian: Fast without stupid power violence.

Kale: Fast without blast! Haha.

MRR: What are some of your motivators, music or otherwise?

Kale: Pusssssssssyyyy!!!!!!!! (Once more, the room erupts)

Ian: Only Kale would say that. I don't know, it's the same thing with almost everyone. There are the shitty things in life that make you wanna play pissed off music.

MRR: Just an outlet to get things off your chest?

Ian: Well, for me, especially with this band, it's twenty minutes to just rage!

Kale: Like you said, it being an "outlet". We're all smiley people but if you read one of our song lyrics you'd be like, "Holy, this guy really wants to off himself. He's got one foot in the grave already."

Ian: We all question Kale's willingness to live.

Kale: I'm on constant suicide watch.

Ian: Every jam, we have the suicide hotline on speakerphone.

MRR: Winter is almost upon us (if not here by date of publication), what do you do as a band to help with the isolation and depression of living in a frozen, desolate wasteland?

Kale: For me, write songs.

Ian: Play fewer shows and write more stuff.

MRR: Do you try and get out more on the road?

Mark: Yeah, last year, we went on tour on Boxing Day and got back a few days after New Year's.

Ian: That was a lot of fun.

Kale: It was scary, at times.

MRR: Did you just keep it in Western

Canada?

Mark: We were like, where is it really snowy with bad roads? Let's go that way!

Kale: In a 1990 Econoline van.

Mark: It took us 28 hours to get back from Vancouver.

Kale: How long was it just from Calgary to Edmonton to get back?

Mark: Aw, jeez, like 5-6 hours.

Ian: I stayed in Vancouver and flew back. Haha.

MRR: Well played.

Kale: We had Mitch with us so we had to go back through Calgary.

Mark: The thing was, Mitch was pretty drunk when we played Calgary and wanted to come with us to Vancouver. He said, "I'll drive, sell merch, I'll help carry gear, etc."

Ian: Every time we loaded gear, he had a fucking beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other and just shrugged his shoulders, "What can I do?"

Kale: And then he doesn't drive at all and is like 8' tall.

Mark: And the closest he came to selling a t-shirt was walking by the merch table and spilling a beer on them.

MRR: Everyone started out listening to the same types of punk bands like Ramones, Bad Brains, etc. What was one of the first bands you heard a recording of or saw live that knocked you on your ass and made you want to play music?

Ian: For me, it was the Damned. When I got into punk I got way into UK '77 but I also grew up skateboarding and always heard Minor Threat and old hardcore stuff too. It all sort of mixed from there.

Mark: Well, I was from Edson (small Alberta town) so…

MRR: So you first heard the Clash in 1998…

Mark: Yeah, when I first moved, they finally got high speed internet there. Actually, I was fourteen and I came in to Edmonton to see the Misfits in '98 at Polish Hall. That was the first punk show I had been to and it blew my mind.

Kale: I think for me, I had been going to a lot of local shows and collecting records but the time I saw Conflict in Montreal was really powerful and a bit of a game changer.

MRR: You've been to the west coast of Canada and as far east as Montreal, what have been some memorable experiences on tour that you can share? Don't worry. Your mom's won't read this.

Kale: Memorable, I guess Esson's freak out in Ottawa, getting rolled in Ottawa. Blacking out and spray painting our name all over Thunder Bay, Ontario.

Mark: That's where we met Lazer.

MRR: Whoa. Expand on Lazer?

Mark: We just went to this club and begged to get on the show. She said yes and we introduced ourselves and she said her name was Lazer. I said, "I'm sorry. I obviously heard that wrong. What's your name again?" "It's Lazer."

Ian: We found out later that her last name was Lassaria or something so it wasn't even really that cool.

Kale: Playing with the Casualties in Montreal was pretty fucking hilarious.

Ian: The only one who bought merch that night was Jake from the Casualties.

MRR: Well, that's good.

Ian: I guess.

Kale: After that, the usual, blowing tires, brakes failing, van troubles. I should have brought the shit list. We documented all the shitty things that happened on our summer tour.

MRR: What are some of your opinions on the punk/underground scene in Edmonton and neighboring cities? Has there been a good response when you play outside the city limits?

Kale: We get a better response outside the city than when we play here.

Ian: I think; recently, our shows have been getting better here like people kind of, maybe, give a shit.

Mark: When we started, we pretty much high tailed it out of town all the time.

Kale: We really haven't played a lot of shows here.

MRR: It seems you actually prefer to play out of town?

Kale: Yeah, if we play Calgary, we do better than when we play here.

Ian: I think Calgary people are more into the kind of hardcore that we're playing.

Kale: There's also the retarded "party" stigma attached to this scene. Everyone likes having a good time but…

Ian: Edmonton's kind of getting known as a "party" city and not for putting out good bands. There are some really good bands but in a lot of different genres. Not necessarily just hardcore.

Mark: There is a wide array of bands.

Ian: A lot of them will mix and play shows together which is nice.

Kale: Calgary and Vancouver are awesome every time but here people just kind of sod us off.

MRR: You're friends with a lot of people in cities like Saskatoon, Calgary, Vancouver and Winnipeg, is there anything going on there that you think may be worthwhile mentioning to *MRR* readers to check out?

Kale: Obviously, here would be Geister, No Problem…

Mark: Messiahlator.

Kale: Then, Vancouver would be Sick Charade and Total War.

Ian: Nü Sensae.

Mark: I like that White Lung band a lot. They sound pretty cool.

Kale: I enjoyed, when we went on tour, hanging out with those Total Trash guys in Toronto.

Mark: Rehashed from Saskatoon just put something out.

Ian: Rehashed is pretty good.

MRR: What's the next step for Rapid Loss? Any tours planned? Any new releases planned?

Mark: I think a full length is the next order of action.

Kale: We're recording next month with Steve from No Problem.

Ian: Oh, are we? Haha.

(There was about eight seconds of dead air on the digital recorder)

Ian: Yeah, hopefully doing a full length, if someone wants to put it out! (hint, hint)

Kale: And then a split with Sick Charade. As for tours, we've been talking about spring break.

MRR: You mean you're not going to Tijuana for spring break?

Ian: Make sure we hit some college parties on the way down.

Kale: We'd like to do west coast states. It's too hard to get out east right now.

Ian: West coast states are so quick and easy. You can do a ten day tour and it's pretty extensive.

Kale: Like the one we did down east was like fourteen shows in a month.

Mark: More like sixteen dates in twenty-eight days.

MRR: Anything left unsaid that you want to say? Any stone unturned?

Kale: Uh, sod off and daddy likey!

MRR: Is that one of the possible titles of the LP?

Ian: You read it here first; Kale Hegberg is the originator of "Daddy likey!"

Kale: I want that in there, in print.

MRR: Alright, let's wrap it up. Thanks

Rapid Loss: Thanks!

booking/merch:
kale_hegberg87@hotmail.com

www.rapidloss.bandcamp.com/
album/a-dark-place-e-p

UNRULED

The Unruled were a groundbreaking hardcore band from Montreal forming in the early '80s. They released one ripping UK-influenced 7" before breaking up. A thousand copies were pressed, but it is uncertain how many copies were released to the public. Keep your eyes open for this 7" as it doesn't pop up often.

The band reformed many years later with Sammi and Chany from Inepsy providing drums and vocals. Unruled have reformed and have been a force to reckon with. The band has released The Butchers of Warfare LP compiles the mainstay of their '80s set with a few new songs written and recorded with the new line up.

Schizophrenic records has reissued the Time is Running Out 7" with a bonus track recorded at the same session. In addition, the band is working on a new 12" also to be released on Schizophrenic records.

Watch for Unruled to come to a town near you. The following conversation was with Unruled bassist Pat God and Timmyfuck.

Interview by Craig Caron

MRR: Let's not waste any time. Can we get to the roots? Who was the first musician that made you want to pick up and play an instrument?

No one really. I just wanted to start a band as fast as I could. At first, I wanted to play drums but soon realized that it was cheaper to buy a bass guitar and that it was easier to learn to play it. I guess if I had to really pick someone then it would have to be Wax. He was the first guy who I've ever met that played guitar and already had a band.

MRR: Can you tell us about some of the things that caught your ear or eye and got you into this wonderful punk life? What year would that have been roughly?

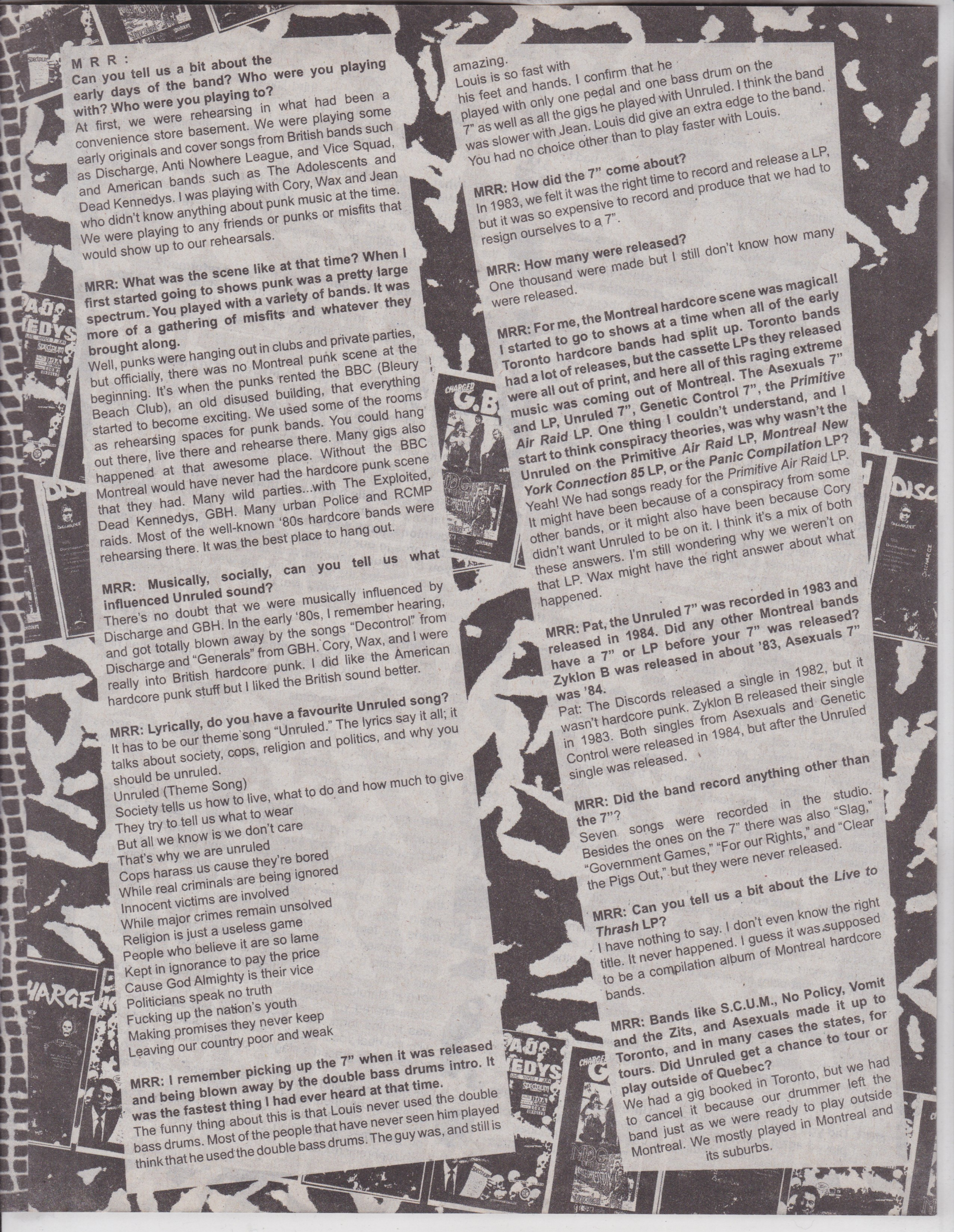
Funny! I remember watching a TV show about British punk rock bands on the national network in 1980. I immediately thought that it was for me. Next day, I went to buy many early punk LPs. I also tried to learn as much as I could about punk by reading magazines and having friends from the Montreal punk scene.

MRR: Pat did you play in any bands before the Unruled?

Pat: Not really. I rehearsed with a band named the Scarecrows for a while but nothing really happened with that band.

MRR: What brought the Unruled together?

Wax played in S.C.U.M. and then played in a band named Zyklon B. I remember going to the Zyklon B rehearsals. I watched them every weekend while I was learning to play bass during the week. It wasn't going well between Wax and the other guitar player from Zyklon B, so after a while, I asked Wax to start a new band with me and I came up with the name Unruled.



MRR:
Can you tell us a bit about the early days of the band? Who were you playing with? Who were you playing to?
At first, we were rehearsing in what had been a convenience store basement. We were playing some early originals and cover songs from British bands such as Discharge, Anti Nowhere League, and Vice Squad, and American bands such as The Adolescents and Dead Kennedys. I was playing with Cory, Wax and Jean who didn't know anything about punk music at the time. We were playing to any friends or punks or misfits that would show up to our rehearsals.

MRR: What was the scene like at that time? When I first started going to shows punk was a pretty large spectrum. You played with a variety of bands. It was more of a gathering of misfits and whatever they brought along.
Well, punks were hanging out in clubs and private parties, but officially, there was no Montreal punk scene at the beginning. It's when the punks rented the BBC (Bleury Beach Club), an old disused building, that everything started to become exciting. We used some of the rooms as rehearsing spaces for punk bands. You could hang out there, live there and rehearse there. Many gigs also happened at that awesome place. Without the BBC Montreal would have never had the hardcore punk scene that they had. Many wild parties...with The Exploited, Dead Kennedys, GBH. Many urban Police and RCMP raids. Most of the well-known '80s hardcore bands were rehearsing there. It was the best place to hang out.

MRR: Musically, socially, can you tell us what influenced Unruled sound?
There's no doubt that we were musically influenced by Discharge and GBH. In the early '80s, I remember hearing, and got totally blown away by the songs "Decontrol" from Discharge and "Generals" from GBH. Cory, Wax, and I were really into British hardcore punk. I did like the American hardcore punk stuff but I liked the British sound better.

MRR: Lyrically, do you have a favourite Unruled song?
It has to be our theme song "Unruled." The lyrics say it all; it talks about society, cops, religion and politics, and why you should be unruled.

Unruled (Theme Song)
Society tells us how to live, what to do and how much to give
They try to tell us what to wear
But all we know is we don't care
That's why we are unruled
Cops harass us cause they're bored
While real criminals are being ignored
Innocent victims are involved
While major crimes remain unsolved
Religion is just a useless game
People who believe it are so lame
Kept in ignorance to pay the price
Cause God Almighty is their vice
Politicians speak no truth
Fucking up the nation's youth
Making promises they never keep
Leaving our country poor and weak

MRR: I remember picking up the 7" when it was released and being blown away by the double bass drums intro. It was the fastest thing I had ever heard at that time.
The funny thing about this is that Louis never used the double bass drums. Most of the people that have never seen him played think that he used the double bass drums. The guy was, and still is amazing. Louis is so fast with his feet and hands. I confirm that he played with only one pedal and one bass drum on the 7" as well as all the gigs he played with Unruled. I think the band was slower with Jean. Louis did give an extra edge to the band. You had no choice other than to play faster with Louis.

MRR: How did the 7" come about?
In 1983, we felt it was the right time to record and release a LP, but it was so expensive to record and produce that we had to resign ourselves to a 7".

MRR: How many were released?
One thousand were made but I still don't know how many were released.

MRR: For me, the Montreal hardcore scene was magical! I started to go to shows at a time when all of the early Toronto hardcore bands had split up. Toronto bands had a lot of releases, but the cassette LPs they released were all out of print, and here all of this raging extreme music was coming out of Montreal. The Asexuals 7" and LP, Unruled 7", Genetic Control 7", the *Primitive Air Raid* LP. One thing I couldn't understand, and I start to think conspiracy theories, was why wasn't the Unruled on the Primitive *Air Raid* LP, *Montreal New York Connection 85* LP, or the *Panic Compilation* LP?
Yeah! We had songs ready for the *Primitive Air Raid* LP. It might have been because of a conspiracy from some other bands, or it might also have been because Cory didn't want Unruled to be on it. I think it's a mix of both these answers. I'm still wondering why we weren't on that LP. Wax might have the right answer about what happened.

MRR: Pat, the Unruled 7" was recorded in 1983 and released in 1984. Did any other Montreal bands have a 7" or LP before your 7" was released? Zyklon B was released in about '83, Asexuals 7" was '84.
Pat: The Discords released a single in 1982, but it wasn't hardcore punk. Zyklon B released their single in 1983. Both singles from Asexuals and Genetic Control were released in 1984, but after the Unruled single was released.

MRR: Did the band record anything other than the 7"?
Seven songs were recorded in the studio. Besides the ones on the 7" there was also "Slag," "Government Games," "For our Rights," and "Clear the Pigs Out," but they were never released.

MRR: Can you tell us a bit about the *Live to Thrash* LP?
I have nothing to say. I don't even know the right title. It never happened. I guess it was supposed to be a compilation album of Montreal hardcore bands.

MRR: Bands like S.C.U.M., No Policy, Vomit and the Zits, and Asexuals made it up to Toronto, and in many cases the states, for tours. Did Unruled get a chance to tour or play outside of Quebec?
We had a gig booked in Toronto, but we had to cancel it because our drummer left the band just as we were ready to play outside Montreal. We mostly played in Montreal and its suburbs.

MRR: Can you tell us about some of the larger bills the Unruled played on?

The biggest crowd we played to was 1200 at the Montreal Spectrum in 1983 with Dead Kennedys and DOA. It was a sold out show and it was a pretty exciting night. We also played with GBH with whom we had a great time at the after party. And Discharge, which had to leave the country by midnight due to their expiring visas. So surprisingly, Unruled was the headlining band for that show.

MRR: When I was talking with the Young Lions about fucked up shit that happened at some of the bigger gigs with "big bands," they shared a story where the Dead Kennedys tried to stiff the local opening bands. Do you have any funny, fucked up stories about some of the shows you may have played?

Yeah! We also had problems with Jello and his band. For some reason a jealous guy from Toronto had told Jello that we were a Nazi band which was, of course, completely untrue. But because of this guy, Jello almost refused us as an opening band. At our after party with GBH, some guy who wasn't invited to the party climbed the BBC building so he could get in using the window of our rehearsing space. He fell before he was able to reach the window and seriously broke his arm.

MRR: Did the band have many lineup changes?

Yes. Many drummers played for Unruled: Jean Ruthemann 1982-1983, Marc Doucet 1983 (just one gig), Louis Levesque 1983-1984 (drummer on the 7"), Louis B 1984-1985. In 1985, Unruled also had a new signer, Phil L, and an extra rhythm guitar player Steph R.

MRR: Pat, at one time there was a rumor that Paul, the drummer from APB, was moving to Montreal to join the Unruled. Did this happen?

Pat: Yes it did, but we never had the chance to play with Paul Newman (his real name, no joke...same name as the dead movie star). Louis Levesque had just left the band and we were looking for a new drummer. Georges from S.C.U.M knew Paul from APB and contacted him for us. Paul left Toronto and his band APB to come to Montreal to join our band. I remember Cory, Wax and I picking him up at the Montreal train station. It was a bad timing...Unruled had also lost their rehearsing space at the BBC. We spent the next two weeks with Paul looking for a rehearsing space, but we had no luck. As time passed, Wax and I finally got fed up with Cory and left him to form a new lineup for Unruled (third lineup), with a new singer, a rhythm guitar player and another drummer. But Paul did join the Doughboys.

MRR: Can you talk about what led to the breakup of the band?

In 1984 Cory got involved in a violent incident with our drummer Louis. It ended up with a beer or a liquor bottle thrown at Louis. Louis was injured and got stitches in his head. He immediately left Unruled to join another HC band. Soon, Wax and I also left Cory who was at that point more and more influenced by other musical styles.

MRR: Did any members play in other bands after the Unruled split up?

By the end of 1984, Wax and I did reform Unruled with a new singer, an extra rhythm guitarist, and a new drummer which lasted until the end of 1985.

MRR: Did you play in any bands after Unruled broke up in 1985?

Yes, I played again with Cory and Louis Levesque in a speedcore/speed metal band. The band also included Rob Porter (King Robbo) from Genetic Control and Steph R who was the rhythm guitar player for the third lineup of Unruled. It went nowhere as Rob was always dead drunk and Cory had no PA. I played with many other bands over time. I also played many different styles of music. None of these bands are worth mentioning.

MRR: What led to the band reuniting?

In 2008 Wax asked me to play once more for a New Year's Eve show with Chany and Sam from Inepsy as a band named Un-Inespy-Ruled. We played only old Unruled songs that night and the response from the crowd was fucking great...so great that we decided to reform Unruled with that line up for 2009.

MRR: How have things been since the band reformed?

Amazingly great! We played an awesome gig at the Varning from Montreal Festival to an enthusiastic crowd of 400. We also went to the studio to record 13 songs that are soon to be released by Schizophrenic Records.

MRR: Do you see any significant differences in the scene from 1982 to now?

It seems that there are more punks influenced by metal music. The biggest change is the internet. It's now easier to get in touch and to know bands from everywhere in the world, and that's a good thing for the DIY scene.

MRR: I recall a while back I was talking with Shawn at Sound Central and we were lamenting about the old days and how, in our opinions, punk was the most powerful youth movement to take force in our lifetime. Looking back all of those years do you think punk affected your life?

Punk has affected the way I think, the way that I interact with society, and partly the way I live. Punk is a big part of what I am today.

MRR: *Butchers of Warfare*. Can you tell us about the LP?

Butchers of Warfare was recorded by the Unruled 2009 lineup which is Chany, Wax, Pat God, and Sam. The LP features nine Unruled songs from the '80s plus four new songs written in 2009. Schizophrenic Records is releasing the LP.

MRR: What are the plans for Unruled?

More new songs, more gigs which also means gigs across Canada and outside of Canada. We would like to promote the LP as much as we can.

MRR: Ok, final question folks. Looking back at all of your experiences in the Unruled, if somebody asked you for the best Unruled story ever, what would it be?

Personally, it would have to be the 2009 reunion show with the original lineup from the 1984 7". I thought for a long time that it was impossible to get the original lineup to play together again. Playing with the original lineup again after 25 years made me feel like it was 1984 all over again. As soon as we rehearsed and played together, the band chemistry was once again back. A magic moment...If I can be so bold to add a final comment. A magical moment occurred in August 2010 at Unruled record release show in Montreal. Cory and Chani shared vocals throughout most of the set. The band was in fine form. Cory and Chany devastated the crowd with the dual vocal attack. Pretty impressive as Cory hadn't screamed or graced a stage in over 20 years.

Thanks for reading folks. The band can be reached at www.myspace.com/theunruled
The LP or CD *The Butchers of Warfare* and the 7" repress of *The Time Is Running Out* can be obtained at www.schizophrenicrex.com

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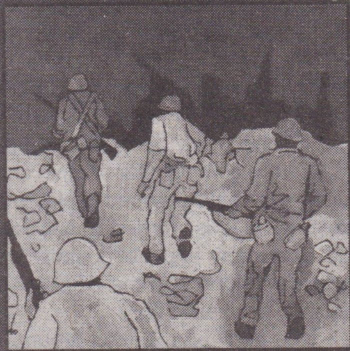

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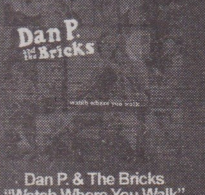

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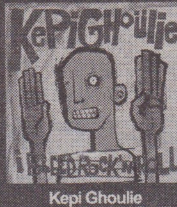

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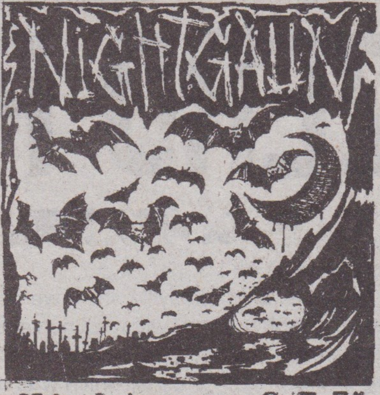

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ZERO PROGRESS

Monday, July 4th 1:33pm

After the Charlottesville show we headed to Philly where we played a "sober show" with a bunch of straight edge bands. One band looked like they were from the '90s with bleached blonde hair and oversized t-shirts, which was really funny. When we got there, they gave us free vegan meatballs, pasta, and peanut butter cookies. I didn't like any of the bands other than HOUNDS OF HATE, who helped us get on the show at the last minute.

We didn't have a show that day, until the day before, so we were actually going to go to DC, where our show with COKE BUST fell through and meet IAN MACKAYE. I had communicated with him through email/post since the interview and it would have been fun to go meet him in person, but, ultimately, playing a show is more important. So we were happy when HOUNDS OF HATE got us on the show and let us use their gear.

HOUNDS OF HATE is a really great band and you should check out their demo tape. It's like youthcrew/hxc/'80s hardcore. Although I usually don't like bands with that new-styled two-step hardcore feel to them, this band is undeniably good. I feel like they mix old with new really well and once more people hear them, everyone will be pumped on it.

The Philly show was in a swampy basement that had never had a show before, and it was weird because no one was drunk. I had a good time but it was the first show on tour that we didn't sell a single thing. It was OK though because it really wasn't our show and it was better than nothing. After the show, we headed to Delaware to sleep at Collin and Josh's aunt's house. They are pretty distant from their relatives, but the whole family greeted us with open arms. They hugged me when I went through the door. Their aunt, Lynn, had a whole meal ready for us when we arrived at midnight and told us to make ourselves at home. We were able to shower and sleep on a bed, because they had gone out and bought air mattresses.

The whole family is very religious and Republican. They had a copy of our record on their kitchen counter so they had read the lyrics. Obviously, we aren't like that, but they were very welcoming and accepting even though they knew we had different opinions, which to me, shows great tolerance. I hung out with Paul, the fourteen-year-old cousin of Collin and Josh, for a bit before going to sleep. One thing that was weird was that they made Rachel and I sleep in different rooms. We have lived together for two years and have been together for five. It made me think of *Meet The Fockers*, where the Dad says, "Keep your snake in your cage for 72 hours."

We woke up refreshed and to the smell of breakfast. Waffles and bacon - yummm. After some hugs and Lynn giving Collin and Josh money, they sent us on our way with a bag of homemade cookies. You know the computer game *The Sims*? After that night, all of our green bars were back up to full. Well, not all of them, but most of them.

Our next show was in Brooklyn, New York with CEREMONY, VEINS, GIVE, and HOUNDS OF HATE in the big room at the 538 Club. I was pretty excited for this show because the Facebook event page said 400 people were coming. Our original show was with CREEM, and although I was really pumped to play with them because I love their recordings, I was worried about how many people would come. The Ceremony and Veins show was also planned to go on the same day, along with the CRO-MAGS and the RIVAL MOB at a different show, all in NYC.

We got to the venue a little early and walked around a bit. It was in an industrial part of town so we couldn't find any food. Rachel had to ask a girl walking on the street and she referred us to a pizza place called "Roberta's." After a somewhat long walk, we arrived at what looked like a complete shithole. It had a broken down storefront with graffiti on it, and a crappy wooden door. But when you walked in, there's a really fancy sit down restaurant with sixteen-dollar calzones. It was pretty pricey but the calzone was amazing! We returned to the club to see people lined up outside. There was a rumor going around that they were only going to let in 300 people, so people were showing up early. Turned out only 200-300 showed up anyway, so it wasn't a big deal at the end of the day. We had a little bit of trouble finding where to load in because it was an apartment building and we didn't know what apartment we were playing in. After figuring all that out, it was time for HOUNDS OF HATE to play.

Their set went well, people dug it, but there was that first band feel in the crowd where no one is really ready to dance yet. As the set continued, the crowd started to warm up, and by the final song they had a good pit going. "This is where it fucking ends!"

We were next. I was a bit worried that a crowd who came to see CEREMONY wouldn't be into our style of music, but that turned out to be a bad assumption on my part. Our set went great and we got a really bumping crowd reaction. After the set,

TOUR JOURNAL PART 2

I got more “Great set”’s than I ever have before, probably 40-50. Which is still pretty weird for me because I used to be a drummer and everyone talks to the singer.

GIVE was whack, and VEINS was great. VEINS set was really intense and entertaining. I didn’t watch CEREMONY but afterwards when I walked into the venue. It looked like everyone had just got out of a pool and the place was disgustingly hot and humid. It was so gross in there that after I worked the merch for a while, I walked right back outside. This time I ran into Mark McCoy and we chatted a bit. He was super stressed/tired because he had an update that he was running into problems with. He gave me a free VEINS 7-inch because I gave him a free ZP record a while ago. We talked about the interview we did and he told me he didn’t like the way he came off and I told him about Matt Adler. It’s funny talking to guys like Ian Mackaye and Mark Mccoy, because people make them out to be things that they really aren’t. They are both just normal nice dudes who are easy to talk to.

After the show we went to go get falafels with HOUNDS OF HATE and Adam, who is the dude who booked our original show with CREEM and let us stay at his place. He helped us out a lot but I think he doesn’t like us or something. That, or he has a New York attitude. He goes to NYU and runs a blog, like Negative Kevin. I think he is the New York version of Negative Kevin. The falafels were good, but the process of buying them was fucking ridiculous. No lines, just five angry Middle Eastern guys yelling, “What do ya want?!” and then throwing a bunch of stuff at you. Most people in New York are dicks. They try to play it off like, “Oh yeah, that’s my culture, New York is known for this!” Yeah whatever dude, you just have a bad attitude and you’re hella rude. I don’t really care where you come from there is no need to be rude to everyone. Anyways, we ate with the dudes from HOUNDS OF HATE and I asked them who they liked more, Minor Threat or Youth Of Today. The was a million different answers like, “Those are apples and oranges” or “I’ll go with CHAIN OF STRENGTH,” but the overwhelming message was, “We like straight edge.”

It was a fun night but we had to say goodbye to our new friends, HOUNDS OF HATE. They were taking off to DC in their awesome vegetable fueled van that gets 25 miles to the gallon and you can refuel it using grease from Chinese restaurants. I’m really jealous and want a vegetable van.

One day, we all went to Ground Zero and saw this amazingly stupid looking guy wearing a trench coat and sunglasses (it was a cloudy day) arguing with a German engineer about whether or not 9/11 was an inside job. My favorite part of the argument was when one of the trench coat guy’s friends said, “Let’s just take all the physics aspects out of it.” Why in the world would you ever do that?! One of the inside-jobbers was wearing a pirate hat. Why would anyone believe someone wearing a pirate hat? His older friend and fellow inside-jobber was holding a newspaper in his hand and I could read the headline and it said “New World Order Assassinations Exposed!” Oh man, too cool, I had to get one. I didn’t particularly want to engage with these YouTube research experts but I also didn’t want to leave without that paper. I finally worked up the courage and asked the guy where I could get one. He thought for a minute and then said, “It’s yours” with a face that said, “I’m just so happy to spread the good word to you.” I flipped through the paper and instantly I was intrigued. The stories were ridiculously awesome! I could finally read about how the NWO was going to take over, and all I could think was, “Is it going to be the red and black NWO or the black and white NWO? And who has the slapjack?” The paper told me about the immigrants and how they are killing America, how Republicans aren’t Republican enough and how guns save lives. As I was reading it, one of the job-heads came up to me and started speaking. I don’t know exactly what he was speaking about but it had a lot of statistics and a lot of mentions of things like “covert-ops,” “special forces,” “nuclear,” “lasers,” and “Obama is a dictator.” I didn’t say anything back, I didn’t even really look at him that much, but he just kept going on for about fifteen minutes. We walked away after a while and I found a different issue of *The American Free Press* on the floor and snagged it. Who would leave gold like that just laying around like it’s junk?

Saturday July 9th

We have successfully crossed the Canadian boarder. They were really nice to us and wished us good luck on our tour. We had heard a lot of horror stories so it’s nice that we didn’t have to experience any of that. After New York, we went to Boston and hung out with Ed’s old friend from high school Cody Rico. When we got to Boston it was the 4th of July so we went on an extremely long walk to the Charles River and watched the lengthy firework display over the water. It was nice, but tiring.

Cody fed us burgers and we hung out with his friends. He was the second person on tour to feed us so that was really nice. Free meals are always welcome when you are forced into eating out so often. Some kid was at the BBQ and he could do standing back flips. The burgers were good and it was nice to hang out and relax.

We played two shows in Boston. Kimberly at the Democracy Center set one up with COKE FIEND and STREET SWEEPER, and the other was set up last minute at The Starlab with the CREDENTIALS. The first one was fun but the second one really went off well. The crowd was really into the style of hardcore we were playing and we sold a bunch of merch and got 100 bucks from the door. Awesome! The only bad part of the night was my horrible decision to eat Dunkin' Donuts before we played.

We slept at Cody and Jamie's for the third and final night and took off in the morning for Montreal. About two hours into the drive when we were in the beautiful Vermont, I realized I left my zine box at Cody's! FUCKSHITDAMN! That sucked. I let Cody know and he said he would ship them to the house we are playing at in Dayton, Ohio, but at this point in time I'm still worried about it.

I didn't have much time to worry about that because we had to cross the border and we had a lot of expectations of what could go wrong. None of those expectations fabricated and we were out of the immigration office in under 30 minutes.

After successfully crossing into Canada we noticed our phones were going to be too expensive to use and for some reason our GPS doesn't believe Canada exists. So we went to McDonald's because we thought they had free Wifi. Turns out that McDonald's is a huge teenage hangout in every town we were in and we kinda stuck out like sore thumbs. Girls kept coming up to me, looking at me, and then laughing and walking away. Burn. I guess its not as bad as El Paso where I was mistaken for a gay prostitute several times.

I don't normally eat much at McDonald's, but we decided to eat there because we didn't know how to get anywhere else and we were all hungry. I was the first person who went to order and it was a little intimating. The girl who was taking my order, who was very pretty, only spoke French and I only speak English. I don't even know how to say water in French. Luckily, everyone knows what a "Big Mac" is, so I was able to get that, but I couldn't manage to get water or no cheese on the burger. Everyone ordered for themselves besides Collin, who made Josh order for him.

After a couple hours of driving, we showed up at the venue in Montreal. It was called the "Death House" and is basically the Canadian equivalent of The Hazmat. We met Tony from OMEGAS, who booked the show, and his friend Alex. Tony immediately told us this was not going to be our best show on tour and that he was sorry, which I thought was pretty funny. The only other band that could play that night was a new all-girl band. I was very excited to see an all-girl hardcore band, but unfortunately they were not good musicians and the whole set they were getting off beat. Our set went OK, the mic chord broke and I had to use a short one that limited my range of movement a lot and wasn't very loud.

The show ended pretty quickly and we were able to stay with Tony at his apartment, which he told us was very messy and didn't have internet or cable. I was expecting something like Tucson or New Orleans, with all the hype about how bad the place was. Turns out that it was very clean and comfortable. Tony is a great host and bought us dinner at a fast food place near his house. He told us we should try a food called "poutine" which was fries, gravy, and cheese curds. I ordered it and really enjoyed it. We all sat and talked for a long time, exchanging cultural information and local slang/curse words. Tony speaks French and English, which I think is really amazing because I can't imagine speaking two languages that well.

The next day was a day off and we hung out around an internet cafe that we ended up getting kicked out of. We bought groceries to make pasta for everyone, making sure everything was vegan so Tony could have some too. Rachel cooked for everyone and it tasted really good. It was nice to get a home cooked meal to eat and listen to some music. Tony, Ed, and Collin all went to a show in the city and Rachel, Josh and I stayed in and watched *Rain Man*.

The next morning, I woke up and Tony was making us all vegan pancakes with real Canadian maple syrup and fruit on top. They were really good and didn't make you feel gross afterwards. We packed up our stuff and said goodbye to our Canadian straight edge brother Tony. We took off in our van towards Toronto and I wondered if Tony could ride in our van because it uses horsepower.

Wednesday July 14th

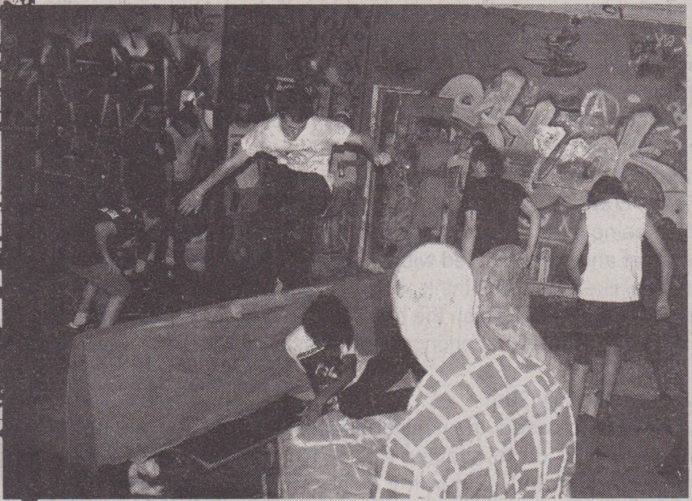
We headed towards Toronto, where our next show was, and saw the Great Lakes on the way. They are pretty great. It looks like the ocean. Along the way, Ed put on Frank Turner, who I hadn't heard before. I liked it. The show was with a lot of young kids getting dropped off with their gear by their parents, which was cool. Not too many people were there, probably about 20-30, but it was fun. The booker talked to the people who lived in the venue, Siseta Nouveau, and convinced them to let us sleep by our gear on the stage that night. The lady who lived there was very nice and welcoming, but the surrounding group of people were a bit drug addict-y.

When we woke up, I went outside onto the porch area where a couple of guys who seemed pretty shaky were smoking cigarettes next to a huge pile of film. I talked to them and they were all pretty nice, we talked about straight edge because they were curious why I didn't drink and stuff. Then all of a sudden this extremely crazy looking 40 plus-year-old guy wearing a button up work shirt with some buttons undone and some buttoned in the wrong holes, walks up to the porch looking infuriated. He is shaking bad and hanging his head forward and to one side while mumbling to himself. Then he spots a certain guy in the group I was talking to and starts pacing back and forth pointing his finger and yelling "This guy's a paranoid schizo! a schizo! Stole my...Schizo Schizo!!" Wow, OK, I'm out of here. Josh and I laughed and walked away as they all yelled back and forth about whatever it is they are arguing about.

We packed up and headed to Cleveland. On the way there we stopped at Niagara Falls, which was pretty amazing. It was 20 bucks to park but split by five people it's a cheap price to pay to see such an awesome natural landmark. The water moves a lot quicker than I would have imagined, and when you drive close to the falls the water splashes onto your windshield. We took some pictures, got some smashed penny souvenirs and headed towards the US border.

They gave us a harder time than the Canadian boarder did. The guy was trying to pull some mind tricks on Ed and get him to contradict himself. He asked him several rapid fire questions and some were actually the same question he had asked before. He checked the back of the van, tried to soul read us, and let us through.

We drove through Buffalo, which is a rusty shithole of a city, and arrived in Cleveland. The booker had texted me earlier in the day to say he had broken his ankle and couldn't run the show. We got to the show to find the Southern California band MEDIA BLITZ had already shown up, but not too many other people were there. The booker hadn't promoted the show and somehow we got double booked with MEDIA BLITZ after I had already got the show booked at Tower 2012. When we played, about twelve kids lit fireworks, broke glass bottles, shattered chairs, threw couches, beat each other up, and played with huge pieces of jagged metal. It's a funny scene tradition over there.



The replacement booker person split the donation money 50/50 between us and MEDIA BLITZ. I thought that was a little weird, but I wasn't going to let it get to me. The guys from MEDIA BLITZ told us that they were going to show up to our show tomorrow in Dayton to see if they could jump on. I wasn't sure if that meant they were planning on taking half of the door money again but I tried not to let it get to me. We got an offer to stay at the 2012 Tower but someone in the opening band DWELLER came up to me and told me not to stay there because there was a broken sewer pipe and hella mold everywhere. We decided against that. We got another offer to sleep somewhere but we were told that MEDIA BLITZ was going to be staying there as well and it was going to be really crowded, so we decided to try to drive through the night to Dayton. We didn't make it all the way and ended up at the Red Roof Inn in Dublin, Ohio.

James from ALTARS and DOGFIGHT booked the Dayton show. We showed up really early after eating some pizza and watching *Judge Joe Mathis* at some pizza place in Dublin. James wasn't at his house yet but when we called him he said he would be home soon. He got there in ten or so minutes and we met his two little kids, who were both very cute. We played with them and their toys for a couple hours while talking to "JD". He had a really bad head cold and you could tell he felt really sick. I have to go right now, but I'll talk about how the show in the next journal entry.

Friday July 15th

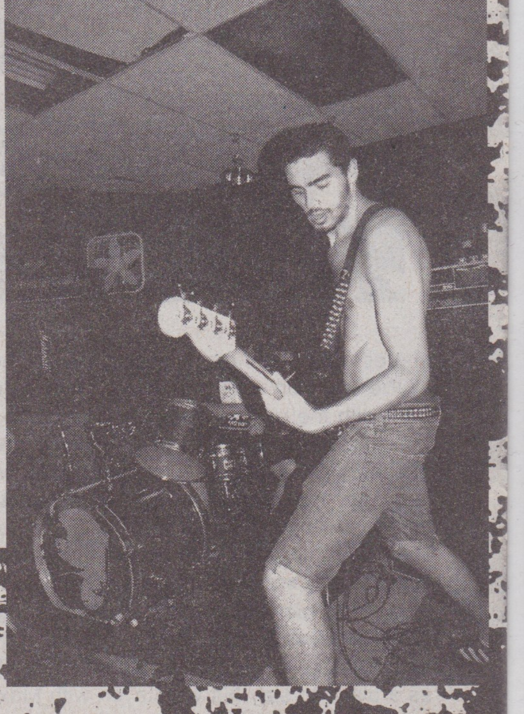
We are at a show in Gary, Indiana right now. We aren't playing but NO CLASS, PICKED CLEAN, COLD SHOULDER, GUINA KID, RAZORXFADE, CÜLO, SCABS, and GUN are playing so we came anyway. I'm excited to see a lot of these bands but at the same time it makes me sad that we never get to play with a lot of them, and I wonder why. Anyway, back to the show we played in Dayton.

The show was in the garage and I didn't have any water so Rachel, Collin, Josh and I went to the gas station down the street to get some. As we walked a couple blocks the sky turned black in about ten minutes. There was some strong winds and light rain. An old lady yelled to us, "Y'all better get inside real quick now!" We still wanted water so we walked several blocks down to the gas station. By the time we got there it was pouring and windy as hell. As I bought water the gas station lady told me that there is a tornado warning and that I should get inside.

Collin and Josh literally ran back to the show, scared and talking about hearing sirens. Rachel and I walked and I videotaped the funnel clouds that were forming. It was scary and pretty at the same time. When we got back to the show we were soaking wet and started wringing out our shirts. As the first band was setting up the garage started to flood a little bit and water was getting everywhere.

We borrowed equipment because it was raining too hard to get ours from the van. When we played I rolled around on the watery garage floor and by the end of the set I was a little bloody and really dirty. I walked outside and was extremely disappointed to see that it had stopped raining. I had all these little paint chips stuck in my skin and they itched really bad.

PICKED CLEAN played after us and they were really good. We stayed with some dudes from MISLED YOUTH and PICKED CLEAN at their house in Indiana. It was a couple of hours to drive over there, and MEDIA BLITZ had left before us, so of course by the time we got there all four couches and three fans were taken... Sweeeet. They didn't even play that

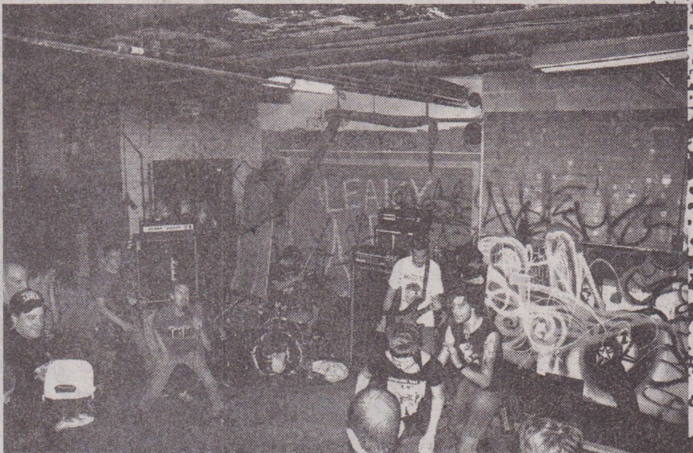


night, but we were the ones sleeping on the floor in 100-degree weather while they had fans on them and couches. Hella rude! I took a much-needed shower and pulled all the paint out of my legs and chest. Collin clogged the toilet.

The next day we played with PICKED CLEAN in Indiana at The DoJo and it was fun. Small turnout but a good time. We stayed at the same house that night and were relieved to find out MEDIA BLITZ wasn't. The guys we stayed with were nice and fun to hang out with.

In the morning we all went to this girl's house in the suburbs that has a lake and a water trampoline. We swam in the lake and had stage diving competitions off the trampoline. It was a blast and afterwards we all went and got some great food at a bagel deli that Dave, from PICKED CLEAN, works at. We said goodbye and headed towards Chicago.

After about four hours of driving we showed up at Treasure Town a bit early. There was some art/hipster show thing going on up stairs and we didn't know where to load in. After a while Evan, from my VLV/B9 MINECRAFT SERVER showed up and introduced himself. He gave me a flier for the show that was MINECRAFT-themed and we hung out for a bit. He told us where to get some good food and we went there. Unfortunately, this resulted in us missing the first band, BALD PIG. I was bummed about it but there was nothing we could do. NOOSE played next and they sounded good but the PA was broken and I couldn't hear the vocals, which sucked. People did their best Cleveland impressions and threw/broke stuff while they played.



We went on next and it went pretty good. I beat myself up a bit with the mic but it was a plastic one, so it gave me a little concussion. People seemed to like it and we sold the last of our red vinyl copies of "Derailed" along with all the zines I had left. After the set, a very tall young man came up to me and introduced himself as Kevin. Yup, Negative Kevin. He is probably like 9-feet-tall, which I think must have helped him become the king of hardcore blogs. We gave him our record so he could put it up on his blog [yeah right]. As I was hanging out with Matt from NOOSE we saw Kevin pick up a drunk girl off the street and kiss rape the shit out of her. Straight Randy Orton style. He offered us a place to stay but we stayed with Max, who is a hella funny guy. We ended up getting some pizza and watching old wrestling VHS's at his place until we all fell asleep.

The next day we got up and I insisted we went and tried some Chicago-styled deep-dish pizza. We road the muni system into the city and got a big deep-dish pizza to share. It was good, but Zachary's is just as good, or better. Negative Kevin wanted to hang out on the beach to "check out some bods" so we were going to go do that. But, once we got back to Max's place to change into our swim trunks, we were all too tired to go back out. I took a nap but was woken up by Ed yelling on the phone. I knew Noah was in Danville and you were in Chicago Ed, but there was no need to shout! I went outside because the shouting wasn't even close to being over. I hung out a bit and then went back in and put on some noise canceling headphones. We hung out, ate left over pizza, watched *Pieces of April*, and went to bed.

The next morning, we had to rush to get out because Max's apartment was being shown to some potential renters. We took off to Gary, Indiana to check out this mega show even though we have to be in Kansas City tomorrow and that's a ten-hour-drive.

And that's where I am right this moment. The show hasn't started yet and I'm in the parking lot, get pumped! Just a couple minutes ago we went and checked out this abandoned train station that got burnt down in some fire in 1910 or something. It was a really cool looking place. Collin, Ed and I almost got ran over by a train.

Sunday July 17th

Today was an off day in Kansas. It is Josh's eighteenth birthday so we went to a trucker sex shop. Last night we jumped on a show with some modern-styled hardcore bands. I am too angry and upset to write a good journal entry today.

About a month ago we left for this trip. The morale on tour was normal up until New Orleans when we had a fight. Since then that has been the underlying plot line. Five people, aged 17-23, crammed in a van, trying to accomplish the same goal, while being mad at each other. I could write a book about why I'm angry at and disappointed with Collin right now, but I'm not going to. I feel like the more I think about it the worse it will become and less likely we are to finish the tour. And it's definitely getting to the point where that is becoming a real possibility.

Wednesday July 20th

We just crossed the California border! And we ate In-N-Out burger 30 or so minutes ago in Nevada, so here I am, in California, with In-N-Out in my belly - weird. I've been wearing the same clothes and haven't showered for four days. Last night we slept at a party house in Salt Lake City, Utah while drunk punx tea bagged each other and fought with folding chairs. Where I was laying down had a bunch of DVDs piled up, and I couldn't help but noticed SLC Punk in the collection. The place smelled like cat piss and was loud the whole night. After rapping, tea bagging, steel chair fighting, and randomly yelling the party people fell asleep around four. They woke up at eight and started drinking some PBR. Classy.

The show we played last night was in Salt Lake City at a car garage. The kind that works on broken down cars or whatever, not the kind you keep your car in. We got there late because the GPS told us to go down a two-lane construction zone infested highway in a thunderstorm. It forced us to go through an awesome little town called Dinosaur. They have hella big ass statues of Dinosaurs everywhere and the names of the streets are all named after them. We took a left on Brontosauraus Boulevard and noticed their town hall and library had big dinosaurs in front of the buildings. It ruled. There were dinosaurs on the street signs and I saw a place called The Bedrock Cafe. Dinosaur, Colorado is a place to see. It almost made going the wrong way worth it... almost.

Oh yeah, I was too mad in my last entry to mention that out of all the bands we saw at the show in Gary, Indiana NO CLASS took the cake. Really, a cut above the rest. And the rest were great as well! RAZORXFADE, CÜLO, PICKED CLEAN and COULD SHOULDER were all really fun to watch, but the show had a really sad element to it as well because it was a memorial show for a kid who had died. He was sixteen, and all his friends were giving heartfelt speeches in between sets. Sad stuff.

We stayed with Ralph from RAW NERVE and Not Normal Tapes that night. He is really nice and had just got back from a European tour with POISON PLANET the day before. He said Europe had inspired him and he was going to up his game and feed us the next morning. I got some good sleep on the couch and woke up to my straight edge brethren, Ralph making a vegan bean burrito thing. It was really good and filling.

But enough about hardcore in the Midwest, back to the story in Salt Lake City. We got there late to find the band SOCIET MISCALL playing their set. They covered MINOR THREAT and seemed to be the only sober people around. They mentioned on stage they don't like hard drugs. I'm down.

Our set went well. A bunch of people dancing and jumping around. This extremely drunk guy fell over and cracked his skull on the concrete. He was bleeding and people dragged him out. I turned to the singer of SOCIETY MISCALL and said, "That guy thinks alcohol is a soft drug." This is the same guy who was drinking at eight in the morning complaining of a headache when we left Salt Lake.

Anyway, we are a couple hours outside of Sacramento, California, which is our last stop. I didn't sleep well last night. I woke up with a cat biting my left foot and a kitten clawing my right one, and I just drove seven hours so I'm going to try to sleep in the car before the show. Edward and Rachel are in the front seat so we are listening to TAYLOR SWIFT...ugh.

Thursday July 21st

So tired. So very very tired. The Sacto show was good. We played with a really great D-beat band from Portland called WARCRY and VERRATERISCH. We sold all our red vinyl tour press this tour, and only have 30 left of the black "Derailed" vinyl. I sold out of all my Volume three issues of *Punks! Punks! Punks!* with the IAN MACKAYE interview, and now I have Volume four with JOHN PORCELLY to sell. I missed my friends this tour and I'm excited to see STRESSORS, BEAT GUTS, ASSUMPTIONS, NO STATIK, SECRET PEOPLE, SIDE EFFECTS and all the other great Bay Area bands sometime soon. Noah Bonez of STRESSORS was waiting for us when we got home to help us unload. His hair was ridiculous and it was good to see him.

Sure, we came extremely close to losing members and reformatting the band. Yeah, we came pretty close to not being able to keep going. Of course, we almost killed each other. Yeah, I almost died of dysentery. But at the end of the day we all got through it, and now it is really unlikely that any of those things will happen. Why? Well, for one, because my diet is a lot better now, but more importantly because deep down we all have an extreme dedication to this band, and a conviction that helped us to overcome our differences and stay on track.

ZERO PROGRESS is something that we all created together, and it feels great to have completed our US tour. I expected to have a sense of satisfaction tonight, but instead I'm left here just wishing we could keep going. I can't wait for the next tour.

—Matt Saincome

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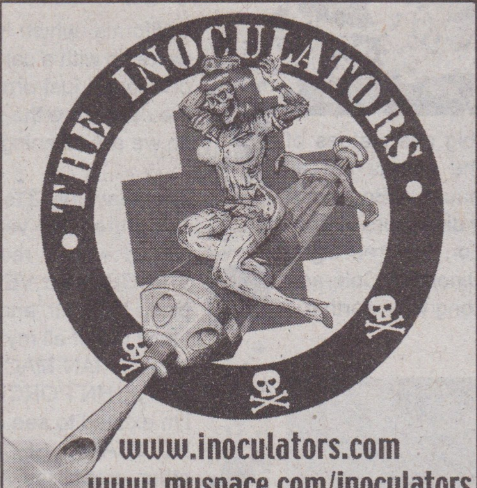

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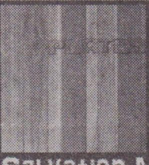

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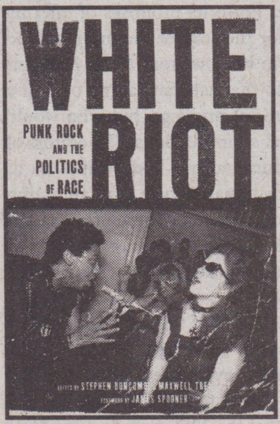

WHITE RIOT
PUNK ROCK AND THE POLITICS OF RACE
EDITED BY STEPHEN DUNCOMBE & MAXWELL TREMBLAY
FOREWORD BY JAMES SPOONER

White Riot: Punk Rock and the Politics of Race
Edited by Stephen Duncombe and Maxwell Tremblay
371 pages • $24.95
Verso Press
20 Jay Street, Suite 1010
Brooklyn, NY 11201
www.versobooks.com

The back cover of this recently published volume compiled and edited by NYU professor Stephen Duncombe and New School doctoral student (and frequent *MRR* book reviewer) Maxwell Tremblay proclaims confidently that *White Riot* is a "comprehensive" and even "definitive" study of punk's racial politics; this book, we are told, is "the ultimate collection on punk and race." Compiling both non-academic and academic writings—i.e. primary material culled from zines and records, and secondary material culled from books and journals on scholarly presses—*White Riot* attempts to gather and assess the writings of a movement the authors tell us is obsessed with race, but is often unable or unwilling to contend with its own racial contradictions and implications.

Before cracking the book open, I viewed *White Riot* with both skepticism and anticipation. My skepticism shouldn't come as any surprise: the academic world has produced a silly number of texts in the name of "punk studies," but the great majority of these studies traverse a world that has little to do with punk as I know it. At best, they are basically irrelevant the-Sex-Pistols-Were-Totally-Influenced-By-Situationism-and-Other-Serious-Things Studies, and at worst they are egomaniacal attempts to garner legitimacy (not to mention CV padding!) on the backs of DIY subculture(s). In general, I am leery of those academic "experts" whose object of study is punk, not only because I don't consider the punk scene an intellectual little league that needs legitimacy bequeathed to it by professionals, but also because punk—auto-archiving, self-aware, and interested in its own history—operates on the premise that *everyone* is an expert. Still, I was hopeful about *White Riot,* because it promised to showcase writers, records, and ideas that have played a formative role in my own life in punk; I grew up on Los Crudos records and Mimi Nguyen zines, after all. Further, Duncombe and Tremblay were given generous access to the bountiful *MRR* archive, which I know for a fact could not possibly be used to tell the same old the-Clash-are-the-only-band-that-matters story… or could it?!

Readers of *MRR* are all likely to recognize that the title of *White Riot* is borrowed from a Clash song of the same name. Throughout the book, this song—in the form of the notion of punk-*as*-white riot—is used as a framing tool and constant refrain for the editors in their analysis of punk and race. Punk, we are told by Duncombe and Tremblay, is a quintessentially Anglo/American phenomenon primarily of/by/for disaffected white kids who either consciously or subconsciously (in the form of their anti-establishment posture) believe themselves to have transcended their own racial privilege. Whether they paint themselves as "white negroes" (*White Riot* starts of with a famous essay by Norman Mailer of that name, implicitly tracing punk's lineage through American bohemian movements) or as "racetraitors" (the authors remind us of the thusly named—and terrible!—'90s HC band), punks are white (often middle class and suburban) folks anxious about race and their relationship to it. In other words, punk has primarily been a site where alternative models of whiteness—mostly oppositional, sometimes anti-racist, but always *constitutively white*—have been articulated. With this framing, the central question of whether or not punk can ever be anything other than (just) a white riot guides the editors through their project.

White Riot is broken into eight contributor-based chapters; the selections have all already been published elsewhere, which means that Duncombe and Tremblay's efforts are predominantly in curating and introducing each piece. After an opening chapter by the editors (more on that in a sec), we are taken through chapters on the apparent roots of punk (Mailer, the MC5, the Weathermen, etc.), the concept of the "white minority," aka the just-doesn't-fit-into-straight-society white rebel (academic articles on the swastika in punk, interviews with Bob Noxious of the Fuck-Ups from *MRR*, Black Flag from *Ripper*, etc.), white power and punk (academic articles on skinheads, interviews with Ian Stuart of Skrewdriver from *Terminal* and Kieran Knutson of Anti-Racist Action from *MRR*, etc.), and an examination of the relationship between punk, reggae, and anti-racist politics (interviews with Paul Simonon of the Clash, excerpts from cultural critics Jon Savage and Paul Gilroy, early calls for anti-racist politics from *Profane Existence*, etc.). Incredibly, it is not until the *sixth* chapter (over 200 pages in!) of this book about race and punk that we hear from any punks of color, as virtually everything compiled up to this point (save a couple of–dare I say token—non-punk people of color, however brilliant, like James Baldwin and Paul Gilroy) is by white punk dudes, white scholar dudes, or the two white editor dudes of this book.

The aforementioned chapter six features an interview with Darryl Jenifer of Bad Brains, more academic articles, interviews with Skeeter Thompson from Scream, late '70s Pakistani-British punkers Alien Kulture with the BBC, and Los Crudos (from their first year as a band) among others, an excerpt from the *Afro-Punk* script, some writings about the Taqwacore phenomenon, etc. Chapter Seven examines what the authors term the "Race Riot movement" (though I don't remember these zines ever being codified as such in their day), with contributions from a number of '90s zinesters led by a seminal essay by Mimi Nguyen (if you read only one thing from this collection, Mimi's piece should be it—don't worry, you can also find it on the internet), as well as essays by Tasha Fierce and Madhu Krishnan and others, an interview with Taina Del Valle of Anti-Product, and an extremely interesting MRR letter exchange jumpstarted by an writer who goes by "Just Another Nigger." Finally, in chapter eight we are—at last!—informed that there are, indeed, punk scenes outside of the US/UK, with still more academic articles featuring ethnomusicologists lending their professional expertise in looks at contemporary scenes in Mexico City and Jakarta, Indonesia. This section ends on the piece written by Esneider from Huasipungo for the immigration issue of *MRR* from a few years back.

The editors' flawed assumptions about punk's historical trajectory are clear from their presentation of the material culled. According to *White Riot,* punk began (and for many years remained only) in London, NYC, and L.A. and as such was founded as a more-or-less a white movement (despite its formative—albeit troubled—relationship to reggae in London), until a political turn in the '90s that included some punks (Crudos in particular) declaring themselves not only punk *but also* brown (or black), a shock for the wannabe "colorblind" but nonetheless racially-divided scene. There is then a final movement of punk from London, New York, etc. towards the so-called third world as the popularity of Green Day and the like (I shit you not, this is what this book is telling me) takes punk to such far flung places as Indonesia and Mexico in the '90s and '00s. It is in this final move that the authors find the most hope, telling us that if punk is to be not only a white riot, it will be because of the efforts of these non-Anglo punks.

This is a deeply problematic timeline. Most obviously, it is one that utterly excises the essential globality of punk scenes, not to mention the emergence of rock 'n' roll as a transnational form long before the advent of punk. This insistence that punk travels from "the West" to "the rest"—a typical imperial trope here espoused by self-proclaimed anti-racists—ironically mirrors and reproduces racist assumptions that "the rest" of the world is living in a belated present, and that their today is not coterminous with "ours" but rather with an era that for "us"—and there is no mistaking who "we" are in this argument—is fully in the rearview mirror.

Somehow, the editors miss numerous chances to discuss non-Anglo punk scenes even when they're staring them right in the face. In the introduction, they relay an anecdote about encountering some young Polish punks in front of ABC No Rio in NYC: "Nearby was a group of young punks: leather, spikes, mohawks, heavy black boots, the whole bit…Blink your eyes and it could have been 1977, 1987, or 1997. Except for one thing: these punks all spoke Polish…We stood there wondering what punk meant to them...Punk, with it's Anglo-American lineage and the dominance of English, *must have also been something foreign to them, something alluring, something 'Other.'*" (italics mine, p. 15). These punks are simply assumed to have gotten into punk rock in the US; hence, punk is transformed into something supposedly "foreign" for a bunch of Polish kids at a show. A simple Google search would have revealed the extraordinarily prolific history of Polish punk — a history that has its roots in the late '70s (hey, just like American and British punk!) and has produced literally thousands of Polish-language bands, records, labels, distros, zines, etc. Instead of a good faith effort at getting to the bottom of this seeming paradox, the navel-gazing and presumption continues: "[Punk], we imagine, was a way to rebel (against their Polish parents) to assimilate (into this new English-speaking world), and rebel once again (against mainstream America). It was a more complicated punk experience than our own." Um…what? First of all, if the purpose of this study is to unearth the "experience" of punk for members of different communities—immigrant and otherwise—in the US, the authors of this book didn't have to *imagine* what was going through the heads of these Polish punks or wonder how they got into punk; *they could have just walked up to them and asked*! It seems that it is in fact the editors of *White Riot* who view these Polish punks as hopelessly foreign, rather than the Polish punks' view of punk rock as such. Of course, this reveals Duncombe and Tremblay's assumption that their "own experience" of punk—English speaking, suburban, US-based, middle-class, and white—is the norm from which others should be judged.

If the purpose of the study is not to compile and compare "experiences," however, but rather to provide a geographically contextualized, historically attentive study of how punk scenes are implicated in, produced by, and absorbed into racialized structures of power—and of course they are—*White Riot* misses the mark. My comments about purpose and context point to a central problem of *White Riot*. Rather than limit themselves to a study of, say representations of racial difference in the U.S. punk scene in some given era—a topic with which the editors seem as though they would be more comfortable—Duncombe and Tremblay instead boast that they have provided an exhaustive study of (the entirety of the unbounded world of) punk's relationship to race/ethnicity.

Assuming that such a "definitive" look is even possible—which is frankly doubtful—it is a huge problem that the book *doesn't even seem to know that, as early as the late-'70s, there were fertile punk scenes in any number of major global cities, most of which were not nearly as homogenous as the editors assume.* From NYC to London to Warsaw to Tokyo to Sao Paolo to Istanbul (yes, the first Turkish punk record is from 1977/8!) to Stockholm to Manila, punk as a phenomenon was global from its inception. This is to say nothing of hardcore, which exploded at the tail end of the 1970s—*inarguably simultaneously*—in tens of countries in the world. Hell, a favorite HC nurd pastime is arguing about whether the first HC band was the Middle Class from California or the SS from Japan or Lixomania from Brazil or…well, you get my point. None of this is to discount the complicated transnational networks—propped up by capitalist relations and implicated in lingering colonial structures of power as they are—in which punk has always operated, and will continue to operate.[1] This is the fucked up world in which we live, and I am the last person to romanticize punk as the colorblind utopia (or gender-neutral, or transcendent of class, etc.) some scene participants with their heads in the sand tell themselves that it is. Rather, it is to say that any study of punk must take into account this global-ness—and with it the profoundly different racial/ethnic/class/gender classifications that are at work in any given context (this means, in part, that we cannot afford to only see race in black and white, or only think of race in one way)—particularly if it hopes to understand how something like race or ethnicity is navigated by punks around the world. One cannot simply quote the Clash and be done with it.[2]

To be fair, the authors do admit that the "claim that punk is just a white riot" is a "dubious" one (213), but they nonetheless replicate this logic over and over (and over and over) throughout the book. From the opening chapter, which promotes the idea that punk is primarily a terrain in which oppositional whiteness is navigated ("Punk offered a space for young Whites growing up in a multicultural world to figure out what it meant to be White"), to the final chapter, which needs the help of professional American (and Canadian) anthropologists and ethnomusicologists (!!!) to tell us about punk scenes in Mexico and Indonesia (apparently these punks do not know how to speak or write for themselves), punk is understood as something that travels from "us" to "them."

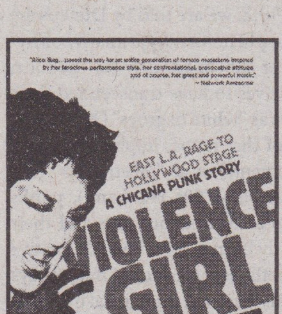
Ironically, some stern admonitions are leveled against other punks/critics who would whitewash punk (one can't help but recall the old adage about glass houses and casting stones). For instance, despite spending the entire introduction framing punk as (only) a terrain through which to wrestle with whiteness and white identities, Duncombe closes on the claim that "…once punk is indelibly White [as in his book, presumably!] the genuine contributions of Black, Latino, Asian, and other punks of color tend to get erased" (5). Nowhere is this (true!) claim truer than in *White Riot*. But even the famously white early '80s USHC scene is not as lily-white as the editors seem to believe. Black Flag, the Germs, the Adolescents, the Fix, Dead Kennedys, Crucifix, Void, Bad Brains, Suicidal Tendencies — *almost every single one* of the most popular early '80s USHC bands featured one or more punks of color! This is to say nothing of plenty of lesser known bands, as well as influential zine editors like Tim Tonooka of *Ripper*, V.Vale of *Search & Destroy*, and hey even Tim Yohannan, first of three Iranian coordinators of *Maximumrocknroll*. Most of this history is simply not mentioned by *White Riot*. Of course, this list is not meant as a tokenizing gesture, a celebration of punk "multiculturalism," or a diagnosis of a clean bill of racial health for the punk scene. On the contrary, it is just meant to further question Duncombe and Tremblay's frustrating understanding of punk's pure "origins" in Anglo whiteness.

Unfortunately—protests to the contrary notwithstanding—Duncome and Tremblay's project seems to suffer from the impossible and problematic desire for a fully "fixed" and "postracial" punk that lives up to its promises of offering a subversive whiteness that transcends race, not for the sake of the marginalized punk POC, but for the guilty conscience of the (to borrow from Mimi Nguyen) whitestraightboy punk who has had to wake up to the fact that calling oneself a racetraitor doesn't change one's ability to access racial privilege, but who would nonetheless like punk to be a scene devoid of racial contradictions. The editors of this volume—who clearly see themselves as the punk norm—first posit punk as quintessentially white (i.e. inauthentic as an oppositional culture after all! damn it, we've been duped!), and then practically beg punks of color (here presented as authentic bearers of pure resistance) to somehow absolve this white scene of its dirty racial history. This to me is the ultimate in both the hubris of racial privilege and the uselessness of guilty liberal handwringing.

[1] It is perhaps a bit off topic for the main body of this review, and may be too academic for some, but I'd like to propose an alternative way to discuss the emergence of punk in the late '70s, which could prove more useful for punks in studying and contextualizing punk history. It seems to me that punk—I am speaking here of its late '70s iteration—is a product of the 20th century movement of capital and peoples, insofar as it is one in a number of cultural (and subcultural) movements that are impossible to imagine without the prior two centuries of global urbanization and proletarianization. Thinking about punk in the context of urban space provides us with new methodological tools and questions, because the emergence of the cosmopolitan capitalist metropolis is a reality of both the colony *and* the metropole. This could help explain why in 1976-78 we see punk scenes not only in London and New York but also in Istanbul, Sao Paolo, Tokyo, Mexico City, Stockholm, Warsaw, etc. If there was a punk scene in Istanbul *before* there was a punk scene in say, suburban Iowa or rural Turkey—and there *was*, as far as I know—then the movement of ideas is not from "west" to "rest" but rather a product of a particular historical moment in the global city, a moment that is rife with tensions between not only colony and metropole, but also town and country. (This way of thinking also allows us to avoid the elision of class, political economy, gender relationships, etc.)

[2] One anecdote may help illustrate my point about the importance of context and history. In 2004, Japanese HC sweethearts Framtid—my favorite band in the world—were supposed to travel to the US for a weeklong West Coast tour. In the end, they were disallowed from leaving Japan because their drummer Shin—a member of a many generations old Korean-Japanese community that emigrated to Japan from Korea as cheap labor, war refugees, or forcibly conscripted soldiers in the context of Japanese colonial rule of Korea—isn't allowed Japanese citizenship, despite having been born and raised in Japan. This colonially mitigated relationship to the state that this punk calls home has nothing to do with the racial politics about which the Clash sing. And yet, this legally enforced marker of ethnic difference between one punk and his bandmates couldn't help but mediate their relationships to punk.

—Golnar Nikpour



Violence Girl: East L.A. Rage to the Hollywood Stage, a Chicana Punk Story
By Alice Bag
384 pages • $17.95
Feral House
1240 W. Sims Way #124
Port Townsend, WA 98368
www.feralhouse.com

Punk literature is often given to tiresome romanticizing and rehashed clichés, but Alice Bag's recent autobiography, *Violence Girl,* is written from the perspective of a poor Hispanic raised in East LA by a tyrannical father. She inherits an acute awareness of the duality of man, a Catholic-guilt complex, and the self-consciousness of an awkward girl who could not relate to her peers. Finding solace in the seething anger of punk, Bag's story focuses on her time as the front woman for a pivotal early Hollywood punk band, The Bags. Immersed in the first wave of punk in California, her skeptical predisposition informs her writings and she carries the voice of an outsider. Punk reinforced the negativity of her violent childhood and ultimately forced her to reconcile and grapple with it as well.

Although Alice Bag is best known as a punk musician, the book takes time to reach that point in her life; instead it focuses in candid detail on her childhood. Whether it's the volatile experience of loving a father who encouraged her one day and beat her mother the next, the abject failure of East LA public school in the 1960s and 1970s or the enticing sexual ambiguity of glam rock, all facets of her childhood are analyzed in depth. She not only describes those experiences in a compelling way but shows us how those early obstacles endeared her to the extremism of punk rock.

Bag's depiction of Hollywood from the early days with no expectations, through the establishment of scenes in cities along the West Coast that allowed The Bags to achieve notoriety, and onwards to the explosion of hardcore punk in the suburbs is shown from the lens of a young girl as equally enamored of the eccentric liberation found in punk as she is critical of the tendencies towards excess and self-destruction. Of particular riveting significance is her tumultuous friendship of Darby Crash, as she watches the development of his nihilistic outlook and crypto-fascist treatment of his fans lead to his tragic suicide.

The violent rage Alice Bag channeled into her confrontational live performance is explained as a reaction to her violent childhood. What she refers to as her father's "duality," his tendency to both abuse his wife and fawn endlessly over his daughter, is reflected in Bag's combination of philosophical pontificating and willingness to violently engage with little provocation. In this sense, punk became an outlet for her rage that wasn't entirely healthy, even reinforcing the negativity she grew up around, but eventually her peers' self-destructive habits begin to take a lethal grip on her scene, and the fierce independence she learned in the punk scene becomes a tool for redirecting her life.

Completing college, marrying, having children, travelling abroad and becoming a teacher are among the activities Bag describes later in the book. Her dramatic reconciliation with her dying father at the end of the book is particularly poignant, as he is both her enemy and inspiration throughout her entire life.

—Sam Lefevbre

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Cometbus is the holy grail of punk fanzine-dom. That torn-and-stained, nostalgic black-and-white handwritten tome that gets passed down free box to free box in the ether of all that we hold dear. Away! You irrelevant obscure ex-punks with your noses jammed in lattes, Ipads, and not so ironic Tom Petty vinyl. Here lies some kind of living, breathing proof that *despite everything* we can live forever printed and glued in lieu of stapled and xeroxed. The compulsion to archive in book form our bumbling ephemeras is not new. Rather, it's an ongoing phenomenon of the past (at least) ten years.

I tried to do my research for this, my first book review for *MRR*. I thought I'd try my hardest to be professional, to compile and consider the public's interpretation of such a prolific author. I google searched and dug up older and newer issues to push and pry over. I told friends how lucky I was to get such a familiar first review. I settled down with a cup of coffee and the Urinals to get cracking and figure out how to put into words, like some fucking third grader, "What *Cometbus* Means to Me."

Add Toner is a collection of *Cometbus* issues following up the aforementioned *Despite Everything Omnibus.* Issues #44-48 are edited and compiled here with some intriguing extras. And these extras are possibly what make this collection so exciting. Unlike many other anthologies that have surfaced in the recent past, Aaron has always chosen to edit his. I'm grateful for both approaches. However good or bad, this discerning eye creates a lens in which to absorb the issues, some of which were written ten years ago. Extras found in these pages include new illustrations for #46, *The Dead End* by the inimitable Nate Powell, photos of Aaron's process of writing #47 (*Lanky*) by Katie Glicksberg which accompany a glossary of terms for said issue. Perhaps my favorite part of the glossary is his apology for using the term "pervert" in a disdainful way describing the gentlemen cruising for a little intimacy among the oaks at the Aquatic Park in Berkeley. If I had a hand in helping I would have liked to mention that the once mysterious and sexy cruisers are now sadly indistinguishable from freaks playing Frisbee golf at midnight.

The collection opens with short stories from #45, which for some reason precedes #44. These brief portraits of times past are some of my favorite efforts of his. #45 soars across time and space to distil many mini-truths amongst its pages. The similarities between this issue and #44, *Saint Louis Stories,* are great. Though, in *SLS* Aaron ruminates on one locale and community, both of these issues are filled with that famous style. These are stories of bad luck, coffee, late nights, ghostly girlfriends, punk records and other signifiers that boost our culture. It's what has codified *Cometbus* for the past thirty-some years. But I don't wish to condense this massive bulk to only having some trifling aesthetic value. I think one of the reasons *Cometbus* is so widely loved is because it can provide a journal of experience for anyone who dipped a toe or dove in head first to this pool of slime—you know, punk.

Now, to skip around: issues #46 and #48 are both Terkelian oral histories. I have a hard time with oral histories due to far too many attempts to explain punk this way. We are potentially relieved from the burden of such generalizing because Aaron really focuses when he tries his hand at chronicling. Though I'm sure there are discrepancies, I'm happy to see such ignored histories penned like this. *The Dead End* is the slightly fictionalized anecdotal strifes of the famed Hard Times Café in Minneapolis. *Back to the Land* is interviews with people who were raised on intentional rural communities or those who raised them. Both of these back-issues, now chapters, are somewhat removed from reality by noun changes and illustrations. *The Dead End,* as I previously mentioned, is graced here with imagined portraits drawn by Nate Powell. Still, they have a familiar look and as I read I imagined my friends filling in the voices of the obscured. The *Back to the Land* interviews are graced with possibly found vintage headshots. This creates a sort of timeless quality to the interviews displacing them from punk somehow. In the end I'm convinced that this levity, disassociation, and confusion are what make these interviews great.

A large chunk of the collection is the hand penned novel, *Lanky.* This is the chapter I ended up borderline obsessing over. At times it even seemed to mirror, remind, and prelude my own experiences. I'm troubled by the way he writes about the novels namesake, Lanky, his teenaged girlfriend. She's jealous, beautiful, trifling, and sort of vacant. It's a stark contradiction to his protagonist (a simulacrum of himself) who is varied, interesting, mysterious, and full of more compelling faults. Realistically, *Lanky* is less about a girl and more about a time and a place—specifically, being a Berkeley punk in the '80s. A scene haunted by Reagan's leftover mental health casualties, ex-idealistic hippies and intellectuals, poverty and drug use, and this brand new way of being in the world. So why push a narrative defined by this relationship that is dwarfed by the bigger scene at hand? Is it to prove that once somewhere you were loved? Or, is it because, as Julia says, "we want to read about girls"?

I have too many questions for Aaron and nary an intuitive analysis. I wonder what vaults this magazine to the top of the list. Not just for the punks either. Who does Aaron write for? Is it centrally for his ilk? (Hopefully I'm not being hasty in indicating that I am of this affiliation) Or is it intended to have broader appeal? Because all this seems almost redundant sometimes. I know about all the freaks who lurk on Sproul Plaza, the hilarious and daunting trials of cooperative efforts, how it feels to get blown in the bushes outside of a show etc. But like I said, I'm just too fascinated by the way our experience as punks seems so fucking collective. Do those out there who can't tap into our noosphere really get what's going on?

We live in a postmodern hell where there are too few options amongst a splendor of bullshit. It's been prattled on about too many times. When I look for roll models I'm confronted with obscurity, pain, and the inevitable drift into Vice Magazine territory. The sad truth is no matter how great and important this writing is, more than anything it is beautiful and relieving when you can just feel someone give a fuck.

—E. Conner

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

As the President of the Punk Rock Film Critics Association™, it is that time of the year when I release our list of best films of 2011 basically because everybody else is doing it. I hate to be excluded from list making. Elsewhere in this issue of *Maximum Rocknroll* the shitworkers are listing their favorite records of 2011 so why not join in on the fun?

Here is the list of the Punk Rock Film Critics Association™ best films of 2011.

Black Power Mixtape 1967-1975

The film is a compilation of segments shot for Swedish television that have disappeared since they were originally broadcast. Director Göran Olsson found the 16mm films when he was researching another documentary and has compiled them into nine parts, each devoted to a year from 1967 to 1975. Although it is stated at the beginning that the film is not a complete examination of the black power movement, **Black Power Mixtape: 1967-1975** does provide a compelling and inspirational look at it.

Black Power Mixtape: 1967-1975 moves quickly from the racism of small town Hallandale, FL to the larger civil rights movement as shown through participants such as Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver, Huey P. Newton and Angela Davis. The Swedish interviewers are sympathetic to the cause, but also have the advantage of an outsider's perspective. They particularly get amazing interviews from Carmichael and Davis. (www.blackpowermixtape.com)

Spokanarchy!

Spokanarchy! is a documentary of the formation of the Spokane, WA punk scene. Like every other punk scene that sprung up in the '70s, Spokane's started with a few like minded weirdoes who began to form bands, write zines and put on shows. The scene stayed more insular than most due to the fact that the punk bands that did go on tour never stopped in their town. They continued to develop independently much longer than other scenes. Some of the bands include Sweet Madness, PP-Ku, Doubtful Nonagenarians, Terror Couple and Vampire Lezbos.

The aspect I like most about **Spokanarchy!** is the unconsciously humble assertion that the Spokane scene never produced one band that ever went on to become even somewhat famous. Not even to record collectors. It is unfortunate since I have been listening to the film's soundtrack and there are some great songs on it. (www.spokanarchy.com)

Last Fast Ride: The Life, Love and Death Of A Punk Goddess

The brutally honest documentary of Marian Anderson, musician with the bands Insaints and the Ritalins whom I also knew from working together here at *Maximum Rocknroll*. The film lays every aspect of Anderson's life good and bad before the viewer. This approach makes it a riveting yet ultimately depressing story. The film follows Anderson from her abused childhood when she ran away from home multiple times through her final days living in Los Angeles. The Insaints infamous performance at 924 Gilman is covered in full detail including the difficult obscenity trial Anderson faced as a result. She was eventually acquitted. (www.lastdastridefilm.com)

Bloodied But Unbowed

The story of Vancouver's punk scene. It uses the rivalry of DOA and The Subhumans as a jumping off point to introduce lesser known bands such as Pointed Sticks, Modernettes, K-tels, Active Dog, U-J3RK5 and Young Canadians. Similar to other punk scenes The Vancouver scene starts out as a disparate group of bands playing shows together. They develop a connection with the San Francisco and Los Angeles scenes. The bands begin to tour the West Coast, exposing other cities to their music, but also expanding the reaches of punk itself. There are many cool performances included in this documentary, which will hopefully get shown in full when the DVD is released. (www.thepunkmovie.com)

Two In The Wave

Two In The Wave compares and contrasts the stories of two of the better-known French New Wave filmmakers Francois Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard. They come from different backgrounds, but meet up when they begin attending many of the same films. They become film critics and then filmmakers. They help each other out until their careers diverge after the Paris Riots of 1968. Truffaut moves from hotheaded film critic to established filmmaker while Godard goes from a more open-minded critic into an outsider filmmaker. The films of both Truffaut and Godard seem to tell their life stories in a true auteur way. Although the film is presented in a manner for the viewer to choose which filmmaker she/he prefers, it would be impossible to imagine either one without the other.

Queen To Play

The story of a hotel maid Hélène who discovers the game of chess when she happens to catch a couple playing it on the balcony of their hotel room. Hélène becomes obsessed with the game. When she unsuccessfully tries to convince her husband to learn to play, she manages to persuade a reclusive doctor to teach her the game. **Queen To Play** is a simple film, but the characters are very appealing. It is slow moving though justifiably so. Chess is not a high action game. You need time to think.

Blank City

A documentary of the independent filmmaking scene that sprung up along side the punk movement that was also developing in New York City. Jean-Luc Godard and Andy Warhol inspired the filmmakers whom took cameras to the streets to create films. The films were gritty and trashy and made in any way possible. The filmmakers would borrow cameras, steal film and break-in to buildings to use as locations. The films ended up capturing New York at a desolate time. The city was full of burned out buildings, vacant lots and dangerous people on the streets.

One highlight is John Lurie humorously (and probably truthfully) blaming Jean-Michel Basquiat for changing the scene and making it about success and money. Lurie relates that once Basquiat got some money, he felt that if others didn't they weren't worth hanging out with. (www.blankcityfilm.com)

Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure

A film that starts out rather straightforward relating the story of a couple of college graduates Eddie Lee Sausage and Mitchell D who move into an apartment next door to Raymond and Peter two of the loudest and craziest drunks you'd never want to meet. After an initial confrontation with their new neighbors, Sausage and D begin secretly and not-so-secretly recording the drunken rants and fights of the guys next door. After the recordings begin circulating world wide, the story changes directions turning back on Mitchell and D and the various attempts by a variety people to cash in on the story of Raymond and Peter. Three filmmakers separately race to try to secure the rights to the story and shamelessly display various levels of sleaziness to do so. Everyone in this film ends up coming across as a jerk. (www.shutuplittlemanfilm.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the vinyl) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA**
We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

Reviewers:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(BB) Brace Belden
(GB) Graham Booth
(JU) Justin Briggs
(TB) Tim Brooks
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
(WN) Robert Collins
(MD) Mark Dober
(BD) Brian Dooley
(SD) Sean Dougan
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(GG) Gemma Greenhill
(JH) Jason Halal
(AH) Aaron Hall
(GH) Greg Harvester
(MH) Mike Howes
(ML) Mike Josephson
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(BL) Brad Lambert
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(P$) Paul Lucich
(RL) Ray Lujan
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(LP) Langford Poh
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(JS) Jess Scott
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(AU) Andrew Underwood

0:30 SECOND FLASH / MANIC DEPRESSIVES – split LP

This is another reissue of early '80s punk from New Orleans. It makes a fine companion document to Last Laugh's release of the absolutely crucial LP by the NORMALS earlier this year. Each band was a project of Larry Holmes, the man behind the *Vinyl Solution* fanzine. Side one compiles the MANIC DEPRESSIVES output: a 7" originally released in 1980 by Vinyl Solution, and their two track contribution to the *No Questions, No Answers* compilation LP originally released in 1980. The A-side is fraught with hits start to finish. Straddling the line between punk and rock 'n' roll, like so many great bands from the era, with inspired vocals seeking the melody they usually fall short of, but remaining all the more compelling for their sloppy charm. The guitar sounds huge. It swells and bursts like an amateur fireworks display, then slays with catchy leads and guitar solos that sizzle like dry ice. Hooks abound, equally present in the quick verses as in the memorable choruses. On the B-side, we find Holmes' other band, 0:30 Second Flash which is reportedly named after his sexual prowess; it is not a hardcore band, as the name might indicate nowadays. Instead, it carries on in a very similar fashion to the A-side, with the exception of "Green Eyed Girl." In that song, moody palm muting underscores eerie chanting of lyrics cryptically describing pursuit of an elusive lady from the underworld. The bad times end there, though. "Insanity" extols the virtues of being bat shit crazy and cheerily elaborates on blowing your brains out. "Another Time" begins with a strange fluttering noise, which sails in way above the mix and commands listener's attention. A decidedly RAMONES influenced tune follows, until the end when the sound of steel apparently bending and snapping rises in the mix and ends with a surprisingly industrial wallop. (SL)
(Rerun)

ACTS OF SEDITION – "The Bush Years" CD

This discography CD collects all the material released by this excellent and under appreciated Oakland band from their inception until 2008. The word on the street is that there is a trove of newer material the band is sitting on while everyone works on other projects and hopefully we'll see that out soon too. The band plays fast and thrashy hardcore with tearing ass drums and inventive guitar work, with constant changes drawing from unexpected arenas. Fiercely DIY and prolific as hell, the guys in this band are responsible for dozens of other projects, currently they have an impressive crop with NEGATIVE STANDARDS, HAZZARD'S CURE, PILLS, A.N.S., REIVERS, OWL, and various side projects. I like the newest songs at the beginning of the record best, they represent the later stages of an evolution, but I like listening to the earlier songs to compare. You can listen to the record in reverse order and hear the band mature into its sound. There's 36 songs on this beast so as you can imagine that they are mature as fuck (except Clint). (BL)
(Pissart)

AFTER THE LAST SKY – "There's No Light at the End of This Tunnel" CD

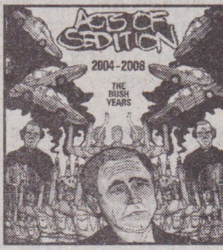
I'll tell you the truth, I wasn't digging the name. I thought that this was going to be some kind of FROM AUTUMN TO ASHES diary-core whining or a dubstep/crabcore shiftiest. These dudes are totally competent blasters however. It's kind of a weird grind mixed with emotional tough guy hardcore. The lyrics are all gloomy but I find them vague: "a ritualized slaughter, bred from anthropomorphic doctrine, so now the inexhaustible, stands at the brink of survival!" I get it, it's a song about the ocean. It's also a little overblown. (BL)
(Power It Up)

ALTERNATIVE – "Demos 1982 (and live 1983)" CD

Definitely wins the prize for this month's most uninspired—though descriptively accurate—CD title! The ALTERNATIVE were one of the mainstays of early '80s anarcho-punk in Scotland. Indeed, they were the main CRASS copyists (stylistically and organizationally, down to the political handouts, aesthetics, CRASS type logo, lyrical concerns, and the female singer to sing the "feminist" songs, (which when you think about it, is kind of belittling, and patronizing. Men can't sing feminist songs? Women can't broach topics other than patriarchy?), flying that flag in Scotland. Unfortunately, they tended to veer into that judgmental/holier than thou territory, which didn't them, or anyone else, any favors really. Which, looking back on it, was a bit of a shame. Musically, they were definitely pushing the envelope for the times, and crossed the melody of the MOB, with the more tuneful bits of CRASS. The quality on this suffers a bit, as one would expect—likely taken from cassettes, but the second demo, and live tracks, in particular, shine through, and are far superior to the EP and LP they recorded eventually. All of their lyrics/flyers are reproduced, with a bunch of photos, though some liner notes contextualizing it all would be nice. They didn't like the band I was in, at the time. Because not all of the band (gasp) were punks, or vegetarians. Skinheads loved us, for some reason. The last time we played together, the assembled shaven headed ones did that funny skinhead dance to us, and then, after we had to get the last train home, battered fuck out of the ALTERNATIVE, who were headlining the gig. Those were the days, etc etc. (RK)
(Antisociety)

ARMITAGE SHANKS – "All Cisterns Go'EP

If HARDSKIN were a garage band they would be ARMITAGE SHANKS… fact. Rudimentary punk rock done with



ARMITAGE SHANKS
ALL CISTERNS

"SKULLDOZER"

BESTHÖVEN
THE VIKINGS ARE BACK…
A HAIL TO SWEDEN

that rough and tumble Medway sound. Like THEE MILKSHAKES minus the '60s. Four tunes that don't mess around, no meandering, fancy bridges, fiddly intros, extended endings, just straight up punch in the face punk rock. This band do it right, God bless em and their ATV cover. Great. (SD)
(Braindart)

THE ASSAILANTS – CD

I totally thought that SUBLIME was one of those '90s bands that was super popular back then, but now collects dust in the bargain bin of record stores. Like SUGAR RAY or something. But no, there are a shitload of people who apparently still love them! They are still premium priced at record stores. People buy their t-shirts. And people even start bands that are clearly heavily influenced by them, like the ASSAILANTS. But they aren't just some SUBLIME wanna-be band. They also do the kind of upbeat crusty ska-punk thing like LEFTOVER CRACK is known to do. And some songs have no ska at all, and sound like AT THE DRIVE IN. No insert, but they did include a sticker. (FS)
(Self-released)

ASTRYD LINDGREN'S GREAT 5 – "ALGR" EP

Brand new uber-limited trash punk garage rock crap from Sweden. 225 copies only. Honestly kinda weak, starts with a punk instrumental theme song straight into a cover of FREESTONE's "Bummer Bitch." I guess I should be impressed they can even pronounce the words, since the next song is called "Retard Rock." If this was an American band and they pressed 1000 copies, many people would make fun of them and not buy it. But they are Swedish and it is very limited, so maybe some people will say they like it. Cheers! [see also FLESH LIGHTS/ NAWDUDE review for two more FREESTONE covers!] (GB)
(Kenrock)

ATOMICDEATH / BLOOD STONE – "Hellish Nuclear Destruction" CD

The merchants of metal must have swung by the *MRR* control center while I was conveniently not around and somehow managed to toss this ten track split release in my review box. Well, an outsider's perspective is coming as a result. Let's put it this way: when cool '80s hardcore bands like DRI started to head into the metal direction it broke people into two camps—those who dug it (like my long haired buddy Sean, who is a pure blend of punk, hippie and metal head and would risk life and limb at crossover shows in the late '80s trying not to get punched by some half-crazed skinhead) or those who were repelled and dismayed and contemplated freakin' ending it all because of the musical state of affairs of the day. I fell into the latter category. The first band on this split, ATOMICDEATH, falls into the former as their tunes totally conjure images of the thrash crossover period. BLOOD STONE is even more metal in their approach, and seem to me like they're one step away from painting their faces white and hanging out in the wintry forest with swords in their hands. That probably sounds awesome to a lot of people, and those are the ones (I know there are plenty out there) who should be checking this out. (BG)
(Blood of War)

BABY TEARS – "Homeless Corpse / She Sells Eggs"

BABY TEARS hail from that ubiquitous world of lo fi, Goner Records-type of trashy punk that seems to dominate the music scene these days. Maybe I shouldn't be so dismissive since these two tracks are pretty catchy and have musical merit, but I just can't over the fact that there are a thousand bands that sound exactly like this right now. Fans of damaged basement rock will dig this, I'm sure. (BG)
(Rainy Road)

BASTARD NOISE – "Skulldozer" LP

I am more than ecstatic that Wood and co. have stuck with this return to heavy mutoid doom power jams. I really thought *The Red List* was gonna be a one off and then it was back to the "sound sculptures," but then they dropped *A Culture of Monsters*. *Skulldozer*, now follows as the third release post-return-to-powerfully-violent jams, and sees Wood/ Connell joined by PROGERIA's Aimee Artz on electronics and vocals, but since her voice reminds me an awful lot of one of the voices present on most of the BASTARD NOISE / MITB records, it fits the trajectory of the project without any sort of a hint at balking. I will say that the epic opening track of this LP, is the most ominous and sad I have ever heard from this camp with it's synth-y intro, and occasional synth swells that alternate with huge note drops, and I really, really like it. Now, how do you explain the "Skull" sound to the un-initiated? Is it even possible? Not really, 'cause there is nothing like it. Just seek out this or any other MAN IS THE BASTARD record, *The Red List*, or *A Culture of Monsters* for a taste of one of music's truest visionaries. (JU)
(Deep Six)

BESTHÖVEN – "The Vikings Are Back – A Hail to Sweden" EP

This 7" features covers of CRUDE SS, FEAR OF WAR, ANTI-CIMEX, MOB 47, and SHITLICKERS. This means that you're not allowed to fuck this up because it would be blasphemy and these guys did not fuck up these covers, but they did not add anything new to these already solid songs. It sounds like every other BESTHÖVEN release because it is literally just them continuing to rip our favorite raw punk bands. BESTHÖVEN does not have an original bone in the bands' body and this 7" is the ultimate testament to that. I like all those bands, so I like this record and I can see why they paid homage in this fashion. It must have also been a lot of fun to cover and record these songs. This 7" is like a really solid mix tape of raw punk and they did an all right job, but I'd still rather listen to the original songs sans the shitty pixilated art. (AE)
(Total Fucker / Nightmareman)

BITTER AMERICAN – "21" EP

It's always cool to come across a new band from my old stomping ground (D.C.) that is actually good. BITTER AMERICAN serve up four tracks of well crafted, riff heavy punk reminiscent of later BLACK FLAG and also some early AmRep stuff (HALO OF FLIES come to mind). The songs here are shorter and a bit dirgier than say, RATIONAL ANIMALS, but it would definitely make sense for the two bands to tour together. I'm way into the vocals on this; they're clean, just a little bit shouty, and catchy enough to ensure that the listener doesn't just get lost in a sea of searing leads. Good stuff, maybe Dead City isn't so dead after all. (KM)
(Cricket Cemetery)

BLACK AND WHITE – "Mortal Sin/World War 3"

Blown out '79-influenced punk rock. Like the JAM on speed getting the shit kicked out of them by the BUZZCOCKS on crack. It's got that slight art damage vibe that most of the late '70s pioneers loved to flirt whilst, a nice layer of distortion lends the sound that dangerous edgy urban decay aesthetic. This, to these ears is punk in its purest form, short, catchy and off kilter with a hint of menace and attitude. Never forgetting the all-important tune whilst keep the sound well out of the pop camp. I love it, could very well be in my end of year top ten as well as a few other folks. (SD)
(Episode Sounds)

BLACKBIRD RAUM / HAIL SEIZURES – split EP

These two bands combine to give us two very differing sides of Anarcho-folk-punk music. HAIL SEIZURES play a much more aggressive style. It's fast, dark and cryptic. It has the feel of Crass Records anarcho-punk played on acoustic instruments. In fact, if they played on electric guitars, they'd be a punk band with violin. But their music and the depravity in their message is best conveyed this way. It creates a spooky underworldly vibe that's really engaging and captivating. This feels like folk-punk created by *punks*, and not dudes with suspenders and old timey hats like most associate with the genre. BLACKBIRD RAUM is the other side of the coin. Their style emphasizes the "folk" side of folk-punk. Banjos, fiddles, accordions, even a washboard; its all in here. But this too has a bleak and underground feel to it. Over the coarse of their side, they have this rising crescendo that cuts at just the right time. They do their shit well. If you are still reading this by now, you should really track down this record. (FS)
(Go)

BLOWHOLE – "Experiment #1/Consumer Protection Racket"

According to the nice letter that accompanied this record, BLOWHOLE features ex-members of London Peel faves the SPERM WAILS. Get it? SPERM WAILS – BLOWHOLE? Okay. Both songs lurch along in noisy punk fashion not unlike the band's previous incarnation. For fans of anti-Britpop, off-kilter, jagged indie. (AM)
(Cooler Kings)

BROWN BROGUES (BRUNA BROGUES) – "Wildman" EP

The two tracks on side A of this record are more of that noisy craziness Kenrock always manages to dig up from some gutter. Messy, distorted garage rock with overly reverbed vocals and lo-fi production. It is just the kind of shit I like. The record notes "BROWN BROGUES is not, never has been and never will be a blues band." Maybe not, but their sound is definitely a bit bluesy, especially the KD version of "Wildman" on side B. Sorry dudes. (CK)
(Kenrock)

BROWN SUGAR – "Sings of Birds and Racism" LP

New York's reigning weird hardcore champs BROWN SUGAR have bestowed an LP upon the world and it's an absolute gem. I generally don't think the LP is a good format for hardcore bands (short attention spans require keeping it short and sweet, hence the 7"), but these guys aren't your usual hardcore band. Listing all the out-of-the-ordinary things going on here is pointless, but it will suffice to say that each of these songs is 100% crazy, catchy, and out of control, yet none of them follow a predictable hardcore structure. The border where one song ends and another begins is often unclear, the pace alternates between super fast and plodding, and quite a few songs feature a saxophone and weird guitar effects. As an aging punk with a low tolerance for the same old shit, this is my kind of record. And if you aren't too afraid to escape your neat little "punk" world, you may just discover that it's your kind of record, too. A must for fans of FLIPPER, the FIX, FEEDERZ, and PISSED JEANS. Highest recommendation. (JH)
(Feral Kid)

CAIRO FOSTER – "People Mover" EP

Noisy, layered, thick-necked rock; heavy on the bluster but the songs don't really seem to be *about* anything. Still, who needs an excuse to grind away on simplistic riffs over pounding drums? It's the blueprint for some of the best music in the world. For some reason, they buried their best song (or at least, my favorite) at the end of the B-side. It's not coincidentally the song that boasts a more typical melodic structure and recognizable lyrics. It sounds a little like FUCKED UP's more recent work. For some reason both songs on the flip are named after the actors who played Bruce Banner/The Hulk in the '80s TV show. This band is something of an enigma. (AM)
(Sell At A Loss)

CAROLEE – "EP1" 12" EP

So the internet doesn't have dick one to say about CAROLEE, except that they/she is from New Jersey and that you can listen to the first track off of this record (oh also you can read the one sheet that I got on the label's website). Therefore I'm kind of going out on a limb when I say that this record is the work of one person. What you, the listener gets is something kinda like a less rawkin' early SUPERCHUNK. Or, more accurately, punky, guitarcentric indie. Seriously, the guitar is really high in the mix, and it kinda works because the guitar playing is cool, but I like the songs that sound more balanced way better. Also, I like the songs with bass on them. These songs are good, lilting, poppy in a different way, melodic and dissonant at the same time. Thumbs up. (LP)
(12XU)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES / NO COMPLY – split EP

The CAPITALIST songs were recorded live at Gilman in '09, classic era of this very long running hardcore band. How many live tracks do these guys have out now? Whatever, this is a tight raging set, by now I would assume most people who would be interested in these guys know the deal by now. Killer shit. NO COMPLY also has a live recording, this one from '97. Bass, drums and vocals only. Eh, it's OK, the vocals are kind of weird, but the tunes aren't bad, short blasts with slow sludged out parts that are made that much heavier by being only bass. Pretty minimal packaging on this, but if you're a completist, go nuts. (AH)
(To Live A Lie)

CHAKA – "Decay" EP

Apparently another band loves DISCHARGE and ANTICIMEX and wants to worship them in 2011. This Brazilian rager is not just another clone of a clone of a clone. This 7" has its own flavor of raw D-Beat punk. Vocals sound like WARCRY. There is a field of rotting war torn bodies on the back cover reminiscent of death and destruction. One wants to quote DISCHARGE after reading their lyrics because they're reminiscent of the source from which they came which was a good one. 5-tracks of solid D-Beat. (AE)
(Ratas Del Extraradio / Symphony of Destruction)

CHILDREN OF EULER / TERRACIDE – split LP

I got pretty stoked on the CHILDREN OF EULER side because the vocals remind me of an old friend's weird and awesome crust projects, the voice was even almost exactly the same. Punk rock is still a small world because of course it turns out that this is the new project from Jim Ass of ASS and GANGLION. The personnel features some other seasoned DIY types from the Minneapolis scene and they play twisted metal with a lot of black metal and crust weirdness. It's kind of wacky but tears it up. I've always been a fan of Jim's vocals and he does some crazy dark screaming about math theory that also gives the band a strange cyberpunk feel once you read the lyrics. The music is pretty all over the place stylistically, they blend and tweak tons of riffs together and change the tempo often. The overall effect is very narrative once it engages you. And if that doesn't sound weird enough, then there's the TERRACIDE side of the split. I don't know what the hell to call this but I hear a lot of melodic HIS HERO IS GONE kind of crust with some '80s hardcore punk, bass noodling, power metal guitar riffing, and kind of a groovy rock swagger in there sometimes. In the insert, the band claims the songs are a love story between an artificial intelligence and a waitress and they list their influences as *Battlestar Galactica*, Galactic Pizza, and the C programming language. It's goofy and fun. I dug both sides. (BL)
(Ass)

THE CHOSEN FEW – "The Jokes On Us" LP

The apex of punk—makes shit like the CLASH or the JAM sound like LINDA RONSTADT. Unarguably retarded and almost transcendently genius, almost like an Australian CHILD MOLESTERS. Every song is a hit. Unfortunately, due to this records near blog-rock status at this point (the scant and pricey bootlegs that have appeared all sound and look like absolute shit), some of you dreadhead babies might not have heard this legendary thug-rock shit before, and if that's the case or who cares what the case is actually, just get this record instead of whatever dog-shit were going to buy. (BB)
(Going Underground)

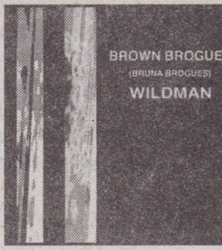
CIGARETTE CROSSFIRE – "In Between the Cure and the Disease" LP

This Finnish band plays melodic punk that would be right at home on any of the bigger punk labels these days (think Fat or No Idea). It reminds me a lot of pre-radio fame AFI. I'm not the biggest fan of this style, but I bet if you are into the labels mentioned, you'll probably dig this. (BD)
(Combat Rock Industry)

THE CLASS ASSASSINS – "Treason/Start Again"

Man… On principle, I wanna like this one. But I'm not really digging it. Not sure if it's me thatsa changin', or if CLASS ASSASSINS have just spiraled into a mediocre shadow of their former selves. I used to think these guys were great when they first started about a decade ago. They had it all. They were the elder statesmen of the Toronto punk rock scene coming from bands like BITTER GRIN, PROBLEM CHILDREN to make up the core of this great new "streetpunk" super-group. With a couple of releases on TKO Records, the undisputed pinnacle of streetpunk at that time, their songs were refreshing and thought-provoking, like an east-coast version in Canada of what KNUCKLEHEAD was like out in the west. Sadly however, this new 7" let's me down and it just seems to be a group of guys going through the motions, trying to capture their past glories. Sorry guys. I give you props for still being at it though and hopefully you're still having fun, cus that's all that really matters! (ML)
(Rebel Time)

BLACK AND WHITE



CAIRO FOSTER

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES
NO COMPLY
PAINFUL SPLIT

CHAKA
DECAY

CLEANSING WAVE / GASH – split flexi

GASH sends shivers down my spine in the same way GISM has the power to do so. It's visceral, it's violent, and it feels good. "Power Fucker" is the strongest track out of the GASH tracks. Live, GASH has some bloodshed and vivisection videos that can render some faint-hearted watchers uncomfortable. This is a band that pushes limits in the way GISM did and does it with excellence. Shares members with another solid Boston ripper, ASPECTS OF WAR. The CLEANSING WAVE track is just as strong as their demo earlier this year and still remind me of MORPHEME with the sickest drumming. This is a beautifully done flexi release that is not just a novelty, but a must own record that captures the raw punk brutality of what is coming out of the North East right now. The cut and paste on this flexi still smells of glue. Instructions on flexi say to "play loud and throw away," punk is meant for destruction and chaos. Get this or don't. P.S. The blood on my test press had not oxidized when it was received. (AE)
(Total Fucker)

COCHE BOMBA – "Vectores De La Muerte" CD

In case you were wondering how much blistering fastcore you can tolerate, this disc might be a good place to start. France's premier purveyors of ripping Spanish language thrash spanning over a decade of their existence. Released for their SE Asian tour, COCHE COMBA are completely unhinged, the way this stuff is supposed to be…can you handle it? (WN)
(self-released)

COMPLAINTS – "Falling Down" EP

A truly DIY effort from this San Francisco foursome: recorded by the drummer, cover art designed by one of the guitar players and the photo used on the cover is of the other guitar player. Maybe the bass player took it? Then, there is blood painted painstakingly by hand on each cover. Could this even be the blood of one of the band members?! I like that neither side A or B exists on this 7", just two side Cs in which the same three songs of rambunctious, DEVIL DOGS driven, drunken fuck, energetic punk rock 'n' roll are embossed. (GG)
(Self-released)

CRAZY SQUEEZE – "Gimme A Kiss/I Need A Witness"

Sleazy glam influenced punk rock. It's got that LA Hollywood strip vibe, whilst conjuring images of overdosed punks and strung-out hair metallers. It's got a Rip Off records feel, but a bit more on the FASTER PUSSYCAT side of rock 'n' roll. The '70s glam shines through on both songs, bringing to mind GUIDA and SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS. Sometimes this style works, and this is one of those times, Played by a bunch of vets that know their history and how to make it work without sounding tired. Nice. (SD)
(Rapid Pulse)

CREAMERS – "Slow Burn" EP

Here's a short, four song EP from Austin Texas' CREAMERS. This is loosely in the lo-fi, Killed By Death vein, with herky-jerky drum parts that remind me of HUBBLE BUBBLE, some guitar noodling on the first track that brings to mind the EAT, and a slightly dark thing at times that makes me think of RIK L RIK. A cool release, but there isn't much here that stands out for me. (JH)
(Secret Beach/On-High)

CRIATURAS – "Oscuridad Eterna" LP

Stoked I got this for review! Their 7" was killer, and they kick fucking ass live. The sound on this is bigger than on the EP. The drums crush your puny skull, the guitars wail, soloing around your ears like bloody razor wire, and the screaming banshee vocals never let up for a minute. They're from Texas, with the sound of classic sung in Spanish hardcore, at the same time being totally original. They again have lots of spooky imagery to please my inner goth. Best record I've heard in awhile. (RO)
(Trabuc)

CRIME WAVE – "Modern Lobotomies" EP

Wow. This one took me by surprise! The band photo makes this look like they're a typical, generic rockabilly band with an upright bass, and the band wearing suits. Not sure if that is the reality of this band or if that is a piss-take, cus these guys sound *way* more like DEAD KENNEDYS than any old stale rockabilly band! And the songs are pretty f'ed up too. Lyrical content covers characters such as JR Ewing, Idi Amin, William Shatner (well, his dick at least?) and the ultimate in one line songs: "Jerry Falwell is Dead / The moral majority, snakes and authority hatred inside and the lies / Jerry Falwell is dead." That's it folks. What more can I say? Not exactly great stuff, but not entirely bad either… (ML)
(Agro-Wax)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS – "Frammenti Di Vita" LP + 7"

Almost two decades ago, in the pages of *MRR* I reviewed DOOM's *Hail To Sweden* 7" and mocked their tribute to bands that I couldn't find anywhere in *MRR's* vast vinyl archives. I basically assumed DOOM had pulled a fast one, making up bands to confuse the wayward fans of Scandi-crust as much the cover would confuse MANOWAR fans, but actually the savvy Brits were paying tribute to heroes of the early demo tape trading days, and years later CRUDITY, AGONI, ROJERS became less a mystery through the miracle of vinyl re-releases, Mangel-ed CD comps, YouTube and the blogosphere, so I'll use this time to apologize both those bands and DOOM. At around the same time in 1994, Italy's CRIPPLE BASTARDS launched a similar 7" salvo of covers of classic early Italian Hardcore—WRETCHED, NABAT, UNDERAGE, INDIGESTI. This LP includes a re-mastered version of that original 7" EP, with another sixteen track LPs worth of new covers. *Frammenti Di Vita (Fragments of Life)* leans as hard to classics of early Italian thrash metal like BULLDOZER, NECRODEATH, SCHIZO, JESTER BEAST as well as classic Italian hardcore like RAW POWER, DECLINO, NERORGASMO, NEGAZIONE, INDIGESTI. The band finishes by revisiting two tracks from CRIPPLE BASTARDS earliest recordings. It's proficient and punishing, as the bands are masters of brutal, thrashed out delivery, and I had to YouTube to A/B source a lot of the bands I was unfamiliar with to see how faithful the covers were. Very much so in the case of the metal band versions, but all of which were turned a shade more brutal in vocal extremity and speed. The hardcore covers are a little more problematic because of a lot of the charm of early Italian hardcore is the simultaneous idiosyncrasy of both the recording and the bands themselves. Most have questionable but unique recording values as a setting for strange chaotic energy, frenetic loose around the edges musicianship and even bands that mastered their instruments (NEGAZIONE, INDIGESTI) have unmistakable odd qualities to their sound in their vocals and tone that define their sound. While CRIPPLE BASTARDS deliver strong renditions of the framework of the songs themselves, the precision and clean recording fails to capture a little bit of that really wild spirit of early Italian hardcore. One exception where it really comes up ahead is a blazing cover of a track off the UPSET NOISE 7", where the original is gloriously sloppy primeval thrash, but CRIPPLE BASTARD's cover hones it to blazing precision. I don't have the benefit of speaking Italian, in which recognizing the classic lyrics would reinforce hearing the songs, but the other upside is bands I'd never heard of, (like the fantastic demo only proto-Italian hardcore rager BLUE VOMIT), I was captivated to go check out. So if this turns a new generation of grind freaks onto IMPACT and WRETCHED, mission accomplished. Amazingly, CRIPPLE BASTARDS do not flinch from controversy, opening the record with a cover of BULLDOZER's Ode to Masturbation "Misogynists"!! Cover features a painting of dead Crusties surrounded by expensive rare records. Hey—try not to bleed on that WRETCHED / INDIGESTI 7", I still need a copy! (KS)
(Deep Six)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS – "Frammenti Di Vita" EP

CRIPPLE BASTARDS have been at it for a while with their mix of punk, hardcore and grindcore. I've always liked them. Then a year or so ago they released this EP. It was originally released sometime around 1994 but was impossible to find. Now Deep Six has made it much easier to find. I have mixed emotions about this release. I really like both CRIPPLE BASTARDS and a lot of the tracks they cover on this release. It's an EP of cover tunes. I always liked the WRETCHED track, the NEGAZIONE track and the UNDERAGE track. But I'm left wondering if I'd ever listen to this again. I guess that's a common feeling with covers. The cover of WRETCHED "Spero Venga La Guerra" kicks ass. It's short, fast and out of control. The NEGAZIONE cover "Incubo Di Morte" has that rhythm and riff that could go the wrong way but holds on. Remember those late '80s hardcore/straight edge bands that had that one track that bordered on rapping? I'm not into the NABAT cover, "Troi" at all. It's an odd Oi! sound, but through the CRIPPLE BASTARDS filter. The cover of UNDERAGE'S "Sporca Naia" is straight punk and drags on too long. The INDIGESTI cover, "Mass Media" is a scathing noisy hardcore track that leaves that wonderful feeling of being attacked by the music. The BLUE VOMIT cover "Vaffanculo" has that early '90s Italian hardcore sound and IMPACT's "La Vostra Violenza" rages with almost spoke-sung vocals and really rips. Wow this track rocks, I want to hear the original now. You'll already know if you want this based on your view of cover tunes. (MH)
(Deep Six)

CYBORG – CD

This disc contains nothing but ripping fucking powerviolence. That could pretty much be the end of the review. CYBORG has a strong '90s PV sound kind of like CROSSED OUT or more recently IN DISGUST and shares members with WEEKEND NACHOS who are also great. If you're cool, you should probably get this record. (BL)
(Deep Six)

CYCLOPS – "Cyclops" EP

CYCLOPS is constructed in two parts from the rock legends Tina Lucchesi and Johnnycat, creating a raw and urgent sound that will reduce the swelling and sortly after replace your brain with raw veal. That good! I speak as someone who isn't a fervent fan of everything these cretins have produced, but this has entirely won me over… This is all killer, practically no filler garage punk for miscreants, so tough and punk and goooood. Recording in a living room by experts, really the sound on this is epic and amazing, so loose and rumbling, nasty! This is how you do it wimps; this one eyed reign on terror will reduce all you posers to crumbs! It's hard to pick a favorite, but I think "I Have One Eye" might be the anthem, faster than a switchblade, tougher than Tabb Hunter in leather! The only weak link in the chain is "Cyclops Island" but it's no matter cuz the rest of this EP is brimming with such savage intent you will soon gouge out your useless eye and join the mutants! (LG)
(Portland Mutant / Jonnycat, no info)

THE DALTONZ – "Suedehead Rock" CD

Ugh. I've been having trouble figuring out what to say about this one… It's a CD. In a simple cardboard sleeve. So not much to look at or glean any info from while listening to it, so I'm having a hard time getting motivated. Maybe I'm asking too much, but even a simple insert with some lyrics, band photos or info about the band would get me more interested in this. When it comes down to it, that is a huge part of why I prefer vinyl over CDs (besides the obvious "warm sound" that vinyl has). I like to see something cool with my music. I want the whole package!! Anyways… I'm getting off track here. Back to the music. With a title like *Suedehead Rock*, you pretty much know what to expect, and for the most part the title doesn't mislead you on this one. This is skinhead rock'n'roll that is a cut above the average in regards to the quality and it will appeal to most of the skin-to-suedehead variety with quick, up-tempo, lightly distorted, anthemic sing-alongs that make up the majority of this CD that includes songs in both French and English. It is a bit of a cop-out with this genre to compare them to the TEMPLARS, so as I was listening to this I was gonna try my best to *not* do that… but then they went and did a killer cover version of a TEMPLARS song in French! Which one I am blanking on at the moment, but the title in French is "Un Singe En Hiver" which when translated to English doesn't sound like any titles of TEMPLAR's songs that I can think of, so it seems that they've changed the words to suit the French version?? Regardless, it was the highlight of the CD for me!! (ML)
(UVPR)

THE DARK RAGS – CD

Country rock and roll from Greece here. A little bit on the tame side of SOCIAL DISTORTION with some of the jangle of let us say the HOODOO GURUS. This was OK for simple open chord r'n'r, it's just missing the muscle or the skillful tunes to really stand out. Very late '80s college rock that has been done much better. (RL)
(Fuzz Overdose)

THE DEAD TRICKS – "You Should Have Worried About It" CD EP

Trashy rock n roll with more than a bit of spunk. In fact, as far as I can tell from the snarled lyrics, they are all about women so fast and loose that they insult the singer's sexual organs. How else is one to interpret songs about a "One Eyed Monster"? Nevertheless, fans of the likes of D-GENERATION will dig this amped-up HEARTBREAKERS/DEAD BOYS fare… Five tracks and all the better for the brevity. (RK)
(Self-released)

DEADVERSE – "Caution To The Wind" LP

DEADVERSE are a band from Switzerland with a clear '90s emo influence. Midtempo, a generally clean guitar sound, screamed vocals, and a nod to AT THE DRIVE-IN. There is some nice guitar work and the songs are fairly short, meaning the album flows by rather quickly. No long intros or superfluous bridges. Just kick it in and go. A couple of instrumentals break things up nicely. If I have one complaint it's that the vocals are a little monotonous. (MD)
(Take It Back/Adagio 830)

DEMENZIA KOLEKTIVA / DISPARO – split EP

A split release with two bands out of Spain, the first up are DISPARO. More of a punk slant on their side, "Sin Salida" starts with a great sing-a-long tune that brought T.N.T to mind. They pick up the pace on track two and back to the good old punk for the closer. The flip is DIMEZNZIA KOLEKTIV who hand over three tracks on this platter the style ranges anywhere from Germany's DAY BY DAY melodic punk to a more rock-'n' punk vibe. The gritty recording definitely makes this an enjoyable listen. The DISPARO side won me over. Nice. (MS)
(Trabuc)

THE DESTRUCTORS – "11.11.11 In Memoriam" CD

Cringe worthy and repetitive baby oi. I think this band reckons they have some sort of life clarifying message, but guys, the MANIC STREET PREACHERS were droning on about the same thing about twenty years ago, so they've got that covered. This is bad, really bad. (GG)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DIG IT UP / PREVENGE – split EP

On their side, PREVENGE offers up two songs of driving, melodic pop-punk that would not be out of place on the shelf next to your HOT WATER MUSIC, GRABASS CHARLESTONS, and other assorted No Idea releases. It's earnest. It's heartfelt. It's incredibly solid. I really like how they altered the picture of their drummer to make her look like she is holding an ice cream cone rather than a drumstick. Goddamn! DIG IT UP is completely different and fuckin' *creeeepy!* I mean that in a bad way. Their semi-metallic boogie-groove is over the top and treads confidently into bro-rock territory. Listening to this makes me feel like I am watching the opening band at a WHITE ZOMBIE show. Some sample lines are "Hey little lady, can I trouble you for a little kiss?" and "I've been watching you. I like the way you move." Ew. Fuck this shit. If you get this record, just listen to the PREVENGE side and practice your whittling on the other side. (GH)
(Pavones)

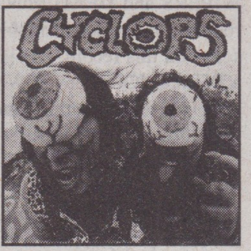
DIVINE RIGHT – "Pray For Me" EP

OK, this band has a Bakersfield connection, the drummer was in HUMAN MESS, and LOSER LIFE, but luckily I can end my streak of giving bad reviews to bands associated with that town. This Chicago band plays really killer punk/hardcore shit with insanely negative lyrics, spiteful vocals, and great drumming that just caves your skull in. Highly recommended. (AH)
(Residue)

DIVORCE PARTY – Astrocongertion Oporium CD

Chaotic arty weirdness, taking prog and post punk to dizzying heights before crashing down in a pile of self indulgent noise. MELT BANANA on LSD and without the hardcore, plus

ROCHE BOMBA



DISPARO
DEMENZIA KOLEKTIVA

Divorce Party

Eddie Brock
kiss

heaping helpings of electronic sounds. I am still not sure if I like it, but I'm going to keep listening anyway just to make sure. (WN)
(self-released)

DON'T – "Away Away" LP

Dark atmospheric punk that touches ever so slightly with the Goth camp. Strong female vocals, (sung not yelled), add an almost BANSHEES quality to their vibe. It has that WIPERS North West doom and gloom feel whilst adding a lick of rock to the sound. Maybe a bit too much rock for your average studded up punk rocker, but for those who like to shake the locks it might just be the ticket to a bedroom air guitar session. Not breaking any new ground, re-inventing the wheel blah blah blah, but it is what it is and its not pretending to be anything else. (SD)
(Doomtown Sounds)

DON'T – Love Lost / Killing Me

It's hard to pinpoint exactly what's off-putting about this record. They play the dark and gloomy style of Portland rock'n'roll popularized by the WIPERS and DEAD MOON. The songs are pretty rockin', but uncomfortably generic. Of the two songs on this record, one is original and the other is a DEAD MOON cover. Which in theory is fine and all, but it feels like this band is trying to ride DEAD MOON's coattails a little too hard. They toured with PIERCED ARROWS and would play DEAD MOON covers live, and now they have em on their records too?! And their original track on the A-side has some pretty dreadfully boring lyrics. Love songs are a tough sell to begin with. There's like a million of these dang things. But we're talking like ninth grade heartbreak style here. Which sucks cause the singer is way more conventionally talented than most vocalists you find anywhere. Like, she could win singing contests on TV or something. Maybe it feels like they are just trying too hard to be the kind of band they think will make it, rather than the one they would be organically. That make any sense? (FS)
(Doomtown Sounds)

DOWNTRODDEN / PLF – split EP

I've listened to PLF for a while now and these tracks really stood out. A bit tighter and heavier than their previous stuff, even though these tracks were recorded in 2009. Even the two AGATHOCLES covers were fast heavy grind. I'm not that familiar with the Serbian band DOWNTRODDEN and they have a somewhat unique take on grind. The drums are so precise and are very clear in every track to the point where the first track even sounds like a drum machine. Oh, wait, the band lists three members and no-one on drums. Their sound leans towards old school grindcore but with a very fast drum machine, making for a unique sound. They also throw in an AGATHOCLES cover. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

EDDIE BROCK / LAPSE – split EP

Crushing HC/PV from LAPSE, vicious in intent and execution. EDDIE BROCK dish out more restrained hardcore with throaty vocals a la BASTARD. 'Nuff said, this is excellent. (WN)
(To Live A Lie / Hostile Input)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – "So Many Things" 2xLP

This is a singles and rarities collection from one of the best bands of the 21st century. If you have seen EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING live and/or have heard any of the records, you know what I mean. If you haven't this is a great place to start. You get a full overview from the first single from 2004 up to 2011's silly cover of THE GOGO'S "We Got The Beat." Plus many of these were so hard to get in the first place. Hearing the band's history compacted only emphasizes the fact that they started out so fantastic and just kept getting better. This is an amazing collection. Now I guess I should put my copy of their first 7" into storage or something. (Just kidding). (CK)
(Goner)

ELECTRIC MAYHEM / NUMBSKULL – split LP

Woof, this is the epitome of the "local band" split. Two bands that are firmly mediocre (at best) in quality, but still have their shit together enough to record and (I assume) play local gigs. ELECTRIC MAYHEM is pretty fucking terrible, actually. Very mid-'80s sounding, with a melodramatic vocalist and sub-par thrash that isn't close to tight. This kind of sloppiness can be fun in a live set, but it's unforgivable on record unless you're DISORDER. These guys are no DISORDER. At least they did me the courtesy of not including a lyric sheet, as from what I can make out there's some pretty brutally sexist crap here too. On the other hand, NUMBSKULL actually pull off some pretty good power violence-y grind on their side. Nice short songs ala DESPISE YOU, but with a sound that's closer to *Means of Existence*-era PHOBIA or STAPLED SHUT. If you're a grind fiend, it'd be worth your while to pull this out of the dollar bin in a couple of months just to dig the NUMBSKULL side. (AU)
(ANF)

EROTIC DEVICES – "We Vibrate!" EP

More generic than erotic, despite where the individual members of EROTIC DEVICES may hail from, this "multinational" (to quote Auturo Bassick – Lurkers/999) band fit perfectly into that European scene of SCREECHING WEASEL and HANSON BROTHERS worship. I have friends who go loco for this shit. It's ok, but I need a little bit more to impress me these days. Getting old is a bitch, avoid it if you can. (GG)
(Incognito)

EVIDENCE SMRTI – LP

This review was in danger of some ill-advised and very unfunny puns about this band being from the Czech Republic (czech it out!, czechlist, etc.) but luckily EVIDENCE SMRTI is pretty epic so I can just talk about the music instead of trying to sound clever. If this band were from the US its mix of melodic thrash metal and crust would probably be fucking horrendous, but this sounds so earnest and sincere that it's legit. The galloping D-beat parts lead into thick and heavy riffs shot through with mournful guitar leads. The lyrics have English translations and the themes are familiar crust issues; although they are on the bleaker end of the spectrum, dealing with death, decay, and hopelessness. I'm ready to hear more. (BL)
(Insane Society)

EWW YABOO – "Make It Easy/So Many of the Kids"

You have got to be fucking kidding me. Cutesy, nerdy indie rock with a lot of slick guitar changes. These tunes might fool EWW YABOO's local nerd following into thinking they're the next NO KNIFE or something. Not me. I hate this and I'm going to comb the racks for as many MISERY, CHAOS UK and BATHTUB SHITTER records as it takes to wipe this from my memory. (MC)
(Summersteps)

FACTORY MINDS – "America's Not At War" CD

I can't figure these guys out. By all accounts, they're a pretty good band in regards to the musicianship and arguably their song-writing... but I can't really seem to get into them. Overall this stuff just lacks any real energy or excitement—it's missing that killer knock-out punch!! It just seems way too much to be going through the motions of wanting to be like the CLASH or something. Or worse yet, it reminds me of RANCID wanting to be the CLASH!! (ML)
(Arrest/Downtown Academy)

FAMILY MAN / INJAKMATI / MICHAEL CRAFTER – split CD

Aussie's MICHAEL CRAFTER kicks this 3-way split off—powerviolence with a few well-done departures into some other styles. The first song is a solid with some interesting plodding guitar parts. It's nothing ground breaking but the music is tight, fast and solid. This is the only band on here that didn't include lyrics and with songs like "What's my name Bitch" and "Will play for Scene Points," c'mon damn it! FAMILY MAN from Germany delivers the next seven tracks with some nihilistic sounding melodic hardcore with moshy parts, breakdowns and throaty higher pitched vocals. This veers into some screamo melodic HC and the guitars are solid and sound very rockin'. That may sound negative, but it's really good for what it is, it all works and the music is extremely tight. The dude screaming can scream in pitch, which is a definite skill. Lyrics are about how fucked the world is, greed, bullshit morals and no PMA. INJAKMATI finishes up the CD with five tracks of fast growly metallic HC crust with grindcore chunks and growl to high-pitched vocals. When searching for their origin listed were Jakarta, Banten, and Scotland and indeed there are bagpipes at the beginning of one song. This is an interesting international split. If you are into anything mentioned, this might be your jam. (MB)
(Revulsion / Pissart / Delusion of Terror / Prankster / Bullwhip / Death Mutt / Green Peace Distro)

THE FAMINES – "The Completed Collected Singles 2008-2011" LP

Since I am also reviewing EDDY CURRENTS SUPPRESSION RING's singles collection this month I need to point out that ECSR's double LP has twenty-two songs. This single record has eleven. In addition ECSR has released three full-length records. The songs on this record are the only songs The Famines have released so far. Perhaps this singles collection may be a little premature. The Famines are a Canadian two-piece (guitar and drums). Although there are the usual sound limitations with the two-piece band, The Famines keep it fast and

stay more on the rock side than the blues side. However singer Raymond Biesinger does have a southern drawl in his voice. Fans of the BLACK KEYS will like this a lot. (CK)
(Mammoth Cave Recording Co)

FATAL NUNCHAKU – "Paving Stone Under the Beach" CD
This is thrashy punk grindcore from France with a sense of humor that seemingly doesn't take itself to seriously. It's not bad at all. The drumming is precise and razor sharp, which is much needed for this style. The guitar is thrashy and metallic with some good catchy noodly licks that do not rely on wanky solos. There are slightly melodic parts and the music is solid. The vocals are mostly high pitched, throaty and screamy with an occasional lower second vocal creating the "meow-meow-bark-bark" often found in this genre. Then, one of these guys sings in a fucking killer punk growl similar to some Scani *All Day Hell* sounding shit! While I like all the components of this record. It's not something that I can listen to all day long, but the band had the foresight to make this a rather short but perfectly lengthened CD. A few songs on here are fucking great, yet a whole CD is a little much, I know that this is some ones dream band, so if you like anything I described above, please check 'em out. Oh, and I gotta say that I love this band's stance on politics, pornogrind, wealth and music. Dudes, can laugh at themselves, but they know who they are. I love them for that. (MB)
(Suffering Jesus Productions / Teriak / WeeWee / Aima / Bloody Lips / Nuclear Alcoholocaust / Don Carlos / Puzzle / To Live A Lie / Rewolucja)

FERAL BABIES – "Violent Boredom" EP
I'm digging the guitar sound these Tampa, Florida youth have achieved. With nine songs on this 7" they are squarely aligned with the timeless sound of US '81. They do utilize better musicianship than is typical, and they have a nice mix of sophisticated and appropriately stupid in the lyrics. Both of these things work in their favor. If the songs were a touch more raging or catchy, I'd be all about this. What I'm hearing here is a band that should be killer in the near future. They're not bad now. (JM)
(Rigid)

FESTA DESPERATO – "Psi Vetikânu" LP
Metallic Scandicrust from Czech Republic, featuring all of the glorious trappings of the genre. Churning intros, gutteral vocals and Swede leads are all delivered with an ear raising discordant energy often associated with Eastern European hardcore (take the mid paced section in "Drív Nebo Pozdêji" as a perfect example). Far from a clone, FESTA DESPERATO take the bones of heavy hardcore and create their own monster. Awesome. (WN)
(Insane Society)

FILHOTINHO – CD
Ripping dual vocal hardcore from the south of Brazil, FILHOTINHO were the first band I saw on my recent tour and even through my fog of jet lag and a lingering intestinal inconvenience, I knew I was seeing something killer. With an energy that only comes from youth, they blow through eleven songs on this disc in just thirteen minutes, a blistering attack punctuated by catchy '80s HC guitar leads, welcomely sporadic gang backing vocals and a female vocalist who takes a backseat for many of the songs, but commands attention when she takes the microphone. Fastcore at it's finest, but with more to offer than just speed. Awesome. (WN)
(self-released)

FINAL CLUB – "Blank Entertainment" LP
There's something in the water in Denton, Texas (or more likely something in the beer). For a small town it continues to produce way more than its fair share of great, melodic punk bands (mainly the MARKED MEN and RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS and their assorted side projects) and FINAL CLUB are the latest to hit the *MRR* turntable. Even further on the indie rock end of the spectrum than even Denton's poppiest bands, the jangly, snaking guitar lines, sunny melodies, and somewhat shambling gait call to mind bands like PAVEMENT. There are definitely bursts of punk energy and spiky edges (the opening track, "Tragic World", could be a scrubbed-clean JAY REATARD outtake), which keeps the album within *MRR* review territory, but only just! Still, sounds good to these ears. (AM)
(Adagio830)

FISTULA – "Loser" LP
FISTULA has been doing their unique take on doom/sludge for about ten years now. With each release they seem to come up with something that sets them apart from sludge crowd. They just seem odd, and I mean that in a good way. On this 12" EP they get a bit normal. Slow, sludgy, heavy tracks that don't seem to have a lot to say. I realized this when listening to the second track, "I'm Glad Nate's Not in AxCx" which is a wonderful noisy 25 second track. This track is followed by the faster "The Houds" which sounds like grindcore compared to their slow brutal sounds. But the rest of this EP fell flat on me. The riff to "Loser" is nice but that's about it. It's an odd feeling because I like this EP 12", but a number of the tracks did nothing for me. (MH)
(Patac)

FLESH LIGHTS / NAWDUDE – split EP
Fuck me! Three fucking tepid ass FREESTONE "Bummer Bitch" covers in one month. NAWDUDE tries to get all creative and think outside the box. You would prolly think it was cool and funny if you are A) a dipshit or B) friends with them. Sorry bros. NAWDUDE's other shit is OK power violence-ish jam band shite, whatever. And FLESH LIGHTS. Goddamn you FLESH LIGHTS. I really want to hate you, but the female vox plus actually capturing the frenetic energy of the original "Bummer Bitch" without straight up copying it… it's *ok*. OK I don't like their other song tho, it's like fake THIN LIZZY riffs with touchy feely glam pop dude vox. The girl is better. (GB)
(12XU)

FORCED LAUGH – " Live At Club Anthrax" EP
One side of this is a fake live record, the other is a wild bratty splee that's somewhere between YAH MOS and um, BOBBY SOXX!? DAVE E should sue for royalties! Really dumb times here and I hope you are ready for them. This shit is falling apart, one note guitar solos with puked out vocals and a bassline that will make your migraines psychedelic. If you are interested in bands that sound like a dorkier practice room version of X_X, this will take care of that need in a most adequate fashion my friends! The live side has some sick and epic crowd sounds throughout that will swiftly make you narrow your eyes and leave the room! This, in case you were wondering is exactly what I want out of life, it's spiteful, fucked up, dumb, violent, dorky, bad jokes and bloody fingers! It's also punk. The note inside from the record executive that put this out had what was supposed to be a picture of JOWE HEAD attached. A totem?! (LG)
(Gold)

FOUND DEAD IN TRUNK – "Fried Demon Sessions" CD
This is standard issue, crunchy punk rock generica, borrowing heavily from the obvious influences, like an adult version of so many first attempts at punk in middle school. With vain attempts of shocking horror punk lyrics in every song, there is nothing compelling about this disc. A short selection of song titles includes "The Mortician," "Bone Saw," "Corpse Fishing," "Prescription for Suicide," and "My Disease." It's low calorie, diet MISFITS with the sodium removed. (SL)
(Dagger)

VIOLENT BOREDOM
FERAL BABIES

FUTURE RUINS

HAUST
OKKULTOKRATI

SCHATTEN ÜBER NÜRNBERG E.P.
THE HIGH SOCIETY

FRUSTRATIONS – "Negative Reflections" LP

A noisy band from Detroit that evokes that sound when '80s hardcore bands started to get more musical. You know the ones that didn't go metal. The music is still fierce, but it's also melodic. The songs can veer into the experimental realm, but never going too far from catchy. The feedback and harsh sounds keep it from getting too wimpy. Plus the singer has that kind of intensified vocal style that reminds me of that guy at the bar who is always talking at you. He is entertaining when you are in a near state to his inebriation, but if you show up sober he can be a bit scary. Yet that never stops me from talking to him. (CK)
(X!)

FUTURE RUINS – CD

Ten tracks of pummeling and heavy Swedish D-beat/kang. Half is more straightforward ala TOTALITAR, while the rest is full on metal. I can't really say what makes something like this good or memorable, but for the most part this is neither of those things. Members of MASSMORD. (JH)
(Power It Up)

THE FUTURES – "分裂電塊" CD

Crazy, chaotic punk, hardcore and no wave. I've wanted to hear this band for a while but haven't had the chance until now. This was a band started by IDK of the JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS in the late '90s and other than their first LP, which was released on MCR/625 Thrash most of their music has been difficult to come by. The band also does not fall into an easy category. Their sound is noisy and chaotic, but as much in a no wave or rock way than a punk/hardcore way. Tracks are mostly less than a minute long and it seems like they change sounds on every track. Some of the tracks, like #17 (sorry track titles are mostly in Japanese) are almost noise but noise made by guitar/bass/drums, while other tracks have more punk/hardcore leanings. This is a reissue of their second LP that came out in 2005, with at least eight extra tracks including tracks from their split with WAG PLATY. They also throw in a cover of "Escape" from ANTI JUSTICE. I love this CD. (MH)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

FUTURE VIRGINS – "Western Problems" LP

This album is like the *Chinese Democracy* of pop-punk. It seems like ages ago that FUTURE VIRGINS put out two consecutive startlingly good EPs and quickly became the darlings of trashy pop-punk kids coast-to-coast. Everyone was passing around mix tapes of their songs and talking about rumors of a full length in the works. This was 2007. Maybe two years later Starcleaner Records started adverting the record on their website as "coming soon." Well, it took til the end of 2011 for it to arrive in the flesh, but it's here and it fucking *rules*. To be fair, they did put out another single in the meantime. All three EPs ended up in my year-end top tens; they were that good. And this LP is on the same level. It's wild and chaotic pop in the style of BANANAS with a slight region rock bend. But also with a strong SPRINGSTEEN approach to the lyrics and songwriting. Just listen to the song "Ruin Me" and tell me that couldn't be on *Born To Run*. But anyway, if your curious about what really good modern pop-punk sounds like, listen to this album, its about as good as it gets! (FS)
(Plan-It-X South/ Starcleaner)

GALINHA PRETA – CD

Absolutely rudimentary punk, often just one or two riffs make up a whole song, but GALINHA PRETA manage to take the simple formula and make it awesome. "Saco de Plástico" is the clear hit (and also the song whose video drew me to the band in the first place), but these fifteen songs are packed with high energy no frills hardcore punk delivered with a calculated intensity. Whatever the Brazilian version of *je ne sais quoi* is, they have it. (WN)
(Karasu Killer)

GHADDAR / MARY-KATE AND ASHELEY OLSEN – split 45

Ahh, the truly warped GHADDAR offer one song of solid, sludgey, '90s hardcore meets resin headbanger groove. It's hard to describe, the bass has lots of distortion, the vocals are a pretty fierce scream, there's a whistling part. It's rad, and it kinda makes me think of a way less metal DYSTOPIA (in a way: don't expect this to be the next *Human=Garbage*). On the other side is MARY-KATE AND ASHELEY OLSEN's breakout synth G-Funk hit from their days on *Full House*. Giggle city. Apparently there are only 50 copies of this, and I see two of them before me, so if you wanna hear these hot jamz you'll probably have to come to *MRR* or my house to tape this labelless clear 7". In the meantime, keep an ear and an eye out for Allentown's GHADDAR. (LP)
("Metal Blade," no contact info)

GOVERNMENT ISSUE – LP

This is a re-issue of GI's self-titled LP from 1986, which means it's mid-period, non-hardcore GI. Hell, I'm not even comfortable calling this punk. Really, it's melodic hard rock that surely appealed to college kids who had just been exposed to the REPLACEMENTS and HUSKER DU. Now, let me say this right now, this is not a bad album, in fact it's a pretty good album. They opted to take an "Unsatisfied"-esque approach to their songwriting and it turned out a fuck of a lot better than say, *New Wind*, but definitely not as good as *Zen Arcade*. According to John Stabb, this was meant to be a concept album about growing up and leaving behind youthful ways, and even though there isn't a narrative cohesive enough to make this a true concept album, I can hear an overall sense of introspective disillusionment present in the vocals throughout the record. The first wave of hardcore in D.C. was all but over, and instead of beating a dead horse, GI experimented with some back-masking, non-punk instrumentation, and perhaps most shockingly, writing some heartfelt pop songs. "Locked Inside," "Even When You're Here" and "It Begins Now" are excellent radio-friendly songs. Conversely, the album's original closer, "Last Forever", is a downbeat, sitar-laden tune about the death of a friend, which perhaps also signaled the death of the punk version of Government Issue. This re-issue from the timeless Dr. Strange records also features four bonus songs recorded around the same time as the original LP tracks. Prior to this offering, this album had been out-of-print for over two decades, and even if you've downloaded it in the meantime, it's definitely worth hearing on vinyl. (KM)
(Dr. Strange)

GRIDE – "Záškuby Chaosu" LP

Every once in a while a record comes along that knocks me on my ass. This GRIDE record is doing just that. This is a band I've liked for a long time and have been putting out music for almost fifteen years but this new release still blew my mind. A new sounding grindcore, which includes bands like PSUDOKU and just a couple others which harnesses technical playing and songwriting, doesn't forget to write songs and doesn't need to be flashy/techie all while keeping the anger. The political hardcore feelings are still there and maybe even more than their previous releases but the songs, are, well, songs. The hardest reviews to write are those for records I love and this CZECH grindcore band has released one of those records. (MH)
(Insane Society)

GRUBERGER BROTHERS – "Greetings From Reading, PA" LP

Wow, I feel strangely qualified to do this review. You may have heard of the brothers' GRUBERGER previous exploits, first in the Brooklyn based O. REX, who released one of the earliest proto punk 45s in the mid-'70s, *My Heads In '73*, with help from a young Kenne Highland. Then all three moved to Washington DC, forming the AFRIKA KORPS who'd release the killer *Music To Kill By* LP in 1977. Kenne moved to Indiana and joined the GIZMOS while the GRUBERGERS moved to Reading, Pennsylvania and fell off the face of the earth. A two CD retrospective of unreleased O. REX material came out last year, a rather punishing and seemingly endless set of basement scrapings, so I was a bit worried. But this LP is a full on '70s dumb punk killer, moustaches, leather vests and all! Eighteen tracks in all, sound-wise this reminds me a lot of Boston fuzzed out lo-fi '70s contemporaries UNNATURAL AXE. What Side A is to dumb punk, Side B shows them stretching out into weirder lo-fi territories, cool stuff if you're into the '70s, but I can imagine certain people never flipping it over. Kudos to the compiler for putting it in such an easily digestible form, cuz Side A is all killer no filler. Rad!! (GB)
(Rerun)

HAUST / OKKULTOKRATI – EP

As I write this it is December so I guess this Christmas split makes sense, kind of. HAUST plays offbeat rock'n'roll souped up with '80s punk, with a screaming weirdo providing vocals. They do two originals and a cover of the STOOGES' "No Fun" that is the most accessible thing on the record. OKKULTOKRATI has a hard to pronounce name and contributed one track to the disc, a sprawling horror punk jam about getting glue for Christmas and that relies on a chord progression that at times reminds me of the VAN HALEN song, *Everybody Wants Some*. If you can conceive of that being a good thing then you are as big an oddball as me because I like it. (BL)
(Fysisk Format)

HEAVY CHAINS – "A Very Real Hell", LP

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah! Found sounds layered with the deep heavy terror constructed by the likes of Andrea from NÜ SENSAE, Brody from MUTATORS and Anne-Marie from WHITE LUNG. It has tinges of their other bands but really it sounds like they've been spending a long time listening to NIRVANA and NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE. The major downfall of this is the excess of use of flange on Andrea's vocals, soooo not needed, I'm not saying

trash it just turn it down a couple notches. It works better on the faster ragers but on the slow ones it comes of as a weird attempt at psychedelia. Even with that there are still a lot of hits. (MM)
(The Broadway To Boundary),

HEAVY TIMES – "Jacker" LP
Wow, it's hard for me to keep up with this label; half the time the shit they put out is hookless artsy hipster fuzzpop. Then once in a while they blindside with a straight up ripper. This LP is an absolute blazer. It hammers from front to back. Hard to pin these Chi-towners down, but their hometown has left a stamp on them for sure, with faint echoes of bands like the EFFIGIES and RAYGUN, but wrapped up in a discordant WIPERS drive with a modern HOT SNAKES bass heavy swagger as well as what appears to be an unashamed love of indie rock like PAVEMENT or even the fuckin' PIXIES. It's tough to be current and different without just being obtuse, but somehow these cats do it and fuckin murder it. Best of the month for sure. (TB)
(Hozac)

HIGH SOCIETY – "Schatten Über Nürnberg" EP
This is so freakin' good! HIGH SOCIETY is among only a handful of contemporary punk bands that has the ability to capture that certain magic that immediately distinguishes them from the multitudes of uninspiring groups. The music is melodic, snotty and moody, a formation of traditional punk for the modern era not unlike HJERTESTOP or PRESS GANG. Each of the four tracks on this EP is a winner. Total keeper! (BG)
(Search for Fame)

HOLLYWOOD MASSAGE VIBRATION – "Hangover Man Vomited" CD
There is a lot going on here. The band is eclectic, almost in the vein of SCHLONG, though they don't mix it up in each song quite as much. They can be spastic like MELT BANANA, though not quite as jagged, and they can sound like two ska bands playing different songs together. Some tracks are like a challenge to people who like fun to see how wild you can dance. Some of it is like free jazz. The singer's raw-throated yelling is about the only consistent part of their repertoire. Fourteen songs in a half hour, from Japan. (JM)
(Hardcore Kitchen)

HRS – "Heavy Roach Activity" LP
Fuck yeah, this is some straight up fast thrash that seems to be played by a couple of older rager dudes, it even has a party collage on the insert. I get kind of an SMD vibe from this band, who I actually think are pretty good meat and potatoes fast hardcore. The aforementioned collage shows the members sporting two CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER shirts! Pretty good comparison really, as well as early ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, various obscurities like LSN, and shit like that, and maybe a faster FINAL CONFLICT. Straight forward punk lyrics railing against society in general, a damn good record that could have easily come out in '85 and fit right in. (AH)
(Torture Garden)

HYSTERESE – LP
Super stoked when I saw this in the review box, as their cassette release was a 100% winner for my ears. The extra time and effort put into this full length is obvious, and France's HYSTERESE have created what they probably were aiming for with that earlier recording. The problem is, I liked the demo better. The LP is great, catchy punk rock, suitable for ass shaking in the same way that bands like SOVIETTES and MASS HYSTERI are, but the edge is missing. Male/female vocals trade off and share the foreground with arrangements that probably took more time (and imagination) than just about any record I've ever recorded, and the pace seems constantly on the verge of breaking loose even though they keep in reigned in. I'm not saying that I want it to sound shitty, it's just that the LP highlights elements that the band probably weren't able to pull off on the earlier recording, and those are the elements that turn me off slightly—there are melodies in the music that turns the corner towards mainstream pop punk instead of poppy hardcore (the start of the second side is a perfect example). It's not what I wanted, but it's really fukkn good, which is certainly what HYSTERESE wanted. (WN)
(Search For Fame / Gestaltung)

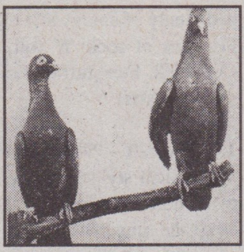
HYSTERICS – "Arm Candy" EP
Dang. This is the first record from this all broads HC band from Olympia. After hearing the demo, I have been waiting for this one… Plenty of floor punching riffage and menacing melodies to make this some pretty traditional sounding DCHC with the urgency of VOID, and the anger and darkness of DEEP WOUND. Lyrics are good, personal, introspective and pretty bleak about how the world is a fucked up place. "Arm Candy" is a pretty solid indictment of the punk scene, as it is often just a microcosm of all the homo-normative bullshit that turned women and girls away in the first fucking place. These ladies are doing shit on their own terms, playing music they love, proving once again, that hardcore "membership" does not require a cock. Inversely, while this is uniquely HC by women, they are in no way are looking to get a pass. The shit is brutal and solid. The vocals are barky and short with a little bit of a blown out fuzz to it, the guitar tone clean with a little distortion. The bass is simple and metered while the drums do much the same. The guitar takes the noise to a new level with the end of this record ending with noisy, feedback, total musical break down joined by reverbed vocal ugliness. It rules. And, no, this isn't Riot Grrl and, No, this does not fucking sound like SPITBOY. If that's what you hear, then you don't know shit about music. (MB)
(M'Lady)

ICONICIDE – "Jesus Corpse: DNR: Live in Spanish Harlem" CD
What a confusing CD. The music is basically NAUSEA or some other late '80s/early '90s NYC squatter punk crossed with baggy-pants bro mosh. On the back we have some street punk-looking dudes, a dread head guy, and a skinhead wearing an ANTI FLAG shirt. And the insert includes four intense pages of tiny print listing all the bands that "touched fate with ICONICIDE" including STATUS QUO, the EXECUTE, GETO BOYZ, KRAFTWERK, MOB 47, KATE BUSH, and MONTY PYTHON among countless others. Absolutely speechless. (JH)
(Self-released)

IDOL LIPS – "Scene Repulisti" LP
Ya' know what? This stuff is completely and totally cliché to the max, but I like it. Over the top, trashy rock'n'roll that doesn't really have an ounce of originality to it sometimes is exactly what you need. If you can do it well, why not do something that is a proven hit! These guys from Italy have had some releases in the past on labels like No Front Teeth Records and fit in well with that crowd and some of the newer bands out this way on the Modern Action Records or Dead Beat Records. Kinda reminds me a bit of fellow Italian rockers TAXI, or RADIO REELERS or the STITCHES as a benchmark that most of us can relate to. (ML)
(White Zoo)

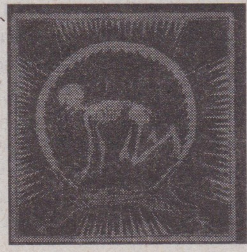
THE ILLS – "I Kill Me" EP
I'm a self-admitted sucker for female fronted bands. When they are faster-paced and catchy and a little snotty, I have zero defense. This is like right up my alley. Excellent. (KK)
(Delete Bin / No Front Teeth)

IMPEDIMENTS – "Broken Hits" LP
Part proto punk, part '70s rock with relentless guitar leads that can't stop won't stop. It sounds like New York and LA but it's from Berkeley? Well played rock n roll with twin guitar leads



LANTERN
I DONT KNOW
OUT OF OUR HEADS

LEFT IN RUINS
SOUND OF DEFEAT



and plenty of energy and the chops are there for sure. For fans of rock ’n’ roll, proto punk, and ALICE COOPER. Fun stuff that can’t stop won’t stop. (P$)
(Happy Parts)

J.C. SATAN – “Hell Death Samba” CD

Musical styles seem to come in waves, and you really notice it when you see hundreds of new releases all the time because you work at a record store or are lucky enough to have access to the insane amount of records that flow through these hallowed halls each month. The flavor of modern times seems to be lo-fi garage psych along the lines of TY SEGALL, and like all common genres some bands define the sound and the rest seem sort of blah. J.C. SATAN luckily belong to the first grouping as they have something in their sound that captures your attention and keeps you listening. Maybe it’s the variation, as they go from some indie rock-like numbers to some pretty rockin’ garage trash to subtle moments of drug damage. I usually toss these bands aside after hearing a few tracks, but this one stayed on for the whole run. Worth looking into if you dig this scene. (BG)
(Slovenly)

JESUS H. BOMBS – “Life of a Fly” EP

Everything about this record screams “Punk!!!!” JESUS H BOMBS wail away at some totally ruling DIY, old school sounding dirty hardcore with a manic singer that sounds kinda like the guy from DIRTYARD. He’s got that kind of voice that sounds like he has to puke after every song. The last of four songs is an acoustic number that manages to fit in with the three other scorchers and doesn’t detract from the overall feel of this EP. If you’re a fan of punk shitz like DIRTYARD and QUEERWULF, this may be for you. Plus, the guy that put it out said you could have it for free if you pay the postage or send him something cool in trade. Stamps also accepted. This is really fuckin’ cool and totally punk! (GH)
(Bookoven)

JOHNNY ILL BAND – “In the Wintertime” EP

After I listened to this single I opened up the one-sheet write up and saw references to both JONATHAN RICHMAN and PAVEMENT. I guess this provided some clarity in interpreting the former as an explanation for the awful lyrics, but the latter seems to only be evoked vaguely in the “independent rock” genre that PAVEMENT’s music went on to beget for years to come. Don’t worry about tripping over yourself to get this if you have been to a house show in the last 25 years. File Under: *Good Time For The Dudes In The Band And Nothing Wrong With That But My God Are We Actually Supposed To Suffer For Them So That They Might Achieve Said Good Time?!* No big woop. (JS)
(X!)

JOHNNY THROTTLE – “Lost Sputnik” EP

This gentleman goes under the unfortunate moniker of JOHNNY THROTTLE. Who knows? Maybe the whole Throttle family are quite lovely. Maybe that’s the band’s name? Who gives a fuck? This shit is tired. Now I like some of this kinda DEAD BOYS worshiping guitar solo rock but you gotta try a little harder. “Lost Sputnik” is the better tune but it’s got lyrics like “Gimmie a fix, Gimmie a kiss, Gimmie some more of this” Gimmie a fucking break! What fucking year do you think it is? I hope these English lads have at least picked up a healthy drug habit and are getting better or just dying soon. (RO)
(Wrench)

LES JOLIS – “Action Paint Me!” LP

Garage punk outta the south of France. Everything about them screams that they are capable of holding their own, but I must admit that I was slightly startled to hear this kind of stuff recorded so cleanly. Is it THE HIVES I’m thinking of? It certainly ain’t the FATALS, that’s for sure. There’s none of that trademark garage gunk that’s permeated records of this ilk for, well, forever. It’s even weirder considering the wild-eyed Euro scene seems to have a crud-as-rule policy. Los Jolis go the opposite route with mixed results. The energy certainly comes across, but the songs stumble from time to time. Merely OK. (MC)
(Scanner)

KEITZER – “Descend Into Heresy” LP

With every KEITZER release I’m for some inexplicable reason expecting not to like it, and every time I’m surprised at how much I do like it. I think their brand of modern death metal / grindcore / German metalcore is simply better than most that try this sound. Their sound is huge, melodic and extremely heavy. I’ve always thought of them as a less noisy, tighter, more metal MORSER. And on this release, Denny from MORSER does guest vocals on three tracks. If KEITZER has a minus is that a lot of the tracks sound very similar. I can’t believe how heavy some of these tracks are. MISERY INDEX meets MORSER. Excellent stuff. (MH)
(Power It Up)

KNIVES OUT – “Here Again” CD

Swiss street-punk, of the driving, rock n roll tinged variety. With more than a nod to the likes of the GENERATORS, the HUMPERS. Lots of chunky guitars, and whoah-ohs. As well as the obligatory songs about punks and skins drinking together as mates on a Saturday night, there’s a song about how Haiti has been forsaken, which is as refreshing (lyrically) as it’s incongruous. I’m sure the crew will feel alright about this one. (RK)
(Nextpunk)

KOBAN – “Solid Gold” EP

Wow. This band totally reminds me of my very first band. More synthy dark punk with very obvious WARSAW and BAUHAUS influences. These songs remind me a lot of the NEW ORDER peel sessions. They use a drum machine, which nails that TR 808 quality of the old school shit they are pulling influence from. There are monotone, almost spoken male vocals with more sing song female vocal back ups. The songs are mid-tempo, melodic and guitar driven. No wanky solos, drum (machine) fills, or complex bass here…just contemplative dark synth pop. I wouldn’t be surprised to see this band sign to a big name indie at some point. It’s enjoyable. (MB)
(The Broadway to the Boundary)

LANDFILL – “American Damage” EP

Kind of fast punk with lots of drum rolls and heavy guitar verging on ’80s hardcore at times. The singer’s super soulful, crooning out deep heartfelt introspective lyrics, hoping to create a more positive world for himself and others. I hate it. You have to hear the song “Death Elections” and try not to bust out laughing. Not for me but more original than a lot of the crap I’ve been hearing lately. Give it a spin. (RO)
(Death Exclamations)

LANDMINE MARATHON – “Gallows” LP

First things first, when I was in High School UNRUH was one of my favorite bands, I still play them all the time over a decade later. Of course what sucks about that is expecting everything Ryan Butler does to be UNRUH part two. I can’t say I’ve ever really gotten into this band, it’s super tight metal/grind style shit with a ton of double bass and Grace Perry has a pretty gnarly voice, but it just isn’t a style that I really dig these days. It doesn’t really matter as these guys are pretty huge I think, and it’s easy to see why, they’re really good at what they do. Artwork by Mid, can’t really go wrong there. (AH)
(Deep Six)

LAND OF BLOOD AND SUNSHINE – “Phlegm Realm” EP

This is quasi-psych-y rock from Iowa. It looks as though this is the third release for LOBAS, but I can’t testify if their entire catalog trudges along similarly, Hard-strummed, clean acoustic guitars, with angsty delay-effect leads, smothered in layered boyish vocals. A list of comparable bands is on the tip of my brain, but I can’t quite snag it…lazily I’d say they were like the home-schooled little brother of WOODS, not a bad thing, but not really in my plans for revisiting. (JS)
(Whoa! Boat)

LANTERN – “I Don’t Know/Out Of Our Heads”

Two distinct takes on pre-punk are offered up here. “I Don’t Know” boasts an awfully strong reliance on the moves of THE YARDBIRDS while still retaining a modern garage punk bent. “Out Of Our Heads” is Williamson-era STOOGES worship, pulled off really well, along the mid-fi lines of “Cock In My Pocket” or “I Got A Right”. The nod goes to the B-side for sure. (MC)
(Mammoth Cave Recording Co.)

LEFT IN RUINS – “Sound of Defeat” CD

Discography CD from this defunct Swedish band whose material fell somewhere between grind and fastcore. Blazing, unrelenting punk similar to ’80s bands like OUTO and INTENSE DEGREE. 39 tracks in all and only one eclipses the 90 second mark. Short, fast and loud indeed. Not a lot to grab onto musically, nor is there much variation, but if you’re in the mood to have your face thrashed off for the better part of an hour, by all means pick this up. (KM)
(Torture Garden)

LEIDKULTUR – “Wiederkauer” LP

This band hits it well with their driving, anthemic, modern hardcore sound, melodic guitar leads included. The songs almost fall ahead of themselves, like they’re playing a little faster than they actually can, which always is great. They’re not sloppy at all though. The lyrics, in German, seem to be extended angry rants—explanations in English are provided. In particular they are callin’ out stupid shit in German society and in the punk scene. The cover has ruined buildings and a bunny. They seem like a band who would get shit for being “too political” or “not getting the joke.” This is a good record. (JM)
(Leika)

LE SANG SONG – "Art Vs. Life/Paper Rose"

So much of music comes down to choices. What to include and what to leave out. LE SANG SONG are careful editors of their own minimalist bedroom art pop. The pulsing "Art Vs. Life" sounds like it could have been on WIRE's *154* album, right down to its abrupt and unexpected end, while "Paper Rose" is delicate and even more sparse: a trembling falsetto over spare guitar, distant bass, and a single metronomic cymbal. The A-side is arresting and the B-side is haunting. A worthwhile entry into Hozac's Hookup Club single series. (AM)
(Hozac)

LIFE WITHOUT / SIN VIDA – split LP

Two bands from Palo Alto, CA, yeah!! SIN VIDA, a non-Spanish singing band, have two vocalists, the female voice brings Amy Nausea to mind for a moment the music sounds like GRMPLE and BREAD AND WATER were thrown in a blender and poured into a bowl of alt rock stew. Interesting but it is *punk* so don't let the review throw you off. The flip, LIFE WITHOUT give us their blend of hardcore punk with a touch (and I mean a touch) of metallic breakdown bits, not so much that made me turn the record off, but enough to annoy me just a bit. As a whole this is a cool effort from two lesser know bands from the Bay Area. (MS)
(Bugger Brain)

LOS LLAMARADA – "Gone Gone Cold" LP

First things first: this is an incredibly dark and powerful record. While LOS LLAMARADA has long-practiced putting uneasiness into their brand of psych-punk, they've managed to make their best record to date here, at the expense of their band (this is their final LP) and against the backdrop of daily violence in their hometown of Monterrey, Mexico. This actually makes their earlier releases seem playful in comparison, which is no small feat. The mood is pure panic from start to finish on "Gone Gone Cold", an LP filled with desperate, real music played with a level of intensity one doesn't encounter that often. Highest recommendation. (MC)
(S-S)

LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER – "Eterno Treblinko" LP

There is so much unnecessary grind in the world. Why do we need dozens of third rate weed soaked blasters when Spain has been kind enough to offer us LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER? Like a freight train barreling through the station, these sounds make my stomach churn with metallic glee. Mid-era NAPALM DEATH with deeper vocals, rarely slowing the pace to anything more subtle than a fleeting kick in the teeth. Relentless and uncompromising political grindcore. (WN)
(Deep Six / Power It Up)

LONG PIGS – "Cut Off" EP

As most of you probably know, LONG PIGS come from the CRAZY SPIRIT/DAWN OF HUMANS camp, and while there are some similarities here. LONG PIGS are definitely their own entity. The noize and chaos that those other bands revel in is here, but this EP is heavily tempered by an LA beach punk, almost DESCENDENTS level of melody buried under the feedback and slop. The vocal in particular is snotty in a very Milo-ish way. If the fuzz were stripped away, you'd be hearing this band compared to CAREER SUICIDE quite a bit. These tracks are all solid, but the start-stop of "Death is Death" and the aggressively '80s retro "Abetment to Suicide" are particular highlights. Another great release by SMRT Records, who are creeping under the radar as a really good label with diverse but uniformly excellent releases. (AU)
(SMRT)

THE LOVE TRIANGLE – "Boomerang Girl/Quick Joey Small"

Blah blah blah, who *cares* if two or all or none of these British "people" were in the SHITTY LIMITS (a great group but who's counting), this record doesn't sound anything like them except it's also recorded shitty like all theirs were but these retards cover "Quick Joey Small" which is one of the worst songs ever written and also my sixteenth favorite of all time. Anyways it's a great cover. The A-Side is an original called "Boomerang Girl" and if this was some normal "garage" "record" as the powers that be here at *MRR* used to assign me to review (why??) I would not have listened to it and thrown it away but because I implicitly *trust* the output of Dire Records I gave it a listen and well, look, turns out it's a completely moronic tune about who knows or cares and I found it so decent that I listened to it *three times* which is usually two and a half too many if you have to hear some of the shit I have to hear. Anyways, a good record with fairly crummy cover art. (BB)
(Dire)

LTW – "Total Garbage" EP

Overall what I'm hearing on this 7", I like, which is a good mix of modern, non-traditional sounding hardcore with a strong '90s presence with it's screaming vocals and octave chord parts. Like a current, heavier take on the ASSFACTOR 4 sound, or something. But there is like a weird hollow digital wash over this whole record that I can't *not* hear, at all times, and it's throwing me off. (JU)
(Cricket Cemetery)

LUNAR OUTPOST – "Confusion is Forever" CD

The CD starts off on a solid footing of JAWBREAKER-style college rock. Then as if it's meant to be an intentional surprise this incredibly shrill keyboard drops in. And stays there. It has a sound like the RENTALS and that song "Friends of P." Anyone know that song? But this is a bit more sharp. But regardless, the keyboard does add an interesting element to the tunes; actually it might even save it from being boring. It's like a twisted take on an otherwise tired and formulaic style. Okay, okay if you dig both JAWBREAKER and the RENTALS check this band out. (FS)
(Subsystem Request)

MAGNETIX – "Drogue Electrique" CD

MAGNETIX have this ability to get this amazing musical sound. It is a reverb-drenched surfy '60s guitar thing just sped up just enough into a catchy new wave-ish dance song. Add to that a nonchalant French vocalist and it is pretty damn cool. This is best exemplified on the band's two Nasty Product 7"s and the songs "I Drink (But My Guitar Doesn't) and the title track of this record. Unfortunately every song on this CD doesn't hit the mark. Some are too slow and others just don't get into the right groove. Of course, that still leaves this band miles ahead of the current crew of garage bands. If only they could reach that musical apex on every song, they'd rule the world. (CK)
(Slovenly)

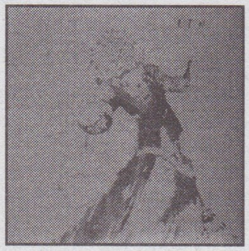
THE MANDATES – "Take You To The Dance" EP

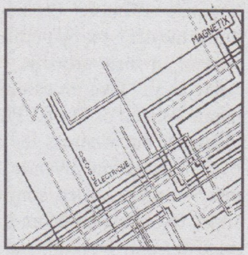
60% rock n roll, 30% punk rock, 10% garage. I like those percentages. Nothing new, but still a lot of fun. Its got the riffs, hooks and the sing along appeal. It's a good time record for good times. It makes me smile, long for the summer and it's begging me to drink, drink and drink some more. It's Sunday, but fuck it, pass me another beer McNaughton. (SD)
(Mammoth Cave)

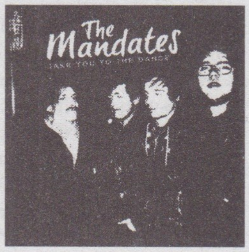
MARUTA – "Forward Into Regression" LP

When I saw that this LP was licensed from Willowtip Records, I sighed a little because I knew what I was getting into. Lo and behold, here we have an album's worth of over-processed,

The Love
Triangle
boomerang girl
b/w quick joey small






The Mandates
take you to the dance

The Mighty Fine

THE
NATURE
ALLTING
BLIR
OK

over-technical, completely heartless grindcore. Low vocals, high vocals, raar-raar-raar, typewriter drums, recycled riffs, badly photoshopped art: this has all been done before. If generic modern grind is your thing, have at it. (AU)
(Power It Up)

THE MAXINES – "Queer Mods", EP

OK, soooo not my jam. It's kind of like CHUCK BERRY rock and roll whatever. I have very little reference for this. Clean cut OBLIVIANS? Non-weirdo CRAMPS? That's all I got. (MM)
(La-Ti-Da)

MEAT MIST / WHITE SLAVE – split EP

Solid split from two new Kansas City bands. MEAT MIST definitely worship at the altar of Amphetamine Reptile Records, even the cover art for their side looks like it belongs on an old JESUS LIZARD single. Their songs are dissonant; bass-heavy bursts of anger recalling the more pissed off side of GOD BULLIES. Even though their influences are quite clear, their anger is genuine, and seems to stem from the fact that they're stuck living in the desolate state of Kansas. On the flipside, WHITE SLAVE threw me off a bit by putting the "Noise Not Music" symbol in their artwork, because they aren't very noisy at all. They're essentially a slower, more dynamic version of The REPOS. The vocals are almost identical, but whereas the aforementioned Chicago band focused on juvenile energy, WHITE SLAVE offers a more varied songwriting style. They transition from fast hardcore to dirty, stompy riffs with relative ease. Fucking rad stuff, and definitely the better side of this split. (KM)
(The Ghost Is Clear)

THE MIGHTY FINE – "In Revival" CD

I like this CD from this San Luis Obispo combo. A bit of indie rock poppy punk with some good tunes and cool musical dynamics. The vocals do sound exactly like AGAINST ME though. This is a pretty strong twelve song full length that could appeal to emocore fans as well a la GET UP KIDS. This stays clear of sounding slick while keeping it interesting. (RL)
(Solidarity)

MORE HUMANS – "Demon Station" LP

It's hard to be catchy and clever at the same time in the music world but these folks come pretty close. They play indie rock that is in the vein of late '90s, early 2000s Dischord Records stuff. You can hear some heavy J Robbins influences and a couple of songs on the a-side sound like wimpier versions of songs that could have been on the last FUGAZI record, especially in the rhythm section. Pretty vocals and prettier guitar parts (not unlike AMERICAN FOOTBALL) mix with some more rocking parts to make for dynamically pleasing songs on the B-side. I wouldn't call this punk but it's a good listen. (PA)
(Cricket Cemetery)

THE MONSTERS – "I Want You" EP

This EP contains four versions of the same song, which in itself is very annoying. However the song in question is already very repetitive and monotonous with very few lyrics. So hearing it four times with little difference in the mixes makes me feel like I am wasting mys time. It is extra disappointing to get this after hearing the MONSTERS's amazing new LP *Pop Up Yours*! last month. Buy that instead. (CK)
(Squoodge)

MOUNTAIN CULT – "Christmas Day" EP

My mom told me this story about seeing VELVET UNDERGROUND on their first trip to the West Coast and her main quip about it was "it was kind of gross because everyone was on heroin and just kind of melting into the walls" which sums up this record pretty well. Beyond that it's kind of a slower boringer KITCHENS FLOOR. It's like depression without any of the interesting aspects to it. Bummer diaries that just kind of sit there and drool and whine. Eh. (MM)
(self-released)

MOZES AND THE FIRSTBORN – "I Got Skills EP" CD

I'd like to simply admire this Dutch band for their chutzpah. The band formed in September of 2010. Then recorded this EP the following month. I always find amateurish musicianship charming. MOZES AND THE FIRSTBORN play simple, repetitive songs that would be completely charming with a different singer. He has this voice that I keep thinking is going to break out into an EDDIE VEDDER-style yelp. Fortunately he is either more restrained than that or is not able to do so. Instead he comes off in an '80s alternative rock style. Since the music is so basic and buried in the recording the singer really stands out. The title track is so damn annoying with the lyrics alleging this man really knows how to pick up women. It goes on for way too long as well. Plus ironic religious band names are lame. That said, you can download this EP for free on the band's website, which is always cool in my book. (CK)
(self-released)

THE NATURE – "Allting Blir OK" EP

Stark, moody post punk from Sweden. On the first couple of songs, the band sounds like a combination of later WIRE and JOY DIVISION, with an air of desperation and chaos not a million miles away from ICEAGE. The third song slows the pace and adds a playful, shambolic FALL-like approach to proceedings, (AM)
(Södertörn)

NITAD – "Ibland Kan Man Inte Hindra Sig Sjalv" CD

Tough as nails SWEDISH punk rock that touches base with the hardcore audience without surrendering one single hook. This has serious musical muscle, filled to the veins with steroid filled adrenalin packed rage. It's got that ol' school spiky Scandinavian vibe whilst bringing a new energy with a hint of East Coast hardcore to the table. At times SWIZ at other DYS, then a splash of UK82.Not one prisoner taken, a karate chop straight to the juggler with a swift kick to the balls. Rockin'. (SD)
(Atonal Microtonal)

NO COMMENT – "Downsided" EP

What the fuck…how do you review NO COMMENT? I guess if you must, you can lump 'em in with the founding fathers of "power violence" since they were mentioned in the intro part of "H.S.M.P.," which was the MAN IS THE BASTARD song where most people were first exposed to the term "(west coast) power violence," but really NO COMMENT was just a hyperactive, stop-and-start-on-a-dime, whiplash inducing, dynamic hardcore band akin to early DRI. To me *Downsided* is not only one of the best and most important hardcore records of post-1980s hardcore (it came out in 1992), but it could also hold its own against quite a few of the classics. An absolutely essential piece in your record collection and if you don't have the Slap-A-Ham original, grab this reish without batting an eye. (JU)
(Deep Six)

NO COMMENT – "Common Senseless" EP

What, are you kidding me? This is one of my favorite bands, period. Some of the fastest angriest hardcore of all time was recorded by NO COMMENT, and while this doesn't get as much praise as the *Downsided* EP, it's a blistering fucking record. Now they are looked on as one of the founders of Power Violence, but like CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, it's obvious that these were just a couple of pissed off guys that weren't really feeling the state of hardcore in the late '80s and just wanted to play some fast thrash like the first DRI record. You definitely hear a lot of DRI in this record, just a little more intense and fed up. A classic, any one that doesn't have it really has no excuse to not pick up their record now that Deep Six has reissued them, perfect. (AH)
(Deep Six)

NO FUNERAL – LP

Raw and distorted blasts of rudimentary punk presented as evil and mysterious black metal. Extra ambiguous bonus for the meandering and affected goth guitar leads buried in the mix and throughout tracks like "Buried," giving NO FUNERAL a genuinely creepy vibe. Hollow vocals are shouted through a tunnel of tape hiss and the drums plod on with a UK82 meets the STALIN tempo, further confusing searches for descriptors. It's just punk shrouded in mystery and studio trickery, but that doesn't mean it's not fukkn great. (WN)
(Wands)

NO QUALMS "...Own?" EP

Ten track EP of meaty pissed off fast hardcore from Orlando, Florida, a "mid-fi" dose of basic thrash, blasting scattered out on the stop-start-sludge chassis of '90s powerviolence and curt INFEST-styled turns and choppy curt vocal growls. Suitably abrasive throttling with punishing speed, with only one track over a minute and a half, there's well thought out lyrics and on point to current times attacking wealth inequality, personal debt, fighting the cops and more. These lyrics perhaps are not revelatory in a way beyond any other punk record, but at least seem written out of someone's unique personal perspective and by that more inventive that typical sloganeering or carbon copied ideas. Nice silk screened sleeve, limited to 500 copies. (KS)
(Sea Turtle Loud Noise)

THE OBSESSORS – "Excessive" LP

The OBSESSORS play a totally safe brand of synthy-pop, complete with keyboards and easy-to-understand vocals, that fails to move me. It would be easy to compare this to DEVO because of the Moog-like keyboards, but their style is closer to something like the SMUGGLERS mixed with a kitschy new-

wave band (uhhh, maybe like DEVO, but not as good). For fans of fun, carefree pop and new wave. (GH)
(Braindart)

OUT OF TUNE / SCHERBELASTUNGSKORPER – split EP

This is some wild shit outta Finland. OUT OF TUNE, from Oulu, provide three tracks like a slightly more serious YOUR MOTHER. They jam out some cool instrumental breaks, as well as some tight and fast parts and choruses one can sing along with. Lyrics are in English and are creative and rad. "Buggery" celebrates the timelessness and excellence of the practice and calls out state and religious forces who ain't with it. SCHWERBELASTUNGKORPER feature a shrieking, crazy vocalist and the sound of simple, early '80s Euro hardcore, with a few modern conventions such as the occasional double-bass drums and decent production. They sing in Finnish with English explanations provided. Their side is three brief trilogies (!) in about four minutes. Overall this is a pretty cool release, (JM)
(Creative Class War/ Desikelirium)

OVERGROWN / THE WARBS – split EP

Neither of these bands are necessarily up my alley, so finding a frame of reference is difficult. OVERGROWN are from The Netherlands and play really catchy tunes with big sing-a-long choruses. This is not pop-punk, at least as I think of it, though they are bordering on a more mainstream punk rock sound. It really did grow on me over several listens. The WARBS are from France and play punk rock 'n' roll complete with big guitar solos. Both bands are certainly high energy and I can imagine them being a joy to see live. (MD)
(Rigolboch)

PEER PRECIOUS – "Bless This Mess" LP

Sometimes pop-punk just sounds like pop-punk and there's not much more to say. Songs about alienation, crummy jobs and small towns are delivered with snotty, off-key vocals backed by mid to up-tempo tunes that offer a bit more than three chords (if you're looking for a comparison, try SNUGGLE). There are a few hooks, some breakdowns, some guitar solos and most unfortunately a CRIMPSHRINE cover that they managed to totally not make their own. Now "Fucked Up Kid" happens to be a great song but I own that record and if I want to hear that song, I'll put on that record and so should you. (PA)
(Dirt Cult)

THE PHEROMOANS – "Bar Rock" LP

Most of the tracks on this record contain pulsating, Kraut-derived, semi-garage with synthesizer accents, messy guitar scribbling and vocals neurotically grappling for some meaning to hold on to, but slowly festering in the psychedelic haze. Sounding at times like a mash up of the SILVER APPLES and SUICIDE with the English charm of TELEVISION PERSONALITIES, this record is an eclectic affair. The slow, plodding pace does become tiresome, but considering their influences, it is difficult to fault them tor the sluggish, repetitive structures. Envision a acid casualty painfully crawling down the sidewalk under the delusion that he is climbing a steep slope, gasping for air and frightened of plummeting to his death, despite being on a flat sidewalk in the sterile suburbs, now keep envisioning it for about thirty minutes while thinking of nothing else, and you will have a better understanding of how it feels to listen to this record start to finish. It is interesting, perverse, but a little tedious, especially if you hate hippies. They thank their tarot reader on the back cover, dig? (SL)
(Monofonus)

PIG HEART TRANSPLANT – "Weapon" EP

Creepy. This time around PHT are dredging the essence of early industrial, layering noise over a basic drum machine-like beat, a two chord riff and demented vocals that are equal parts MINISTRY and MAYHEM. While I don't have a great frame of reference for industrial stuff, "Gut Pleasures" has a definite SPK/ DISSECTING TABLE vibe, with the conjoined drum and bass rhythm providing structure for the vocal/audio chaos above. This is unrelentingly dark and incredibly successful at creating a disorienting, almost hypnotic rhythm, to the degree that this record could skip and you'd keep listening to a locked groove for hours before you realized the problem. This is heavier than most of the music out there that bills itself as "heavy" today. (AU)
(Iron Lung)

THE PIZZAS – "We Don't Have To Do Anything Anymore" EP

When I saw on the master assignment board that I had been assigned the PIZZAS, I was very excited and assumed that I would be listening to a record by PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS. When I saw that I would be listening to the PIZZAS, I have to admit that I was a little disappointed. That disappointment was short lived. As I soon I heard the first cut, I knew I was in for three cuts of awesomeness. It's mid-tempo and catchy, it's melodic, it's DIY, it's maybe even a little artsy and definitely poppy. The lyrics of the title cut are just the song title. Over and over and over. That's sheer genius I tell you. The second cut ("Rock'n'Roll Radio") is disgustingly catchy. Three cuts and all are winners. (KK)
(Sacramento 015 / Phonoselect)

PLF – "Pulverizing Lethal Force" CD

Connoisseurs agree, PLF is the best grind band in the world. This is a CD repress of their first LP, one of my favorite records ever. So there's an objective review. Get it if you haven't already. Grind for life. (BL)
(To Live a Lie / Haunted Hotel)

POL POT– "Whole Mystery" LP

This Spanish band is another punk outfit riding the wave of, well… the dark wave… Actually, let me clarify… This is more like an analog version of the Neue Deutsche Welle / New German Wave. It's the sound much like when some German punks transitioned into the synth world, but these are all played instruments. Old comparisons? The most obvious is WARSAW's transition into JOY DIVISION, especially in the vocals, with a good dose of PARALISIS PERMANENTE. If you are into this sound, think a musically raw, stripped down TUXEDO MOON "No Tears" without synths (not the vocals) or POESIE NOIRE's faster jams like (sans horns) "Song of Innocence." Again, these are real instruments. As opposed to the more goth-y ethereal stuff that has been coming out in this genre, this record is definitely more beat driven than most with good melodic flangy guitar, slightly noodly bass lines and drums that are very much in the forefront of these songs in driving the timing and changes. Lots of hi-hat here… Even though the direction of this band is obvious, they aren't afraid to delve into some more creative stuff here, that I can't help but wonder what would sound like if it were in synth form. If you recently got into BELLICOSE MINDS or POPULATION, you will like this. The lyrics are in English, but the lyric sheet has the Spanish translations. The last song on the record is a cover of GRAUZONE's (post GLUEAMS) "Eisbar," which I thoroughly enjoyed. I have to say though; the name of the band is pretty terrible. (MB)
(Trabuc / Go Mongo / Urban Hell)

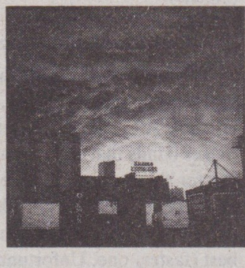
P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "Make It Through The Night" LP

I have to admit that I'm not a huge fan of the LP format. LP means long play. That typically means ten-fourteen songs. At three minutes per song, that means 30-45 minutes of music. I don't have that sort of attention span. It is, perhaps, my only flaw. What's my point? My point is that this LP is precisely the reason I'm not a fan of the LP format. I like this band. They

NO COMMENT
downsided

Out of Tune
SCHWER-BELASTUNGS-KÖRPER

LAND BLOOD SUNSHINE
PHLEGM



RAWHIDE
BRANDED FOR LIFE

play good, loud, hard rock'n'roll music that, in this case, also happens to be punk. The problem is that I want to hear two or three of these songs, not nine of them. They cover the CORTINAS, which is very cool. (KK)
(Doomtown Sounds)

PSYCHIC TEENS – "Teen" LP

If post-punk was real popular in the '90s outside of the goth club, PSYCHIC TEENS would have been a product of that strange occurrence. Think SONIC YOUTH mixed with JOY DIVISION or more recent post-punk type bands like BUFFALO BANGERS and ya get these guys. According to some PSYCHIC TEENS rip off the DOORS, but I didn't hear it. (AE)
(Golden Voyage Records)

RADAR EYES – "Miracle/Me and My Dogs"

This is ostensibly garage punk, but it has the glaze of FELT somehow in the guitar sound… The vocals are nasally and sort of out of focus, there's a hint of Creation records in here folks you will be shocked to hear. It's definitely a garage record, but it's one of those reverb cloaked industry showcase specials rather than something that's gonna make you wanna lose your shit. Blog rockers take note! It's gonna be lapped up by attendees of events such as SXSW, who will compare it to VU and JAMC because that's where their references run out. I don't know. I hear a lot of amazing garage destruction sounds, I don't mean to dismiss a sound or a scene, but… c'mon! This is pretty, it's not bad, but… I will forget it in a day or so. Where's the bite? This band is from Chicago, so were the fucking TYRADES! Possibilities to be more than pleasant background sounds exist! Let's discover them people!! (LG)
(Hozac)

RAWHIDE – "Branded For Life" EP

From Sweden comes a throwback band to the times of TURBONEGRO, BACKYARD BABIES, GLUCIFER, etc…You know those Scandinavian rocker bands that always have the look down perfect, but for the most part came up limp live (except for early TURBONEGRO). The vocals are in the good *Ass Cobra* style of the denim dudes. First sides the best (faster) one. Unfortunately some of the riffs are too borrowed and tedious especially on side two. Not awful. Would like to see if these guys can stand up to their handlebar mustaches and mirrored sunglasses live. (RO)
(Patac)

RAYON BEACH – "Airplane With Tits/The Libertine and the Happy Slave"

The sound here, which I'd describe as poppy, fuzzy indie rock with a penchant for electronics, isn't offensive, but it's not anything exciting either. RAYON BEACH is totally indistinguishable from any other band out there currently flying this flag. (MC)
(Hozac)

READING RAINBOW / SUPER WILD HORSES – split EP

I've seen the Philly fuzz-pop combo READING RAINBOW's stuff come in fairly frequently but it never quite shook me like this single. Even with my limited knowledge of their catalog, the A-side on this split, "Dead End" seems like a nice leap forward and focused honing on perfected pop repetition for the group. The drums are bare, but shimmery and tight, the guitar fuzzes into a surging immediacy similarly to the POPGUNS or the FLATMATES, the outro jangles out into infinity, and the vocals just feel like a sweet little layer of sprinkled sugar this time around. Excited to see where RR will go next and hoping they'll use this as a compass! Australia's SUPER WILD HORSES bring up the flip with "Heard You're Back"—a noisy chain gang of a rock song, trading female vocals, and sufficiently relentless shredded guitar. It's a little more on the rock side of punk or pop for me, but it's a nice gem if you are expecting the swagger that comes along with that genre. (JS)
(Hozac)

REASON FOR HATE – "Why?" EP

It's fascinating how a certain type of music can mentally bring you back to an exact period in time, how a particular sound just defines an era and can never really be recreated. Such is the case with the low to mid tempo, overtly political hardcore that seemed to dominate the scene in the early '90s. REASON FOR HATE is a lost band of the period and some 20 years later their recorded material is finally seeing the light of day. Although the audio quality is a bit on the demo reel side, the four tracks are totally killer and are very reminiscent of two of my favorites bands from the era: DOWNCAST and STATEMENT (the ex-BROTHERHOOD one from Seattle, not those Vegan Reich characters). But as much as I dig this it does remind me why this type of stuff didn't last long—the moaning, shouted, preaching of issues over sluggish power chords gets sort of old after a while. Thankfully, the space limitation of the seven inch EP prevents things from getting monotonous here. If you were into this stuff back in the day or if you want to hear a cool lost artifact of an era, then you definitely have to grab a copy of this (just be sure to track down the STATEMENT *Don't Sacrifice Me* EP while you're at it!). (BG)
(Small Mouth)

REASON OF INSANITY – "Violence" 10"

These purveyors of ugly, gnarly hardcore played their last show in October of 2010. I never ranked REASON OF INSANITY in the top tier of US or even Gulf Coast bands, and this 10" reinforces that thinking. The slightly muffled guitar sound does not accentuate their power. Expenses were spared in the packaging. There are no lyrics, though a number of flyers are reprinted. This ain't terrible, but average at best. (JM)
(Torture Garden)

REHASHED – "Code Black" CD

Grindy metal D-Beat hardcore punk. High energy and catchy. Sick revolutionary apocalyptic art. Sounds clean in a way that it could almost be heard on the radio at times. If you're into straightforward, clean grind metal done well, get on this. (AE)
(Power It Up)

REIVERS – "Schemata" EP

This is one of my favorite bands in the Bay Area to see live and getting my hands on their first 7" gave me a total reviewer boner. Three members of this outfit came from the remains of SALTED EARTH to do a similar but better-crafted version of their mix of crust and hardcore. The music is more discordant than most attempts at mixing these two genres, eschewing the melodic style commonly ripped off of later HIS HERO IS GONE. It's more harshly straightforward and punk as fuck. Vocals are intelligibly shouted by an angry but eloquent woman most of the time with some crusty dude backups. Lyrics deal with common punk politics but are more intellectual than the run of the mill and with a theme of personal defiance. Think of a less metal MINDLESS or a crustier DEATH FIRST if you need a comparison. Featuring personnel from GREYSKULL, ACTS OF SEDITION, GRAF ORLOCK, and NEGATIVE STANDARDS. Highly recommended. (BL)
(Vitriol)

REPROACH – "The Bitter End" LP

About five years ago I was on tour in Europe when I caught these maniacs in the awesome (and sadly now-defuct) Lintfabriek club in their native country of Belgium. Although steeped in classic '80s hardcore, they were unlike a lot of the Belgian scene, playing blast beats ala the UK thrash scene of yore. Well five years later, they're still at it, and it shows cause this record rips start to finish. Imagine NEGATIVE FX's Choke singing for RIPCORD or HERESY plus a lot of really vicious mosh parts and you've pretty much got this record. Check it out. (JH)
(Deep Six)

REVEREND BEAT-MAN – Kebabträume" EP

I don't know what kind of music this is (plodding steady drumbeat with "scary" German vocals drifting in and out of the shitty deluge that is the "music") but it sucks. (BB)
(Squoodge)

RIDGEMONT – "Colder Days" LP

I've been staring at this fucking screen for five goddamn minutes trying to figure out how to start this review. I usually hate this kind of melodic, gravelly-voiced, No Idea-aping, brand of pop-punk, but RIDGEMONT is working for me. They're good at it and it seems like it is coming from a genuine love of melodic punk. It appears that they are bringing together the best elements of PROPAGANDHI, LATTERMAN and DILLINGER 4 to try and carve out their own niche in the pop-punk world. The full-length zine that comes with this provides insight into the bands dreams and motivations as well as all of the lyrics. Not bad at all. (GH)
(Kiss of Death)

ROCKBOTTOM – "Revenge" CD

This band from Japan (vocals in English) is really pop. Not pop punk but pop. This reminds me of CROWDED HOUSE and the GIN BLOSSOMS. I wasn't really into this. It is decent but when you get this songwriter-ish the tunes better stand out. Definitely more Pitchfork than *MRR*, this was pretty mediocre no matter how you look at it. (RL)
(Target Earth)

DAN RUSSELL – LP

Wow, this is a really special record. Dan Russell was Flint, Michigan's version of the visionary punk outsider. Like JIM SHEPARD or JOHN HENRY TIMMIS or FRED COLE, Dan plugged away at his singular dream for decades starting in the early '70s with all variety of bands and collaborators around

Flint, Chicago, Portland and beyond all the way up to his death in 2010 (R.I.P.). And like most visionaries, he went largely ignored for most of his life outside of an inner circle of dedicated fans/friends. There aren't any real "punk classics" here, like his peers, most casual listeners would call this "difficult music." But for fans of lo-fi punk, psych, DIY or art rock this is a real grower of a record, compiling material from the early '80s through the late '90s in a pretty listenable easy to digest way. Also, most of the photos smattered over the release show Dan clutching his prized Les Paul: no doubt, he is a bonafide guitar shredder, often veering into heavy doom territory, or floating away on some high searing tangent. For me, Side A is a lot more consistent, Side B is mostly '90s material and is missing some of the charm of the '80s stuff. I guess the best thing about all this is the utter realness of it… no put-ons, posturing or sell-outs. Thank god for recording tape. (GB)
(Aggravation Overdose)

SALEM RAGES – "Disturb Not the Sleep Of Death" EP
Creepy crawl goth punk (kinda like some of the current Portland crew) with male and female vocals. The dude sounds like a super weak DANZIG and his voice is all over the yard. Couldn't hang with this at all. (TB)
(Casket)

SALEM RAGES – "Our Halloween/Casket" flexi
It's the elephant in the room, but flexis suck. In the '80s they were an economical (and kinda cool) way to get your music out to large numbers of people, but now they cost damn near as much as an EP, sound like a turd, and in the case of this fine release they arrive bent and warped and hardly playable. With a substantial weight on the stylus, I was able to discern that SALEM RAGES are going for a gothy punk vibe, but more along the lines of CIRIL played through a 45 GRAVE filter than any of the retro new wave shits the kids are digging these days. (WN)
(self-released)

SCEPTRES – "Childsplay/Job Centre Plus"
Swaying goth punk done to a fucking T. This record has all the goods: spindly guitar, thudding bass, delicate drumming, and killer reverbed (but not too heavily) vocals. Serious SIOUXSIE SIOUX and SWANN DANGER / VERONICA LIPGLOSS AND THE [indistinct mumbling] vibe, especially with the vocals, and maybe a dash of LOVE AND ROCKETS. The vibe of these songs is perfect: think a room full of big messy teased out hair and lots of makeup wearing youth swaying slack armed to these tunes and the sounds of their oversized crucifixes clacking together. I can't think of anyone doing the '80s goth throwback thing in the world of punk today with more precision than this. Except they aren't doing anymore, either. They broke up. Damn. (LP)
(Dire)

SCHIZOPHASIA – "3000" LP
Here is another installment from these Canadian noise merchants. This record… is fucking noisy. The songs are all basic, with "tuca-tuca" drum beats and simplistic bassy follows while a fuzzy, blown out guitar squeals some feedback and strums some rad licks over it all. The crazy noise interludes in between are interesting. Most of these tracks are really simple punk jams crammed through a Japanese noise core sieve. Yet suddenly, when you flip to the B-side, it's like some rudimentary industrial noise-scape—nice! The vocals are sloppy, throaty and sometimes laden with effects. There is a lot going on here, but it is completely cohesive. I wish the songs had more punch to them like the first songs on both sides—they are fucking rad. This is something I wouldn't repeatedly listen to, but I am glad I got it for review to reinvigorate the idea that as punks we can do whatever the fuck we want with music. (MB)
(Streaks)

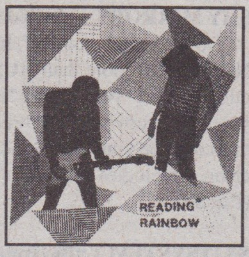
SCUM AGAIN – "Damn Cory Haim" EP
SCUM AGAIN is a new band that plays poppy and edgy punk with melodic, raspy singing that comes off like the Jeff Ott-related bands but with a bit of a modern hardcore inclination thrown in. It sounds to me like if CRIMPSHRINE mixed with ACCIDENTAL GUN DEATH or AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER. The lyrics are cool for all five tracks and the artwork on the front and back cover really captures the ugliness of American culture. A worthy debut. (BG)
(Toxic Pop)

TY SEGALL – "Singles 2007–2010" 2xLP
Now you don't have to get up to flip the record over so much! It's all contained on one collection, over a thousand days of 45s lined up end to end on two LPs! Listening to side A of this reminds me of why I used to try go see TY SEGALL whenever he played. Wild and simple like listening to BILLY CHILDISH's "Child's Death Letter" on blown out speakers, songs that were made for the 45 format. That crazed teenage bedroom sound, a permanent sneer; making something out of nothing, and that something being destructive and liberating… "There But For The Grace of God Go I" etc etc. When you flip to side C, it gets more RAY DAVIES than GORIES… I mean, Ty is a great song constructionist, but the raw destruction sound is way more compelling to my ears. Not that the later stuff is ELO or anything, it's still rambunctious, but it's lacking the rudimentary abandon of the earlier sound. The polish that comes with playing a lot! You can see why he is playing to enthusiastic crowds as the record progresses… And what a great song writer this kid is. Side D has some sick demos that are totally *Outta Here* in a sick manner… In short, you probably already know if you need this or not, I am glad I got it. A refreshing course in prolific-itis. (LG)
(Goner)

SENDERS – "Lucidity/Lividity" LP
SENDERS hail from Gainesville and their sound isn't too dissimilar from the many bands that have put Gainesville on the musical map. A little emo here, a little poppiness there, and just enough melody to spice it up. Where SENDERS differ from their geographical brethren is the thick, heavy guitars, their occasional dip into a more alternative rock sound, and a little atmosphere here and there. After a couple of songs I was digging it, but over the course of an album it all blurs together. (MD)
(Kiss of Death)

THE SENSITIVE SIDE – "Moon Kids" EP
This is inventive, urgent bratty garage-punk with a lethal dose of catchiness, perfectly utilized keyboards and riveting guitar. The guitar tone is ideally cultivated to play original riffs that both cut through, and accent the rest of the band. The guitar leads never become tiresome and the solos are rooted in tradition, but defy convention. Every centimeter of this piece of wax is utilized to it's maximum potential, crafting the sort of six song EP that inexplicably sounds classic. (SL)
(Vinyl Dog)

SHUT UP DONNY – "Goat Island" CD
Eight tracks of speedy rock/metal. Do you remember that glorious time in the mid-'80s when hardcore bands started to slow down (and improve as musicians) and turn, well, rock. There was STRAW DOGS, the NECROS second album, DRI slowing down and crossing over. This is definitely more IRON MAIDEN than COC (complete with the twin guitar solos), and there's no strangled (or hoarse) vocals, but fans of guitar wizardry, and the nippy chugga chugga bits, will be rather enthused by this one. (RK)
(Self-released)



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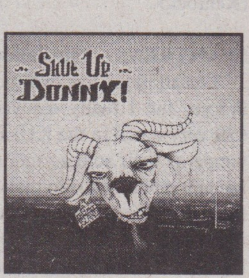

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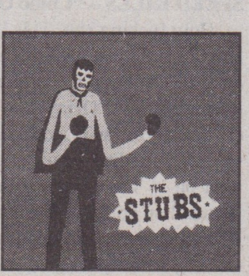


SHY MIRRORS – "Sailed Blanks" LP

Do you find yourself listening to SUGAR or NOVA MOB more than HUSKER DU (and I'm not talking about "*Warehouse: Songs and Stories*)? Have you been grooving on SUPERCHUNK lately? Then this could be your jam. Solid musician and some unchained melodies for DIY Indy-pop fans. (P$)

(Big School)

SKITSYSTEM – "Beväpna Er" EP

Well fuck, this is the living definition of an inessential record. A one-sided, one-track EP containing a cover? Really? That being said, it is really good. This is SKITSYSTEM back when they were great (2001, during the "Enkel Resa Till Rännstenen" session) covering EBBA GRÖN, and doing a pretty fucking kick-ass job of it. The melody remains but the D-Beat gives the song a drive that I think actually improves on the original. That being said, this is limited to 245 copies so it'll end up in the hands of completists only. Apparently there's a new SKITSYSTEM record coming in 2012, so keep an eye out for that I guess. Hope it's better than the last one. (AU)

(Kenrock)

SLAKTRENS – "Stralande Tider" CD

I recall liking this two-man Swedish thrash attack before, and I really enjoyed this as well. They're still very much in the KURBITS IR camp, but have tempered their songwriting somewhat, adding some bouncy råpunk parts to their usual everything-faster-than-everything-else approach. This is total rehearsal room hardcore, made for the love of the music, nothing more or less, and great explanations accompany each lyric. I'll leave you with the complete lyrics to the anti-metal-core song "Fan Va Trist," which I think even the non-Swedish speakers will enjoy: "Machoskit och chugga chugga-riff, metalcore, fy fan va trist!". Fuck yeah. Well worth a couple of bucks. (AU)

(Teriak / Suffering Jesus / Aima / Don Carlos / Bloody Lips / Le Crepuscule Du Soir / Suburban White Trash)

SONIC AVENUES – "Television Youth" CD

30 seconds in and I know that I have a winner in the palm of my hands. Dirtnap just keep the quality coming and a coming; you are the man, Ken. It's got that garage factor whilst dipping its feet into the '79 punk pool, which I love. Comparisons to THE MARKED MEN are unavoidable, but it's more rough round the edges with a slightly tougher darker sound. An undercurrent of pop flows through it's North West sound whilst taking some of the sharp guitar jabs of the FM KNIFES. Every song an anthem, every hook a pure pleasure, this could be my punk rock sound track for 2012.This is so damn good that I need to stop writing and just listen.100%. (SD)

(Dirtnap)

SPEED KILLS – "Como O Fogo" EP

Holy fucking shit. This is so fucking good. Fuck: I would end there but I gotta tell you why you should get this. The Brazilian band plays ragingly fast Scandi influenced HC. There is a good measure of blown out fuzziness and feedback with a heavy rhythm section pounding away. The production on this is right on — not too much, not to little. All lyrics are in Brazilian Portuguese with descriptions of the songs with translations in English. I commend this band wanting their lyrics and message to be understood as much as having a killer record. This is along the lines of KYLMA SOTA and KVOTERINGEN brutal HC without any metallic influence except a tiny bit of crunch on the guitar. I loved the demo and I love this 7" more. Punk as fuck — SPEED KILLS indeed kills… (MB)

(Fast n' Loose / Nada Nada)

SPIDER BABIES – "Rock And Roll Rejects" EP

Damn! These guys have been around for*ever*! I have no idea if they have been active for all this time in between, but this band goes back to the early '90s! I'm not sure if it is a badge of honor, or an embarrassment, but I would *always* see 7"s from this band in discount and dollar bins in record stores wherever I went. It's damn impressive that they are still putting out records after all these years and you know what? I've always had a soft spot for these guys and their trashy lo-fi rock'n'roll sound, so I really like this record! In fact, I might go so far as to say that this is about the best that I've heard 'em! This is for fans of all that glorious '90s era garage-style rock'n'roll that was prevalent in places like the Bay Area and NYC and made possible by labels like Rip-Off Records! (ML)

(Kenrock)

STEVE ADAMYK BAND – "Forever Won't Wait" LP

I got a STEVE ADAMYK BAND EP to review a couple months back and dug it. This one sticks to the same formula and gets the same results. Ex MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS / SEDATIVES playing catchy straight ahead pop punk with solid melodies, solid playing, and the Dirtnap stamp of approval. These guys don't reinvent the wheel but they don't really need to because the song writing is good. In the same way a band like the MARKED MEN can play straightforward tunes and get good results, or a band like DEAD MECHANICAL can too, this band's got enough talent to write straightforward songs that are a lot of fun to listen to and would appeal to pop punk fans. (P$)

(Dirtnap)

THE STUBS – CD

Why do CDs always suck? Enough bitching. This is a wanking Polish wannabe-in-an-American-road-house turd of a rock band. Stupid Mexican wrestler cartoon artwork, big production, huge guitars, me passed out at the bar from boredom. Man it just goes on and on. The best thing about it is the song title "Do The World A Favor and Die". Take your lyrics seriously please and act upon them. (RO)

(Antena Krzyku)

THE SUPPLEMENT – "Things We Do" CD

Thirteen tracks of driving punk, with a dash of rock 'n' roll to go with the pop. At its best (and there are several such peaks), it reminds me a lot of the more rollicking moments of UNITAS, and the best bits of *Machine Gun Etiquette* era DAMNED. Can't really get better than that. Lyrics about hating your job and being paid shit hit the spot too. (RK)

(Self-released)

SQUINTS – "Taking Toll" CD

Decent tight pop punk from Michigan here. A little DILLINGER 4 and a little FACE TO FACE. There were tons of bands like this in the '90s, so this is nothing close to being original. But it is up tempo and catchy. I give it about a seven on the quality level. (RL)

(Night Fighter)

SURROUNDED BY THIEVES – "Prophecies of Greed" CD

A dozen songs of driving, melodic hardcore, with a healthy political bent. Well, actually, there's eleven such songs, and an acoustic number. They largely stick to the BAD RELIGION territory, with one turn to more RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE stylings. They manage to inject a healthy sense of humor, including a hilarious pastiche of SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. I won't ruin it for you. Tis worth getting just for that. The rest is rather excellent too. Well, other than the acoustic number. But the hidden track more than makes up for it! (RK)

(Self-released)

TEENAGE SOFTIES – "Brunch" EP

Without hearing all the records that make their way through *MRR*, you might not realize how much generic pop punk is actually being made out there. Listening to this record got me to thinking how seemingly minute details can make a boring record actually stand out from the rest. In this case, there are two. First off, (and admittedly not so minute) the girl's vocals catch my attention right away. She has a rad voice, very similar to Emily from CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE. If this was just a dude band with gruff dude vocals, I would have lost interest right away. Second— lots of bands will throw some fancy guitar work over the rhythm parts – fancy leads that may sound nice over the rhythm, but just don't sound good with the overall vibe of the songs. Any guitar work apart from the rhythm here doesn't seem to be in the forefront of the music nor does it fuck it all up for me. It all works nicely together. (BD)

(Meth Mouth)

TENEMENT – "Taking Everything" EP

TENEMENT are two (sometimes three) young men who just wanna rock'n'roll. Here we get three songs of their brand of power pop laced with tinges of Midwestern pop punk. Songs about heartbreak, being broke, and other everyday bummers. Also, I don't really hear even a dribble of BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN in these songs. I have reviewed this band in the past and always draw a blank when trying to think of a band to compare these folks with. This record is the best recording of them I've heard, and I would recommend it to people who like American rock'n'roll and melodic power pop. (LP)

(Toxic Pop)

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Blank Heads" EP

Here's the new one from these Swedish heart-throbs who seem to be hot on the lips of a lot of people right now. If you read my review of their last single one or two issues ago, you'll know what to expect: surfy guitars, compelling female vocals, great harmonies, and loads of moody atmosphere. This EP isn't much different, though a couple of these songs take a bit longer to unfold, and there are some new elements here such as an organ on track number two, "The Moon." I'm slightly less into this release than the last, but if you like what you've already heard, or if you just want to check out a cool new band in its ascendancy, do yourself a favor and check this out. (JH)

(Erste Theke Tontrager)

TIMESHARES – "Bearable" LP

So apparently they sell the RVIVR records up in New York. Seriously, this is pretty dead on, from the soaring choruses' too the dual vocal parts (both male though) and the intertwining guitar parts. The problem with this formula is that I feel like RVIVR is sort of a flash in the pan. I've said it before and I'll say it again, those kids should not be able to get away with what they do. These folks don't really get away with it and it winds up sounding kinda cheesey. Still, this stuff drives and they can write a decent song. A fun if not inventive record for folks already deep into the genre. (LP)
(Kiss Of Death / Kind Of Like)

TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE – "Cockroach" LP

The best label on the planet brings us a vinyl version of this Aussie band's 2006 *Cockroaches* album, which was previously available on CD only. Not gonna pretend that I had even *heard of* this band prior to a few weeks ago, cause I hadn't, I was fully ignorant to their existence, but it took but one listen (and at this date there have now been many) to realize the beauty of this album. Probably more suited to the noise rock world of days past than a punk one, since the two have now seemed to have been fused together somewhat, it makes perfect sense for TRUE RADICAL MIRACLE to be finding a footing here. For me a big part of this album's successes can be found in what's missing and what they are not doing just as much as what they are. It creates a vibe of walking the halls of an abandoned asylum as the ghosted petrified and fossilized cries of the former patients brush across your neck in cold blasts in a final gasp of cognition. The sounds are both fragile and soft in the most ugly and brutish way, each listen focusing more on the bass, vocals, or drums as the dominant instrument almost oblivious to the others, with guitar always seeming almost as an afterthought. This is a very "human" record. (JU)
(Iron Lung)

MARIA T-TA Y EL EMPUJON BRUTAL – "No te Hagas Paltas" EP

Wow!!! This is the legendary MARIA T-TA from Peru. This recording was dug up by some rabid fans of Latin American punk then put on this nicely packaged 7" record. Most readers of *MRR* will not know much about Maria T-Ta but she was somewhat of a performance artist/feminist/poet/punk who played an important role in the development of punk in Peru. Her lyrics are fucking brilliant and her band plays a style of punk that would kick up a cloud of dirt in seconds. Raw and primal in sound, but intellectually she surpasses most musicians of her time. She challenged the status quo and clearly did not give a fuck if one disagreed. There is some mystery over MARIA T-TA's whereabouts, folks say she vanished in the late '80s and resides in Europe, who knows. Enthusiasts of punk in the Americas and followers of obscure girl punk need to take note and snag this treasure up a.s.a.p. 500 were made. Amazing!!! (MS)
(Sin Temores / Discos Huayno Amargo and Rock Sub Discos, no info)

VENGEANCE – "The Message is Fuck You" EP

I don't know what it is with the Germans, but they seem to have an eternal hard-on for late '80s New York style hardcore. VENGEANCE is basically a poor man's CAUSE FOR ALARM, which isn't a terrible thing to be, but certainly not exciting or interesting to this reviewer. One positive is that their lyrics are actually about things outside of the hardcore scene (religion, German involvement in the War in Afghanistan, etc.), but the music is just too generic for me to endorse this. (KM)
(Search For Fame)

VENGEANCE – "Are a Bunch of PC Wimps" EP

If you can get past the dubious record title and shitty switchblade image on the cover, there's a chance you might not hate this record. From the first couple notes, I was pretty sure this was gonna be another bogus NYHC rip off, (which it still kinda is), but the songs are a notch above the usual crap, there are no dumb mosh parts, and believe it or not, there are even some (almost) d-beat moments. None of which make this a good record, but when you listen to the same fifth rate NYHC rip off band each month at *MRR*, you start to notice the small differences. Could be much worse. (JH)
(Search for Fame)

VULTURES UNITED – "To Live and Die in Gainesville" EP

I have never been to Gainesville, but it sure seems to have a spot in the heart of every punk kid who has ever been there. Enough so that some bands write songs about how much they love it. It must really kick ass. VULTURES UNITED wrote a song about it and the yearly punk fest they that is held there. Now, typically I would associate The Fest with pop punk, which isn't really fair because there are hardcore bands and what not that play each year. This band is one of the not so poppy punk bands that has played. I'd put them somewhere along with a less melodic KID DYNAMITE. Musically it's pretty straight forward ranging from mid tempo to faster hardcore. Lyrically, you get one song about G'ville, two that are political, and one GOOD RIDDANCE cover. (BD)
(Kiss of Death)

WAR MASTER – "Thrones of Tyranny" EP

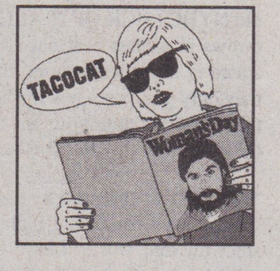
I saw the band name and thought of the board game and BOLT THROWER. I saw the picture of the band and I thought early '90s death metal. I read the lyrics, two tracks about the horrors of war and I thought BOLT THROWER. Guess what this sounds like? Yup, BOLT THROWER. Mid-paced old school death metal with a huge sound and riffs that could be right off a BOLT THROWER record. The band contains ex-members of INSECT WARFARE and BLASPHERIAN and current member of DISSENT and NIBIRU. This is not the WARMASTER from the Netherlands. I found myself almost immediately headbanging. There are pluses and minuses to this. The big plus is that these two tracks are damn good, to the point of immediately singing along and wanting to throw my fist in the air. The minus is that they do have a little too much in common with BOLT THROWER which begs the question, why. I want to hear more stuff from this Houston, TX band to see if they can differentiate themselves from their obvious influence but I do really like these tracks. (MH)
(Torture Garden Picture Company)

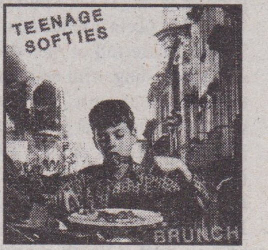
WARNING//WARNING – "There's Nothing Left" LP

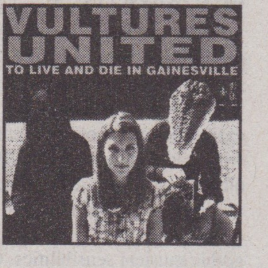
Distort-everything, fuzzy-wuzzy noise punk from Bordeaux, France. There's a lot of great bands doing this style these days from all over the world and WARNING//WARNING can hold its own among the best of 'em. With that said, there's also a lot of nth-tier dreck and it's getting harder and harder for me to distinguish what sets one apart from the other in this "raw ponx" world, it's usually only the voice that's the only signpost for me to figure out who I'm listening to. I guess that's mainly with the bands that have become more of a presence in the last year or two and not some of the older guard. In a needle drop test, it'd be pure luck whether I guessed all or none of the records that I own of this style correctly, and I spin a lot of this shit on a regular basis. Not a lifer, and I'm just moving on from the trend in syncopation with its rise into style-over-substance save-it-for-the-fashionista-runways-of hell popularity sadness. With that said, I don't think that rant and this review, most of which is gonna drive a bunch of old people batty—too bad—weighs too heavy on *There's Nothing Left*. It's a great record of raw, noisy, fuzzed-to-hell-and-back hardcore punk worthy of your time and hard-earned-busking dollars, especially if this style is your (agony) bag. (JU)
(Flower of Carnage / Kick Rock / Solar Funeral)

THE WASHINGTONIANS – "Severed Heads" CD

The nice note that came with the CD says "We are a French crust punk grindcore band," and as always I find is fascinating to hear the bands own perspective on what they create. What I hear is a heavy hardcore band that dabbles in grindcore once in a while. They really have a curious sound which mixes some







WATCHING
THE TRAIN WRECK

old NYHC (SICK OF IT ALL) with TRAGEDY and throws in a blast beat once in a while. When their sound is big it leans more towards TRAGEDY but they only grind on a few tracks. Nothing wrong with this CD it just didn't turn me on. (MH)
(Gheea Music / Beards & Bones)

WASTED – "Outsider by Choice" LP
This cool band from Finland has been kicking it since the mid '90s and have definitely earned themselves a place in the "why Euro punk rules the 2000s" category. Not sounding quite like any of their contemporaries or any of the bands they draw influence from, WASTED plays a killer mix of classic '70s punk and '80s hardcore full of melody, varied instrumentation, and lyrics sung with conviction (in English, in case that matters to you). The closest thing that comes to mind for comparison would be something like the REGULATIONS or NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, though maybe a half notch below in ranking. I've heard a few albums by the group over the years and I like this one best since it seems a bit moodier. All of their stuff is worth checking out, but starting here would be a wise move. (BG)
(Combat Rock / Trujaca Fala)

WATCHING THE TRAIN WRECK – "Serve Very Loud" EP
If you've been following the tiny cluster of recent garage-lean bands outta Omaha, WATCHING THE TRAIN WRECK offers up a familiar cast of characters. The four tunes here are absolutely no-frills punk rock, though each manages to have a great guitar scrawl that recalls early CHEATER SLICKS and other champion lost-cause rockers. This provides an entirely suitable soundtrack for a night of solo drinking. (MC)
(Rainy Road)

WAX IDOLS – "No Future" LP
With euphoric harmonies, softy disjointed and pleasantly jarring rhythms, WAX IDOLS fit in perfectly with fellow Bay Area contemporaries GRASS WIDOW and BRILLIANT COLORS. They'd also easily pass as a more ambient rendition of the GOGOs with undeniable love for BOW WOW WOW. This album is a lovely and delicately balanced display of a vulnerable tenderness and hardened toughness executed through well-considered pop, punk and near gothic musical sensibilities. Good job. (GG)
(HoZac)

WEAK TEETH – "What A Plague You Are" LP
Screamo. Screamo. Screamo. This is almost more of an EP from this Providence, did I mention screamo band, as most songs clock in at just over a minute, except the last song, which is close to ten minutes long. I like the song titles, which certainly highlights their dark side, and the occasional big chorus. In the end, nothing ground breaking, but worth a listen. (MD)
(Tor Johnson/Flannel Gurl)

WEEKEND NACHOS – "Worthless" LP
I find it a bit strange that a band who incorporates so many styles into their music (grind, powerviolence, D-beat, youth crew hardcore) can be as endlessly uninteresting on record as these guys are. Don't get me wrong, it's fun to see WEEKEND NACHOS live, and they're totally into what they do. However, when every song features some speedy parts, then some even speedier blast beats, and eventually devolves into a breakdown, it becomes a drag listening to more than two or three songs in a row. An LP is just overkill. I'm wholly aware that I'm not the target audience for this kind of band; this is a gateway act for younger kids who actually care enough to explore different genres of punk, and it will certainly satiate that demographic. As for me, I won't be listening to this record again any time soon, but I'm glad that WEEKEND NACHOS is still doing their thing. (KM)
(Deep Six)

WHITE CRIME – "End of Change" EP
It took me a minute to figure out the right speed of this record. Just to note, side A is 33, side B is 45. Now that that's out of the way, I'm going to go ahead and assume these guys are big fans of the SPITS. That is pretty much the only sound that I can think of when listening to this. If you are unfamiliar with the sound, just imagine the RAMONES played through a fuzzy/muffled speaker. It's a good style, though, and these guys do it well, so kudos. (BD)
(Bummer Tapes)

WHITE CRIME – CD
A collection of SPITS-like four chord wonders with flat vocal styling's. Not amazing in either style or execution, though it has enough KILLER DREAMER energy to carry it through to being somewhat palatable. Though I'm not sure if I'm going to ever listen to this again, I ended up quite enjoying reviewing this. (GG)
(Sinkhole Texas)

WHITE LOAD – "Pig Eyes / Little Black Pig"
WHITE LOAD offer up two tracks of total trash core rawness that go the lengths and take you on a journey into mental darkness. In a similar world as TOTAL ABUSE or WHITE BOSS, the music is an ode to aggressive mayhem and drug-damaged noise. Not totally original or anything, but this single sided EP certainly packs a punch and is worthy of repeated listens. I'm curious about what will come next from this band. (BG)
(Kenrock)

WITS END – "Enough" EP
It would be easy to pass this off as '90s emo/hardcore, say it sounds like CURRENT or something and just let it be at that but it really isn't so. The vocals totally fit the bill. In fact the guy sounds like he could have been in the SHIVERING or the CANDYLAND CARCRASH. Musically there's more going on here, though. Sure that emo / hardcore thing is there but you can also feel a '90s indie rock influence, that slow stonier type of indie rock like CODEINE, COME, CONSONANT or other bands that may or may not start with the letter "C". Additionally, There is some great guitar work going on, not crazy, difficult shredding but catchy lines that work well with the rest of the song. This is highly recommended, even for those who believe the past should be left alone. (PA)
(Adagio 830)

YOUNG GOVERNER – "Where It's Quiet" 10"
There's folk in our dysfunctional little world of punk rock who have real fuckin' talent… think Jeff Burke and Mark Ryan (POTENTIAL JOHNS, MIND SPIDERS, MARKED MEN) or Mark Sultan… you know? Songwriters, people who *have* to create or they will explode. Ben Cook (FUCKED UP etc) is one of those people. I think he makes shit cos it just spills out; he can turn a hand to anything. Previous outings of his solo stuff have been pretty blown out, yet still sticks to the craw. This one is way more subdued… hell, powerpop even. It has a catchy old '70s vibe filtered through a later indie rock filter… Different, and great as expected. (TB)
(12XU)

V/A – "PORTLAND MUTANT PARTY" EP
Featuring the MEAN JEANS, THERAPISTS, CHEMICALS and LEADERS this is a pleasing 7" of raw yet sloppily controlled pop-punk. A good cross section of this *scene* Portland currently offers and glimpses into Portland's past with the EPOXIES influenced LEADERS track. Stand out track is provided by the modern day RAMONES, the MEAN JEANS. (GG)
(Portland Mutant Party/Jonny Cat, no contact)

V/A – "Punks Win" LP
I believe these are all Minneapolis bands on this comp, which sounds more promising than say, Des Moines (no offense to Des Moines, well maybe a little, you sucked the last time I visited). I haven't heard of any of these bands except for THRASH COMPACTOR, CHILDREN OF EULER, and TERRACIDE but the scene there seems pretty strong if this is a snapshot of what is going on. There are lots of punk styles represented and I can't get behind some of the noisy weird stuff, but there is some solid punk and hardcore on this thing. (BL)
(Double Dutch)

V/A – "Welcome to the Arse-End of the World" LP
One of the unsettling aspects of the post-internet explosion furthering punk rock's globalization is even far off corners of the world can quickly absorb cultural influences and styles of the broader punk scene of any country, as opposed to developing in isolation with limited influences towards it's own direction, leaving everything up for grabs for reinterpretation. This gives a familiarity to the sounds, imagery (the grim reaper riding a skateboard, the universal symbol of punks worldwide), or even band logos to almost any compilation of bands, whether it comes out of the former Soviet Union, Orange County, South America or wherever. Ultimately there's more positives than negatives to that equation as punks cultural lyrical, musical and artistic message infects the world, emphasized here by the high quality of this 14 band, 26 Track compilation from across the two main Islands of Aotearoa / New Zealand. The first NZ Punk comp in a decade or more, and there's exceptionally great music throughout—metal-dosed grind by ABORTED CHRISTIANS, blown out Goner records-styled garage noise by TEEN HYGIENE, sludge power violence from CRAWLER, throttling blur fastcore from WASTELAND. Seriously raging female vocalled hardcore from ROGERNOMIX, more great female vocalled and female powered proto-hardcore from NATURAL GLOW, almost IN/HUMANITY styled weirdness mixed with screaming thrash from OILBARRONS. Lo-fi assault from CASK GRINDERS, which mixes an M.I.T.B. lumber with dual-vocalled scathing screech thrash, metal cross over skate thrash from ELECTRIC MAYHEM, CAUSTIC CHRIST-styled straight up punk from HATE-WANX, a throaty vocalled and buzzsaw guitar straight up punk assault from CONNIPTION. Solid Crushing metal dirge from METH DRINKER and OPEN TOMB, snippets of quick thrash from POLICE LINEUP. There's a sparkling high quality to these bands and despite casting a relative wide net of sounds within genre, this compilation plays pretty consistently strong and unified throughout as an album itself, which is the mark of a great compilation. Includes a color booklet of mostly artwork and few lyrics, which largely express the frustration punks feel the world over.... Cover does feature a Kiwi, Peter Jackson, the rainbow warrior and admittedly, probably more than a hundred cultural references and in-jokes I'm missing… Limited to 300 copies...Great, great comp!! (KS)
(Always Never Fun)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

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Ass: assrecords.net
Atonal Microtonal: www.atonalmicronalrecords.blogspot.com
Beards & Bones: beards-and-bones.blogspot.com
Big School: bigschoolrecords.com
Blood of War: www.bloodofwarrecords.blogspot
Bloody Lips: myspace.com/bloodylipsrecords
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Cooler Kings: robchester@blueyonder.co.uk
Creative Class War: creativeclasswar.blogspot.com
Le Crepuscule Du Soir: lecrepusculedusoir.yolasite.com
Cricket Cemetary: www.cricketcemetary.com
Dagger: myspace.com/daggerpromotions/music
Dead Tricks: www.thedeadtricks.com
Death Exclamations: www.deathexclamations.com
DeathMutt: www.myspace.com/deathmuttrecs
Deep Six: www.deepsixrecords.com
Delete Bin: deletebinrecords@gmail.com
Delusion of Terror: www.myspace.com/delusionofterrorrecords
Desikelirium: www.myspace.com/desibelirium
Dire: www.direrecords.com
Dirtcult: 16 W Palm St., Duluth, MN 55811
Dirtnap: www.dirtnaprecs.com
Divorce Party: divorceparty.bandcamp.com
Don Carlos: rabiddogs.it/_/DCP_home_page.html
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Green Peace Distro: greenpeacedistro.blogspot.com
Happy Parts: www.happypartsrecordings.com
Hardcore Kitchen: hardcore.exblog.jp
Haunted Hotel: hauntedhotelrecs.com
Hostile Input: www.hostileinput.com
HoZac: www.hozacrecords.com
Insane Society: insanesociety.net, PO Box 18, 504 01 Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC
Incognito: www.incognitorecords.de
Iconicide: www.iconicide.com
Iron Lung: PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145 ironlungrecords.bigcartel.com
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Kick Rock: 9 rue Michel Servet, 4200 Saint Etienne, FRANCE www.kickrock.org
Kind Of Like: 353 3rd Ave. Suite 123, New York, NY 10010 www.kindoflikerecords.com
Kiss of Death: kissofdeathrecords.com
La Ti Da: latidarecords.com
Leika: www.myspace.com/theevilleidkultur
Mammoth Cave Recording: mammothcaverecording.com
Meth Mouth: 1004 Montana St. Orlando, FL 32803 www.methmouthrecords.com
Minor Bird: minorbirdrecords.blogspot.com
M'Lady: www.mladysrecords.com
Monofonus: monofonuspress.com
Mountain Cult: mountaincult.bandcamp.com
Mozes and the First Born: www.mozesandthefirstborn.com
Nextpunk: www.nextpunk.com
Night Fighter: PO Box 160, Clawson, MI 48017 SquintsGR@gmail,com
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No Front Teeth: PO Box 27070 London N2 9ZP, ENGLAND www.nofrontteeth.net
Nuclear Alcoholocaust: www.nuclearalcoholocaustrec.webs.com
Pavones: pavonesrecords.bandcamp.com
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Pissart: pissartrecords.com
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Power It Up: power-it-up.de
Prankster: pranksterrecs@gmail.com
Puzzle: puzzlerecords.blogspot.com
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Residue: www.residue-records.com
Revulsion: www.revulsionrecords.com
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Salem Rages: www.salemrages.co.uk
Scanner: myspace.com/scannerrecords2012
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Sea Turtle Loud Noise: seaturtleloudnoise.bandcamp.com/album/own
Secret Beach: facebook.com/secretbeachrecords
Sell At A Loss: 26 Henrietta St., St. Catharines, Ontario L2S 2M6, CANADA, sellataloss.blogspot.com
Shut Up Donny: www.shutupdonny.com
Sinkhole Texas: www.sinkholetexas.com
Sin Temores: sintemores@yahoo.com,
Slovenly: PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504 www.slovenly.com
Solar Funeral: www.solar-funeral.org
Small Mouth: 1020 NE 125th St. #16, Seattle, WA 98125
SMRT: www.smrtrecords.se
Södertörn: www.thenature.se
Solidarity: www.solidarityrecordings.com
Squoodge: www.squoodge.de
S-S: www.s-srecords.com
Starcleaner: www.starcleaner.com
Streaks: www.streaksrecords.de
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Suburban White Trash: www.suburbanwhitetrashrecords.com
Suffering Jesus: www.sufferingjesus.info
Summersteps: www.summerstepsrecords.com
The Supplement: myspace.com/thesupplementrocksla
Surrounded By Thieves: surroundedbythieves.com
Symphony of Destruction: contact@symphonyofdestruction.com
Take It Back: takeitbackrec.bigcartel.com
Target Earth: I-55-1 Isecho, Nishlku, 220-0045, JAPAN www.ne-jp/asahi/target/earth
Teriak: www.teriakrecords.com
To Live a Lie: www.tolivealie.com
Tor Johnson: www.torjohnsonrecords.com
Torture Garden: torturegarden.bigcartel.com
Total Fucker: whokilledfucker.blogspot.com
Toxic Pop: 2619 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218, www.toxicpoprecords.com
Trabuc: trabucrecords@nodo50.org
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Urban Hell: www.urban-hell.com
UVPR: www.uvpr.fr
Vinyl Dog: www.thesensitiveside.com
Vitriol: www.graforlock.com/vitriol/
Wands: wandsrecords.blogspot.com
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White Zoo: Via Don Bosco 47, 73100 Lecce, ITALY www.whitezoorecords.com
Woah! Boat: www.whoaboatrecords.com
Wrench: www.wrench.org
X!: 264 Holbrook St, Detroit, MI 48202-1805, www.x-recs.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins and Greg Harvester.

AMBASSADOR GUN/ENABLER split – ENABLER: insanely brutal and unabashedly metallic blistering crust/thrash. Guitar work borders on too technical, but never once is their anything even approaching a dull moment in these four songs. I'm sure there are bands on the more metal end of the spectrum that I'm missing as influences, but HAUNTED, DYSTOPIA and KYLESA all make appearances in my brain, except everything here is fukkn *fast*. So damn good. AMBASSADOR GUN: A subdued version of ENABLER, with emphasis on mid tempo, metal and being heavy instead of all out aggression. It's good, they grind pretty well and if I had heard this side first then I might feel differently, but I'm just waiting to flip the tape. (7-song cassette, lyrics included, www.sacredplague.com)

AWKWARD AGE – AWKWARD AGE plays pop-punk the way that it used to be played in the '90s. Not the dumbass shit like the NOBODYS, but the more thoughtful gems such as SICKO, PLOW UNITED and even some hints of "Boxcar"-era JAWBREAKER. It doesn't seem like they're trying to be retro. It's just what they know and they make it work. They bang out four songs in a matter of a few minutes, but the melodies will stick in your head for much longer. Their song "Jamie's a Wreck" has a chorus that will plague your brain for hours, whether you like it or not. Good stuff! (Greg) (4-song CD-R. Lyrics included. awkwardagefl@gmail.com)

BAR SINISTER – The first few notes of this had me thinking "MELVINS worship," but once the vocals kicked in, I was proven wrong. BAR SINISTER plays what I can only describe as progressive hardcore or even "adult contemporary hardcore." The distorted bass lines carry the song as the guitar tends to noodle over to the explosive buildup. The vocals are sung/shouted in a way that reminds me of a mix of FUGAZI, FRODUS and spacey hardcore. These four songs have a big sound and take up 20 minutes of your life. (Greg) (4-song cassette. Lyrics included. www.intensehumanvictories.com)

BLITZKRIEG WITCHCRAFT – This group from Salt Lake City plays a mix of droning, fucked stoner metal and mid-tempo crust that constantly sounds like it is on the verge of falling apart. Honestly, it sounds like they faded out one of the songs because the whole thing was on the brink of collapse. I find that endearing. They win points with me by attempting a noisy cover of RUDIMENTARY PENI'S "Psycho Squat" that sounds almost nothing like the original. Instead, it plods onward, slowly and transcends into its own fucked up world. Also, allow me to share their lyrics to "A Good Laugh", which bring a smile to my face: "I wanna go to high end neighborhoods and see doctors and lawyers outside openly weeping; have my eyes burned by smoke…no cops in sight," Sloppy and satisfying. (Greg) (7-song CD-R. Lyrics included. $3 to P.O. Box 521174, Salt Lake City, UT, 84152)

THE BROONIES – San Francisco has a long history of lo-fi, fucked up pop bands that range from 50 MILLION to YOGURT to DORY TOURETTE to TOMMY LASORDA to more recent examples like SOPORS. The BROONIES seem to float in the direction of their hometown's predecessors, but keep things less noisy, less chaotic and concentrate on a solid pop melody, but it all sounds too fucked up to be pure pop. There's a little psych and a little slow rock thrown in to keep you on your toes, but they mostly stick to lo-fi bedroom jams and it suits them well. Hey BROONIES… you live down the street from me. Where do you play shows? I wanna see you! (Greg) (12-song CD-R. No Lyrics included. raybroony@gmail.com)

LOS CAIDOS – Ripping dual vocal fastcore from Argentina. Right out of the gate I'm fukkn tearing shit up, and the down swift into midpaced mosh to start the second song? Yeah, consider me a fan. Taking fast old school hardcore and making it their own, LOS CAIDOS leave me hanging after only four songs, but thankfully I get to hear them again on the other side. Ruling. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/losxcaidos)

CHILDS – CHILDS play pretty straight up punk that veers in the pop direction (but definitely not pop-punk) with an ever-so-slight nod to the MINUTEMEN and post-punk. The more herky-jerky songs are this band's strong suit and really give them a chance to shine in the songwriting department. This band is tight, inspired and really fuckin' good. Plus the screen printed (?) cover looks awesome. (Greg) (8-song cassette. Lyrics included. 1274 Dundas Rd W, Apt #2, Toronto, ON M6J LX7, Canada)

THE CLOWNS – Chaotic free form noise rock, meandering nonsensical guitars and an art punk meets jam band rhythm section. The FALL on a really bad bender, mixed with '90s cacophonous emo. (Robert) (2 song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact info)

COMA REGALIA – Screamo-hardcore is still alive in the Midwest…particularly in Indiana, in this case. If there was an all-encompassing manual on writing this kind of music (and there might be), COMA REGALIA would be the band playing on the instructional video. There are breakdowns. There are moments when the singer is screaming over a slow, noodle-y guitar lead. Their songs bring to mind a room full of shirtless guys climbing all over each other in an attempt to share the mic with the singer. Hot! If you like screamo-hardcore, you will love this. (Greg) (4-song cassette. Lyrics included. comaregalia@gmail.com)

COPYCATS – COPYCATS is an apt name for this band since they sound like a carbon copy of many bands from the late '70s/early '80s. That being said, they're really fuckin' good! The recording quality (thin and treble-y) makes them sound like a lost track off of a Bloodstains compilation. The guitar work on this is inventive and outstanding. The singing is snotty and punk without eschewing melody, not unlike the WIPERS or even the VOIDOIDS. This sounds like an instant classic and I'm gonna blast this shit outta my stereo for weeks to come. If you like classic-sounding, '70s style punk with no bullshit, this may be for you. Leave it to the Spaniard punks to get this right. (Greg) (8-song CD-R. No lyrics included. pabskate@hotmail.com)

COVARASA/ESTOMAGOS VAZIOS split – Ultra raw punk from two late '90s Brazilian bands. COVA RASA are more "howling in the night" studded jacket core with a hint of grind, while ESTOMAGOS VAZIOS are pure pogo punk, straight from the gutter. Both bands are borderline inept in all the best adolescent ways. Awesome. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, max-cimex@hotmail.co.uk)

CRAZY & THE BRAINS – Sex obsessed syrupy sweet bubblegum pop, complete with xylophones and an approach so hokey it's hard not to thing this is meant as a joke. Serious or not, it's well executed and kinda addictive. Plus, "Lindsay Lohan" could be an international smash hit. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, www.baldylonghair.com)

CRYPT OF THE ZOMBILORD – This is some pretty straightforward, by-the-books metal/grindcore from western Sweden. There is one screamy singer and one growly bellower who trade off vocals in a furious attack that is reminiscent of a low budget CARCASS and NAPALM DEATH. It's raw, fucked and full of headbanging metal riffs that will leave you with a sore neck. (Greg) (8-song CD-R. Lyrics not included. cryptofthezombilord@gmail.com)

DANCE OR DIE/THE BALLS OF JUSTICE split – DANCE OR DIE are fast…like really *really* fast hardcore with West Bay Coalition worship dripping all over their chin. Really good shit, with more than enough originality in the songs to hold my interest and make me want more. The BALLS OF JUSTICE are also fast, but the approach is more snarky snotty hardcore with little splashes of youth crew, a tasteful sprinkling of '80s melody and unnecessary samples throughout. Good shit from both bands. (Robert) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, knochentapes.blogspot.com)

DEAD REICH – Pure and unadulterated DIS chaos punk from the same city that brought us JESUS CHRUST, NAUSEA, FINAL WARNING and a host of political paint by numbers crust acts. Take out the politics and add extra portions of chaos punk, and you've got yerself a demo! Press play, get in the pit, live the chaos and consider yourself drunk. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, deadreich@gmail.com)

DEAD REICH – Members of BORTGANG and the sorely missed DODWORTH from Brooklyn. Violent vocals like an animal caught in a trap. I've heard mutual friends say it sounds like AMEBIX, but I don't hear it. Definitely DISCHARGE influenced bordering on a slower, rawer SKITSYSTEM with a strong D-beat back bone. Looking forward to hearing more from these New York City raw punks. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, deadreich@gmail.com)

DEAFENESTRATION – Did you say you wanted an order of straight up crust/metal (emphasis on the metal) from Belgium? Well, your order is up! Four dudes just rockin' the fuck out and sometimes moving the tempo up to blast-beat level, but mostly sticking to a comfortable head-banging beat. Features former members of HIATUS, CHAOS BASTARDS and HUMAN ERROR. (Greg) (5-song CD-R. No lyrics included. deafenestration@riseup.net or azill@teledisnet.be)

THE DISCONNECTS – It's not often that a pile of label promo crap actually describes that band they are trying to hype with any kind of accuracy, but this time

Baldy Longhair nailed it: "Dirty and dangerous 1970's sounds of bands like the DEAD BOYS THE HEARTBREAKERS and RAMONES" and then some drivel about how you still need rock 'n roll. Actually, I need beer and breakneck speed hardcore, but until I get that, then I'll take these barroom anthems about faded tattoos and lost chances. I mean, they do say they aren't "never gonna compromise my feelings," so they can't be all bad….right? This is glitzy and shitty, but in all the right ways, and I will drunkenly endorse their snotty attitudes until I wake up in a fog tomorrow. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, www.baldylonghair.com)

DISSÖNANCE – Think punks playing MÖTORHEAD and TANK inspired punk injected with GBH and DISCHARGE and ya get DISSÖNANCE. This tape is what I was hoping the RIPPER LP would sound like—you know, punks playing MOTÖRHEAD inspired music with really solid musicians, but I think these guys pulled it off better. One of my favorite tapes ever- every song kills and I can find nothing wrong with this recording from the gritty vocals, hard hitting drums, spot on bass, to the rippin' guitar. The guitar is perfect rocker punk in they way INEPSY's *Rock'n'Roll Babylon* was so on the money with their riffs. Gimme speed and leather and more releases from San Francisco's DISSÖNANCE or give me death!!! (Amelia) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/557616370)

DISTROFIA – Anguished crust from Argentina who take their cues, not surprisingly, from DYSTOPIA. Painfully low fidelity, and they are better when they play fast, churning raw punk. (Robert) (9-song CD-R, lyrics included, amor_kaos@yahoo.com.ar)

THE DRAPERZ – The DRAPERZ play a gruff style of punk-n-roll that would make good ol' Bruce Roehrs proud. These guys aren't trying to sell you on anything or subscribing to any particular ideology. They just want to play fast, toe-tapping punk, write some pop hooks, drink some beer and fuckin' party. It reminds me of less inspired ASTA KASK (in English) or any of those bands who talk about being inspired by the RAMONES but actually sound nothing like them. (Greg) (11-song CD-R. No lyrics included. thedraeperz@hotmail.se)

EFFLUXUS – New noise punk band from the Bay Area featuring a YADOKAI member, these raw punks are only slightly more subdued in their approach. Killer blown out hardcore, a whirlwind of Scandi worship, tinny DIS-leads and destroyed vocals. This is a few months old, and they have just cranked out a flexi with a new lineup, kills. (Robert) (4 song cassette, lyrics included, no contact info)

ELECTROPHONIC – Japanese adrenaline fueled (or was it cocaine?) power punk rock rock 'n' roll. This is on at the party while that sleazy guy is striking out in every corner and you are getting wasted with your friends. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/theelectrophonic)

FINISHER – The vocals are total BRAINOIL, and the music isn't that far off. Throw in a positive BUZZOV•EN comparison and you are starting to catch my drift, right? Good stuff. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, finisher.bandcamp.com)

FOKAT – When this CD started off, I thought, "Whoa, this is totally fucked sounding…these guys can barely play their instruments…cool!" As it moves along, the band seems to pull it together and they veer towards a minimalist approach to garage rock. The poor recording quality works in the favor of this two-piece, guitar and drums combo and they sometimes take on an otherworldly feel due to all the reverb and static. Not bad! (Greg) (7-song CD-R, No lyrics included. Evan.theriot@gocrusaders.com)

THE FUZZ – Uninspired bluesy garage dreck with cut-rate HENDRIX overtones. (Greg) (5-song CD-R. No lyrics included.themeltingrecords.com)

GLAUKOM SYNOD – SKINNY PUPPY mixed with sporadic death metal vocals. Interesting and well done, even though the vocals are not at all to my liking. Trance like electronics and aggressively manic construction. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, Gabriel S., 9 rue de la Scarpe, 59552 Lambres Lez Douai FRANCE, Scumflesh@wannadoo.fr)

GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND – Snarky garage punk along the lines of M.O.T.O., but in a more dreamboat pop punk direction. Occasional backing vocals detract from a singer that fits perfectly amongst disjointed guitars and sweet lilting songs, but this is a minor complaint. The musical version of an autumn stroll in the park. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, grandmasboyfriend@gmail.com, www.theloglady.com)

HARSH VIBES – Crushing and furious California hardcore, steeped in the frustration that can sometimes be so mystifying to people who just see the west coast as a sun drenched utopia. NO COMMENT rapid fire hardcore with punishing and agonizing straight edge hardcore breakdowns and a searing vocalist with enunciation skills like few have demonstrated in the last decade. Hearing the rage is one thing, but understanding the rage takes HARSH VIBES to the next level. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, Valoid_waste@yahoo.com, knochentapes.blogspot.com)

HORROR VACUI – Goth punk dredged through the misty Italian night searching for a scent of Peter Murphy. The music that shaped my adolescence is being recreated by my contemporaries, and I can't say that I mind. HORROR VACUI have nailed the sound, almost too perfectly, but emulation is the point here, not innovation. Many listens in my house. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, koppa@yahoo.it)

IMPATIENCE – I listened to three songs, jaw half agape at my good fortune in the demo dungeon. A razor sharp adrenaline fueled bulldozer, churning up everything in its path. I pulled out the lyrics and continued, letting the venom belie what little optimism might be hidden in these refrains. This is heavy shit, but IMPATIENCE rely on pure intensity instead of a drop D to punch you in the gut…fast and precise, not even the slightest hint of bullshit. The metal influences are subtle, and only creep in after repeated listens because this is a fukkn hardcore band. I spent a lot of time with this before I even bothered to check the band info…and was reminded how much I miss Milwaukee sometimes. Awesome. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, impatiencemke@gmail.com, www.sacredplague.com)

THE INFERNAL NAMES – Fast, energetic, drunk punk from Toledo, Ohio. Not great. Not bad. It reminds me of a cross between later-era LES TURDZ and the slower songs by ROACH MOTEL. There's not much more to say, honestly. (Greg) (9-song CD-R. No lyrics included. bigglysquiggs@yahoo.com)

KNIFE OR DEATH – Breakneck speed, all systems *GO!* on this banger. Blistering atonal hardcore, an all out assault, piercing vocals and a treble heavy delivery from a couple of Australians living in England. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, knifeordeathpunk@gmail.com)

KSM40 – A cassette collection of tracks from previous releases on various formats from a group of German powerviolence freaks. Jerky and awkward delivery, take no prisoners attack, like powerviolence played by suburban nerds – all of the enthusiasm, none of the danger. Good shit, flies by in no time flat. (Robert) (22-song cassette, no lyrics, knochentapes.blogspot.com)

LIFE LOCK – Noisy and DISCHARGE influenced in the vein of NO FUCKER. Their name is a DOOM reference, FYI. Same vocal devastation similar to ABSURD SYSTEM with wailing Scandi guitars held down by superbly done D-Beat. I picked this up to review specifically based on the fact that the cover is a studded jacket with DISASTER written on the back and I'm glad I did. Full Force Hardcore Destruction put this out. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, noise.not.music@hotmail.com)

LOSERS BEAT WINNERS – What if BIG BOYS were reincarnated as a modern day overly proficient hipster punk rock band? Would you still like them? (Robert) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact info)

LUBE – The last tape didn't really hold up, but the blindfolded hand that reaches into the depths of the demo box at MRRHQ does not discern, and so these Mass Punks are about to get another shot…and after one song I'm scrambling to make sure I have not parted ways with their last demo (*I still have it, no worries*). High energy garage shits with vocals ripped straight from the diaphragm of hardcore. I'm thinking these dudes are probably hipper than me, but their approach is primitive and pure. Plus, they packaged the fukkn thing in velcroed leather – what's not to love? (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $4ppd lubesemailaddress@gmail.com)

MASAKARI – The cassette version of last year's absolutely crushing *The Prophet Feeds* full length from Ohio's MASAKARI. Scandinavia via Portland guitar melodies soar over devastating riffs, never letting up on intensity even when the tempo slows. Vocals are deep and unrelenting, complimenting a metallic modern crust attack of epic proportions. This band is every bit as good live as they are in the studio, and I reckon they won't be making appearances in the demo section very often from here on out. (Robert) (15-song cassette, lyrics included, allergictofun.blogspot.com)

MESS FOLK – Noise drenched one man band from Nowhere Scotia, eastern Canada. Without the keyboard, this would be mind numbing mid paced punk with cartoon like sinister vocals, but that electronic whine gives MESS FOLK an edge, and creates something akin to the roughest SPITS demos mixed with a drag king version of X RAY SPEX. Yeah dude, it's weird. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/messfolk, hamburgertapes.tumblr.com)

METH SORES – Fukk yes! Noisy and chaotic punks, but following a fukkd up punk train instead of the studded jacket set. The result is so damn twisted sounding, guitars and vocals competing for maximum insanity to the rapid fire beat of a hollow drum. Dark hardcore and instantly addictive, these jams have just won my heart…looks awesome, sounds even better. Recommended. (Robert) (4-song cassette, some lyrics included, JJL, 1748 Marilyn Way, San Jose, CA 95125, methsores.bandcamp.com)

ADAM MOWERY – Four tracks and a bedroom, what else do you need? Mostly acoustic songs – the dude is a pretty good songwriter, it's just not really my jam. (Robert) (17-song cassette, hamburgertapes.tumblr.com)

MR. CALIFORNIA AND THE STATE POLICE – Michigan's punk rock answer to WESLEY WILLIS is back with a 22-song radio set of pure retard punk. A sampling of song titles should get you in the right mind set: "Fannypack Rock," "Black Flag Tattoo," "Shave The Dog," and a cover of SOCKEYE's "Daddy's Dildo." Irreverent and juvenile. (Robert) (22-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes.tumblr.com)

THE NEW ENEMY – The tape they sent was blank (shame on the plant, because this is a professionally packaged cassette), so I didn't know what they sounded like until I searched the internet. Looks like a potentially melodic hardcore band, but that was just a guess until I found a little thing called bandcamp. Yeah, that's what they are, but they seem kinda pompous (as if a couple of songs can actually convey that kind of attitude, but I swear they do). AVAIL cover, but to compare them to AVAIL would be an insult (to AVAIL), I think I'll put on *Over The James* now. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, thenewenemy.bandcamp.com)

PINE BARRENS – This demo appears to be more than a year old, but just because *MRR* missed the boat doesn't mean that you should. Sounds of the apocalypse steeped generously in raised fist metal, melodic crust and the indulgent sounds of ISIS and NEUROSIS. Intelligently motivated, well conceived, and brilliantly executed. (Robert) (4 song CD-R, lyrics included, pinebarrens.bandcamp.com)

PISTOLETTOS – This is some rather boring bar rock/cock rock played by dudes who probably wear cowboy hats at their live shows. You know how you can tell when a band is influenced more by GUNS N ROSES than MOTORHEAD? Yeah, it's like that. They're teetering right on the edge of the line that makes them acceptable for review in this magazine. (Greg) (3-song CD-R. No lyrics included. info@pistolettos.co.uk)

PRETTY BULLSHIT – The vocals are the focus, kinda SWIZ-esque, snarling over the top of mid tempo '80s hardcore. There's a second wave Dischord vibe to their sound, though that sound is buried and muffled on this demo. I can imagine this being a force in the future, especially for fans of GIVE, LION OF JUDAH and the like. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 J. Salgado, 139 Huber Ave., Holbrook, NY 11741)

((PRMTV-CCMLTN)) – Think hardcore violence that reminds you of the voices you hear when you've stayed up for too many days. It's violent in the way SCAPEGOAT makes you want rip people's flesh off when you see them live. One has a visceral reaction listening to this tape and I'd kill to see this live. This is a mix between noise and hardcore punk ultra violence with muffled vocals, loops, and perfectly poor recording quality. This demo sounds haunted- get this, I dare you. (Amelia) ($4, ?-song cassette, 5803 Cunard Street, Apartment B, B3K 1C9, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada)

PSICOLOCA – I listened twice before I got used to the guitar sound – it's fukkn HUGE, but reverbed in a manner that makes it sound as if it is constantly behind the beat. Never heard anything like it, and I'm into it. These Spaniards are making a great marriage of Spanish HC and tough NYHC, and they present the whole thing with a ton of energy. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, PO Box 39147, Madrid 28080 SPAIN, myspace.com/psicolocahc)

RAJAT – Demo of the month for sure!! Amazing Finnish hardcore punk, but with the emphasis on *punk*. Female vocals are shouted, and the harsh melodies bring to mind '80s Poland as much as their homeland. Fukkn Killer!! (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, rajat@hotmail.fi)

REGISTERED SEX OFFENDER – Reno Powerviolence, version 2.0, heavy on the grind. Blasts of hatred a la DESPISE YOU, discordance a la IRON LUNG. Yeah, powerful shits, lets hope this band makes it to wax soon. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, hollandbooking@gmail.com)

RØSENKØPF – Psychedelic guitar driven goth/punk from New York City. Their first demo floored me, and while this one is more upbeat and less heavy on the goth, the vision is clearly more developed and the result is amazing. Guitars weave in and out of distorted sounds, unpretentious and open even at the most self indulgent. If every bedroom band could be this good, then there would be no need for a stage. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd S. Roi, 609 18th St., Brooklyn, NY 11218, rsnkpf.blogspot.com)

ROWDY DOWNSTAIRS – Yes! Chattanooga, TN's ROWDY DOWNSTAIRS alternate between bouts of poppy Region Rock, raging screamy punk and ripping guitar leads. Some of the songs switch from sweet jams to raging, bug-eyed, screaming tirades so fast that it's almost alarming, but not in that SCREAMING FEMALES way. More like in a "Everything was going well until I lost my job and my partner broke up with me and I just spent my last $5 on whiskey and rent is due in two hours and I'm about to lose my fucking shit!" kind of way. This tape is therapeutic and pissed. These women (and dude) have also spent time in PUPPY VS DYSLEXIA, FASTBOYS and WHAT IF. (Greg) (8-song cassette. Lyrics included. P.O. Box 6037, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

SARCOPHAGY – The release(s) are a bit confusing, three CD-Rs with a pile of scribbles papers and one print out with pictures of some dudes playing in what might be a cabin with American flags flying, so I'm not exactly sure what you will get if you drop SARCOPHAGY a line, but musically you will be treated to metallic …. well who am I kidding here? This is plodding DIY metal, conceived and created in some dudes house, like metal is supposed to be. I confess that I did not listen to everything, it's more than two hours of sound, so I think I can be forgiven. There are good moments in what I heard, but this is bedroom metal. (Robert) (35 song 3xCD-R, no lyrics, www.deathbedrecords.com)

SEA OF SHIT – This is the cassette version of one of this year's finest North Coast Powerviolence masterpieces (I made up that NC/PV shit, trademark). Dirty and fierce, stop on a dime and punch you in the face before stealing a .40 kind of hardcore – the shit you want to watch, but don't want to wait to hang out with the dudes after the show. Eight songs that will put you on edge…total brutality. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, seaofshitcpv.blogspot.com)

SHAME + CUPCAKES – Vaguely psychedelic indie/punk sounds. Droning and kinda dreary, three of the four songs are really really good, but the singer tries to … um, *sing* on the last song, and it is bad. Success as a demo, I'm curious to see where they will go from here. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, free 20 Oakridge Rd., Bristol, CT 06010)

THE SHRINES – At first listen, I thought this was going to be cool rocker shit out of LA taking the best from BLACK SABBATH and mixing it with some other drugged out '70s rocker metal with and a dash of PENTAGRAM influence thrown in. By the end of listening to this, I was just annoyed by the cheesy lyrics and overall predictability. The SHRINES' claim to fame is that they opened for PENTAGRAM once which was written on a Xeroxed promo poster sent with this tape. This tape is a preview of their (quote from promo poster) "acid drenched hard rockin' riffage" for their new 7". I didn't dig it, but I wanted to real bad; I even listened to it twice and no dice. (Amelia) (10-song cassette, theshrineband@gmail.com, (310) 600-3321)

SKATIN' FOR SATAN – Relentless skate grind. Hollow and distant sounding, which kinda helps, because no one wants this much grind all up in their face. OK, well sometimes I do. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, fuckvnecks.bandcamp.com)

ST. SUNDAY – Post-hardcore played in the style of early '90s stalwarts like BOY SETS FIRE, AVAIL and BRAID. They don't venture outside of the parameters set by their forefathers, but they execute this style confidently and energetically. (Greg) (5-song cassette. No lyrics included. Baldylonghair.com)

THE TERRORISTS – The TERRORISTS hail from Los Angeles and play a stripped down brand of garage party rock that falls somewhere in a void between SWING DING AMIGOS, THE CRAMPS and later-era Rip-Off Records releases, but comes nowhere close to the genius of the aforementioned. You get all of the swagger and bravado, but none of the charm and heart. Plus, one of the songs is six minutes long and no garage rock song should ever last longer than three minutes. I can't resist saying this (and I was already groaning before I typed it), but if you buy this CD, then the TERRORISTS win. (Greg)(9-song CD-R. Lyrics included. Theterrorists.bandcamp.com)

THRÄSHERS – I'm in heaven. These professional punks responsible for bands like DESPERAT and ELECTRIC FUNERAL have decided to throw complete mastery of skate fastcore into their repertoire, and added Swedish D-beat to the recipe, laying complete waste to virtually all adherents to either subgenre. Distorted because *everything* is pushed into the red on this recording, and that helps convey the relentless approach. Awesome, and probably long sold out (but you should check anyway). (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, thrashpunks@gmail.com, dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com)

TRUNCHEONS – Noisy punk echoing in the shadows, raging hardcore kicking you in the ass. The raw punk model that is en vogue with the studded jacket set would do well to take a few cues from their elder states(wo)men, and these Canadians would be a perfect place to start. Serrated punk played at lightning speed with female vocals that are as much searing thrash metal as hardcore and and overall assault that takes no prisoners. Members of AFTER THE BOMBS, the TOTAL END and others—awesome stuff. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 2274 Fullum, Montreal, QC H2K 3P2 CANADA, truncheonspunk.blogspot.com)

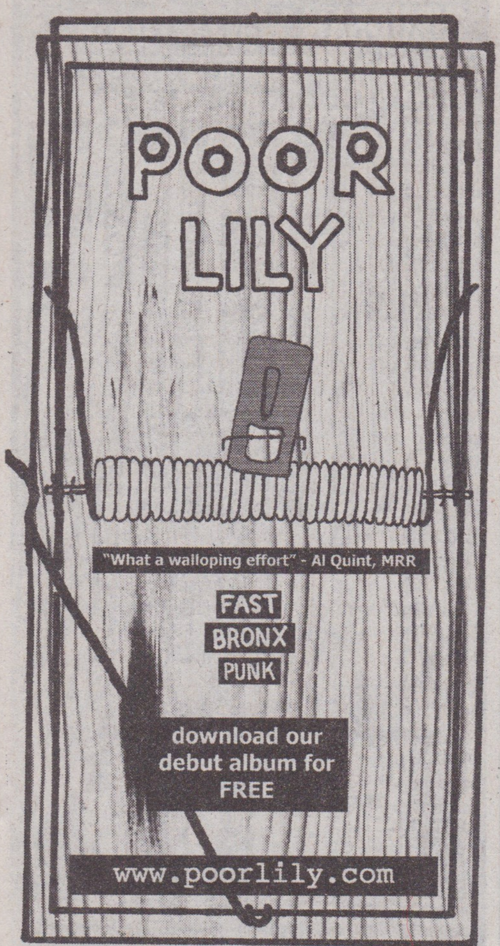
VERNAL PIKE – Fast metallic punk with double bass drum, meandering basement prog with what might be a horn section, snarled emotional vocals stretched to the very end of their rope…and this is still the first song. But just when you think it's region rock gone all power metal, VERNAL PIKE dive into straight dirt punk, lo-fidelity and anthemic. Lyrics and explanations are deep and personal, leading me to believe that this is just traveler punk flying a sign trying to find their way. (?-song cassette, lyrics included, vernalpike.blogspot.com)

WASTED LOVE/D//CEREGHINI split – WASTED LOVE offer a noise treatment of a Kanye West song (at least I thnk that's what it is), and D//CEREGHINI put noise and primitive sound manipulations over adolescent processed drum beats. If I just say "awesome" then you'll think I'm being sarcastic, but it's really good.(Robert) (2 song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

YO TICONDEROGA – In the '90s I would have called this "*Friends* Rock," like the TV show, though to be fair it's a touch more emo than that moniker would imply. Imagine HOT WATER MUSIC playing the theme song for a sit com. (Robert) (2-song CD-R, no lyrics, yoticonderoga.bandcamp.com)

ZONE – ZONE currently has an EP and a split in the works. These punks are from New Haven, CT but would fit in well in the current New York or Boston raw punk scenes. This is one of the best demos in this genre I've heard all year. It's sick feedback drenched punk with the noise and pogo-ability of NERVESKADE. These three punks combined create some chaotic punk with sick 1-2-1-2 CHAOTIC DISCORD drums holding it down. Sick demo art complete with melting punk brains, leather, studs, and unbroken bones. Keep an eye on these kids. This stripped raw feedback drenched punk is a must obtain tape for any hardcore maniac. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, zoneinhardcorehell@gmail.com, 115 Everit Street, New Haven, CT 06511)

V/A – DREIZEHN – If you like fast hardcore then you might want to start figuring out how to complete an international mailorder transaction right about now. Really fukkn solid cassette comp that blows the doors off of most vinyl attempts, filled with bands that fit into various sub/sub/hard/fast/core genres. HUMAN JUNK, STEVE AUSTIN, THRASH OHOOII, LOVE CHANNEL, SNOB VALUE and lots more, this think rips. (Robert) (19-song cassette, lyrics included, knochentapes.blogspot.com)



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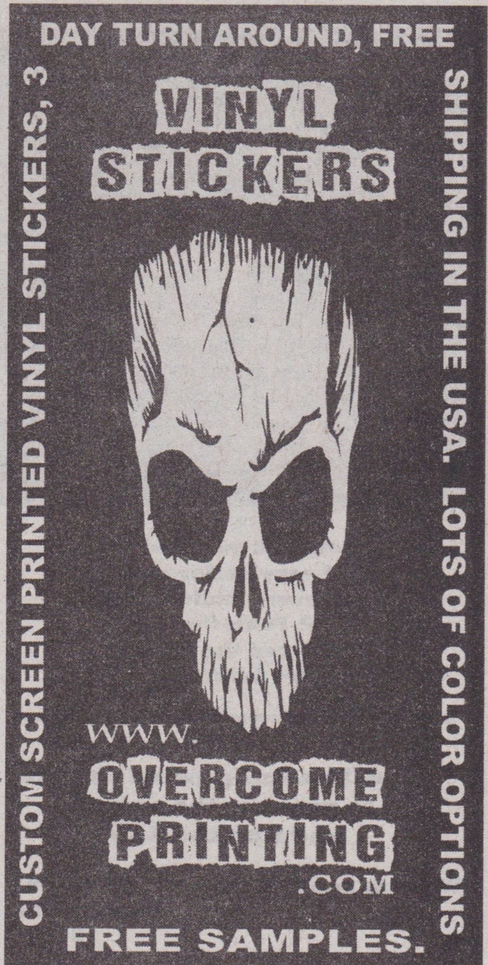

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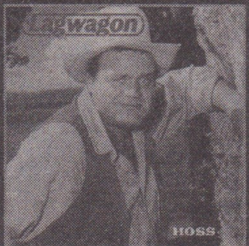

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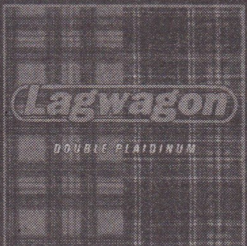

DOUBLE PLAIDINUM

Lagwagon
LETS TALK ABOUT FEELINGS
LET'S TALK ABOUT FEELINGS

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens

BAD BREATH #4 / $2
6.5 x 10 – printed – 28 pgs
Hmm… The art is good and you can certainly tell that the person writing, drawing and inking this — one dude, lots of work and full dedication — loves comics, but the content is hit or miss for me. It's sort of a collection of disjointed stories, which I do like in comics, but some stories are not engaging enough. My favorite parts of this comic are when the author directly pokes fun at the comics world. His take on old comics of the fifties in which he draws mock covers that critique Romance comics, Animal comics and more are great. His one page, two-panel comic about Alan Moore in an elevator full of norms compared to an elevator full of comics fanatics is hilarious and really hits home. One piece called "Stretch of Road" really stands out to me. This piece unwittingly encapsulates some of the seemingly common interests that people who love a particular type of comics. It's starts out like a *Twilight Zone* sort of piece (there is even a meta-textual reference about this very thing), which seems normal enough then turns sinister to reveal something completely mundane. I like that, no explosions, nothing otherworldly, just a point of view — it's lack of action is intriguing to me, but probably boring to most. Overall, this comic isn't very strong, but I am really interested to see where this goes next! (MB)
joshjuresko.com /
badbreathcomics.blogspot.com

BRAIN STORM #1 / $5 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 64 pgs
This is the first issue of a thorough fan zine arranged by one of the members of Abolitionist out of Portland. With a seemingly unintentional focus on pop-punk and hardcore, this zine is definitely the labor of one fan who simply wanted a chance to either interview or write about his favorite bands. Each interview is a tasteful length with pretty strict adherence to the author's questions, which carries the pace nicely, instead of digressing into casual conversation that was surely fun at the time but ends up being a drag for strangers to read. The layout is clear and straightforward, with few frills and even less typographical variety. Small, rectangular blocks often occupy the empty space. It's a fine technique to utilize if you wish to fill in extra space in a shorter zine, but since this one is over 60 pages long, it would be wise for the publisher to introduce some more variety into the graphics, as well as the fonts, which could be done without sacrificing the tasteful minimalism of the zine. Great interviews with Propagandhi, Know Your Saints and Why I Hate, plus an intelligent book review section along with some thoroughly reviewed LPs by other bands. If the author can retain the length, develop the layout a bit and keep it as classy as punk can get, I want the next one. (SL)
brainstormzine@gmail.com /
www.brainstormzine.bigcartel.com

A CATCHER'S HAND / LOOK AT MY LIFE
#1 / $2 US, $4 World
5.75 x 8.75 – copied – 24 pgs
New split zine created by two pen pals. Adrian (*Look At My Life*) is just entering high school, and Tom (*A Catcher's Hand*) is in his late twenties. Both guys recount how they got into punk, offer a top ten list of things they hate, review a couple records, and tell stories about how much school sucks (or sucked). Tom also wrote a little piece on the importance of older punks communicating with younger ones, and the mere existence of this zine demonstrates why bridging the generation gap is important in our subculture. The layout and writing on both sides is pretty raw and not terribly interesting, but this is a spirited first effort, and hopefully they keep at it. (KM)
adrian.glickman@hotmail.com /
Zombiesoybot@hotmail.com

COMMUNICATING VESSELS #23 / Free (donation)
8.5 x 14 – printed – 40 pgs
In the vast culture of underground zines there are only a handful of zines so remarkable in content and layout that merit a permanent spot on your bookshelf. *Communicating Vessels*, an intellectual anarchist publication that focuses largely on history and philosophy as a medium for understanding our present world, is one of them. This new issue features gorgeous printing by means of offset lithography much like *The Match* (arguably the best anarchist publication in existence), and it's no wonder since the two now share the same tools (*Communicating Vessels* has just relocated to Tucson, home of *The Match*, from Portland). This issue includes, among other things, an excerpt of nineteenth century French anarchist Zo d'Axa's autobiography, some profound thoughts on owls and wisdom, and a reflection on the vanishing qualities of intelligibility and reason in the printed word. I haven't even finished everything by the time of this review as the writing demands you digest it slowly (there're even some thoughts on this in here as well). Highly recommended. (BG)
c/o Anthony Walent / PO Box 2048 /
Tucson, AZ 85702

DEGENERATE #9 / $2 ppd
8 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I truly cannot say enough good things about local (Bay Area) writer Samuel Lefebvre and his extroverted alter ego B. Kruder. They are constant night owls, out looking for bands to interview. The findings are then printed and distributed for various publications. And can you blame them? His succinct writing style is edgy yet tangible for any square, and keeps anyone reading glued to the page. This "execution style" zine is a small collection of those interviews, with record reviews, book reviews and artwork thrown in. In this issue tactful articulate reviews are given to the Diet Cokeheads EP, and the Diet Cokeheads / Neon Blud split 7". A very serious yet admirable review of Alice Bag's new biography is strewn in between an interview with Terrible Feelings, and a dialogue with Matthew Melton of Bare Wires. I have a feeling we are going to be seeing a lot more

writing from Sam/Kruder in the near future. (DJ)
957 63rd St. / Unit P / Oakland, CA / 94608

DEREK NEULAND MAGAZINE #1 / $5 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
Call me a cheap ass but five bucks seems like kind of a lot for any zine, although why not make concessions for things that are especially beautiful or elaborate. This falls somewhere between those two categorical extremes. Equal parts funny, weird, and "what the fuck exactly am I looking at right now." I guess it is a sort of a platonic love letter to a friend moving away. The editor interviews this friend, Derek, in cheeky but revealing ways about his life, his zines, bands on his label, and why he is moving from Buffalo, NY to Portland, OR. It includes his high school diploma, poems and short stories he wrote, tons of photographs, and an involved game of "Would You Rather." The best interviews out there are usually the ones that suck you into that place, you feel as if you are hanging out too, and it doesn't matter if you don't know who the fuck the interviewed person is, you learn something or are inspired or just exposed to something that makes you think or feel. I may have gotten sucked into that feeling of slight betrayal when someone leaves to go to a cooler town (or at least a bigger one) and making a zine about a friend plays with the notion of celebrity or scene status in a way that maybe just shows how much he will be missed when he evacuates the smaller scene for the big city. It comes with a CD-R of one of the interviews all reverbed out and slowed down inlaid into the zine with a sticker of Mr. Neuland's face keeping the little envelope closed. I tried to listen to it but it was way too annoying. Overall this zine is actually funny even if you approach it with a quizzical sense of mystery as to why it exists. (JB)
Patrick / PO Box 893 / Buffalo, NY 14213

EARTH FIRST! Vol. 31, #4 Mabon 2011 / $6.50
8 x 10.5 – printed – 64 pgs
Mabon, for those out of the Wiccan loop, is the Autumnal equinox in some versions of the Wheel of the Year. I don't really know what to say about this long running publication that you already don't know…but just to give some background, it is a forum for environmental activists that is based on submissions of articles, letters, poetry, pictures, and art from its readers that is overseen by an editorial collective and is fueled by volunteers. It's the type of publication I usually try to avoid because it reminds me that we're environmentally fucked and that I'm not doing enough to save our planet, which is the wrong attitude to have. I'm glad I got assigned this to review this month because ignorance does not mean that environmental atrocities are not still being committed. Even just having knowledge of these issues does give power to the environmental justice movement, even if I wasn't at the recent Blair Mountain march in Western Virginia. This is the foremost American journal of ecological resistance and it's their mission statement that there is "no compromise in dense of Mother Earth!" I commend all those who write and are involved with *Earth First*, especially those who give insight as to what we can do on a daily basis to make a difference when we can't make the tree sits in Oregon. The most relevant and important section, I feel, that can really be utilized by everyone in this issue is the "Strategies and Tactics" section that has a good piece on GPS tracking devices and how to get rid of them. If you're interested in current environmental protests, threats to our planet, or the general struggle to save our terra, definitely pick up *Earth First!* (AE)
PO Box 964 / Lake Worth, FL 33460 / www.earthfirstjournal.org

FANZINE MIERDA #7 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 10 pgs – Spanish
It's the newest issue of this punk zine from Barcelona Spain. Ten pages pact with a tour journal about the Shitty Limits, Absurdo, Crosta tour, solid and indepth reviews of a few new releases with a condemnation of lack of availability due to collect mentality in punk, a short piece on the zine authors appreciation of the straightedge Zaragoza band Antidroga and my favorites — a kick ass interview of the new all ladies feminist band Las Otras and an article giving advice to punk bands before they record a record. It's so fundamental, yet often overlooked, that recording can be very daunting you first time and this article gives some really good basics about what to do and what to expect. The author of the zine who records punk bands with a friend, writes the article in an effort to help out first time recording punks and punks who don't have access to recording with other punks or people who understand the music. Good, sincere, well-written zine with love of punk all over it. Recommended! (MB)
nocaos@gmail.com

FILTER #21/ $2
8.5 x 5.4 – copied – 16 pgs
I think these are supposed to be political cartoons. This slim volume contains nothing but single panel jabs at the occupy movement and those that oppose it. I think the point is supposed to be "Everything is dumb and I'm the only person who was smart enough to figure it out." The crude representations of tents, businessmen, and hippies are only entertaining in that it takes some amount of effort to figure out what exactly they are supposed to be. Another point taken away: this zine came with a professional looking press sheet that had the slogan "REMEMBER FOLKS: YOU DON'T HAVE TO HUFF TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!" printed in bold on the bottom. Not only do I disagree in general, I think a tube of glue would improve this magazine tenfold. (EC)
PO Box 345 / Putney, VT 05346

FREAK OUT #3, #4 / Free in person email for info otherwise
17 x 22 – newsprint – 22 pgs – French
I picked these up from Mr. Alex Ratcharge in France, and was very impressed. They are put together by Alex and Julien, and are similar in style to *Nuts!?* zine, without the regional emphasis. Super rad tabloid sized zines for French speaking punkers to keep up with mutant punk destruction, from *Counterfeit Garbage* zine to Crimen de Estado, Pink Reason to Tyvek and Shellshag. There are reviews, interviews, columns, articles, usual punk zine flavor, but with added MSG and PCP so get in on this if your French reading skills are ready for such things! Recommended for the freaks! The art is incredible too... (LG)
freakoutzine@gmail.com

FROZEN DIRT #1 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pgs
At first I was like "ugh, fucking tuff dude posturing writing, waawaa" and was kind of bummed but then noticed I was getting waaayyy excited about every band this kid was writing about (and it's not really my jam, you know?). Basically it's that rare breed of tuff sarcastic writing that is actually witty and really really fucking good. Also in general there's something I really love about pure unabashed record geek outs, not the collector jerk kind but the excited kid kind. The enthusiasm that this kid has for these bands (Cro-Mags and the like) is on par with Bruce Roehrs (RIP) which is not an easy feat, plus it's got a rad layout and some nice drawings. I'd say worth the time even if you're not too interested in "Hawdcoah." (MM)
hitandsmash@gmail.com

KISS OFF #14/ $2 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I have only read one previous copy of *Kiss Off* so I'm no expert but this is a nice little zine. Issue #14 features five short stories that seem to be a snapshot about moving around Toronto pre-G20. Chris details an all too familiar melancholy, which fits my frame of mind at the moment. Ah! The loneliness of constantly be surrounded by amazing

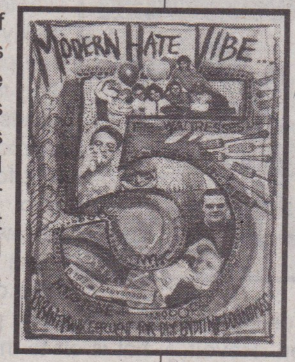
motherfuckers. I feel it too dude. All the awkward interactions at shows, bad haircuts, and tense political dialog you can handle. It's a beautiful black and white pocket sized job with good contrast and clean lines. (EC)

Chris Kiss / 2-1274 Dundas St. W. / Toronto, ON. M6J 1X7 Canada

MAKING WAVES #1 / $7 or free download
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 90 pgs

My copy of this is actually just a printed out download I picked up at a Neonates show, but if you buy this from the website it is an actual book... This is a collaboration between a bunch of rad girl punk history nerds from various parts of the globe. There are interviews with different lady punkers from different eras and regions, including Linder Sterling of Manchester art punx Ludus, who also did all the incredible art for the Buzzcocks amongst others, plus Sharon Cheslow of the mighty Chalk Circle, the women of Liliput, Debsey from Dolly Mixture, Stef Petticoat (if you haven't heard the song "I'm Free" by the Petticoats, and are a fan of unhinged weird girl punk from the early days of DIY, seek it out! She couldn't find people to play with so made her own band, and put out a 7" and a bunch of tapes!). There's an interview with Jeri of the amazing Denver goth punks Your Funeral, and Alice Bag and so much more! Seriously, this is such a cool project, the interviews are great and the cover art is insanely rad, an example of a collective project that ended with a great artifact. Recommended for all the girl punk freaks out there... (LG)

mwzine@gmail.com / mwzine.tumblr.com



MODERN HATE VIBE #5 / $6 US
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs

BB is back with the reason we hired her to write a column for this very magazine you are reading... *Modern Hate Vibe* a classic look back at the end of the world. This issue contains a fan letter to the Waitresses, a DIY history of Hackney, some of Bryony's *MRR* contributions (columns and a Hygiene interview), an interview with Canadian monsters Nü Sensae, a NYHC list for the ages, and a selection of other confounding and delectable writings. Bryony is a great writer, witty, charming, eloquent and hilarious, managing to skewer the one dimensional ideas people may have about ladypunkers in one fell swoop... This is cut n paste reality, reading Bryony's writing makes me proud to be punk and I always look forward to her take on such things. This one features a particularly radikal call out to punk girls to write zines already... Seriously, I concur. 2012, year everyone reading this does their own zine!? OK! Send off for this for reference. (LG)

www.modernhatevibe.com

ORGANIZING COOLS THE PLANET / $6.95
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 68 pgs

How does organizing cool the planet? The authors provide a framework for figuring out how to organize around climate change issues while being aware of environmental justice. As things deteriorate, the negative effects are felt first and strongest by already exploited communities. This pamphlet deals less with actual environmental issues and more with figuring out how, where, and with whom to work—how to best invest your time. This could be overwhelming if it's your first exposure to these ideas, but what the fuck, you gotta start somewhere. I think the intended audience is activists who want to refine and improve their tactics. They look at things they've tried and the benefits and detriments, which resulted. This is a great resource for privileged activists; whatever issue you're agitating around. (JM)

PM Press / PO Box 23912 / Oakland, CA 94623 / www.pmpress.org

OVERDOSING IN REPUBLICAN WORLD #1 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 38 pgs

Self described as an "outsider DIY/outlaw punk journal" with instructions to "read it and weep." Type written and aesthetically pleasing. Focuses on the dark stuff- the underbelly of life and punk. There are writing pieces, band interviews, dissertations on scenes and times, and a lot to be learned and pondered as read. The first "chapter" of sorts is a waiting-for-the-man styled piece by the author that takes one from the distant memories of drinking cough syrup as a youth to a psychic breakdown that results in conversations with God — real or fancied. This is followed by other real solid pieces on Soviet film history, Mugtoe's suburban Dallas memories of punk and Bobby Soxx as seen through black outs circa 1980, a reprinted interview with Hungary's political art group Inconnu from *MRR* circa 1988, an interview with Soren Roi of Brooklyn's post-punk Rosenkopt, a piece on Kenosha, Wisconsin's band 10-96, and reviews of recent and solid punk records like Condominium's *Warm Home* and Deathly Fighter's *Completely Dusted* among a bunch of other records worthy of these pages. The most fascinating part of this zine to me is the history synopsis on the time when the Soviet city Svetlogorsk was the HIV capital of the world due to naive blood swapping during a rampant IV heroin boom and what caused these hopeless youths in a desperate region to live and die by the needle. There was also an increase in syphillis and other STDs at this time, but among this bleak setting brought the art of Babangida which our author states, "seems to update the work that Siberian punks Grazhdanskaya Oborona had done a generation earlier." Let's wait with baited breath for issue #2. "The underground cannot be bought."—Babangida. (AE)

308 Clinton Street Columbus / OH 43202

PARTISAN CAMP PRESS #1 & 2 / $5, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 & 36 pgs

The cover is a wookie with a bandolier and circle-a armband—yes, it is from University of Oregon, Eugene. The price they're asking goes to their Anarchist Black Cross prisoner support group. The first issue reprints Vaneigem, et al, on the Paris Commune of 1871. I didn't know anything about this and found it a good introduction. Another good piece is by Rob Los Ricos, on forgotten rebellions in US history. There also is some critical theory stuff I can't really get with—"[d]o we... progress toward liberation from number's determinism or abandon the post-modern model for immediate re-wilding...." I find this verbiage extraneous. The second issue reprints the first chapter of Angela Davis's *Are Prisons Obsolete?* and Rob Los Ricos has another worthwhile article. I wasn't as excited for more crit theory or the New Age ramblings of Paul Watson—human-caused extinction being "blasphemy against the divine" in his worldview, etc. I found these issues to be a mixed bag. (JM)

Eugene ABC / Suite #1 E.M.U. / U of O, Eugene, OR 97403

PUNKS! PUNKS! PUNKS! #5 / $2?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs

I am not sure on the price of this masterwork, as it was handed to an *MRR* operative at a show, so email and ask. *Punks! Punks! Punks!* is a classic HC zine, cut and paste, up all night style, coming at you from the suburbs with relentless force. The interviews are with Noose, Peace and Needles, and Henry Rollins also drops some serious insight into what will solve whatever crisis currently keeping you awake at night. Hardcore for the hardcore? There are reviews too, and even a newsletter inserted into the zine featuring an extra show review,

plus a letters section and a Valley punk scene report. The thing that keeps the kids clawing for more, of course, is the always-evolving punk points section; No Statik managed to make a 950 point climb from last issue, and are still at the top of the punk point chart. Germ Attack remain at the bottom, technical problems at a show reviewed in the last issue has proven to be the concrete boots that will possibly keep them there. This zine is ridiculous and hilarious, suburban hardcore youth will have their say and will make you spit your coffee out in the process of doing so. I found the reviews more entertaining than the interviews, which were sort of bro-mosh orientated, (minus Needles, who seemed bewildered post-show through out their interview), when the reviews are better than the interviews you know you are onto something, huh!? (LG)
punkspunkspunkszine@gmail.com

RAZORCAKE #64 / $4
8 x 10.5 – printed – 112 pgs
First off, a huge congratulation to *Razorcake* as this issue marks their 10th anniversary! That's quite a feat considering the state of the printed word and the fact that our idiot population doesn't read that much anymore. I've drooled over the LA-based magazine in this review section many times in the past, and rightly so as each issue is chock full of solid interviews, highly enjoyable columns, and of course a ton of record and zine reviews. To me they're like our sister magazine—we both come from the same family and have similarities, but we're likewise distinct and unique entities. This issue features James Arthur (of Necessary Evils fame), Street Eaters, Gateway District, and a cool article comparing soccer, punk and certain types of books to the fight against corporate-controlled consumer markets. And like all issues, there are a bunch of comics, illustrations, and photos throughout. If you dig good punk magazines—and let's face it, there aren't that many—you owe it to yourself to check out *Razorcake*. (BG)
PO Box 42129 / LA, CA 90042 /
www.razorcake.org

THE STOWAWAYS #3 / $? ppd /
8.5 X 11 – copied – 10 pgs
This is a very short music zine featuring interviews with Loughton and Summer Vacation plus a handful of album reviews. The interviews suffer a bit from a disorienting layout, but the Loughton interview is particularly funny. It reads like a half-baked discussion of food and music between a group of witty high-schoolers. The Summer Vacation interview could use some heavy editing, most of the discussion is borderline useless and not particularly compelling, but at one quarter of the length it wouldn't be such a bore. The record reviews are earnest, but lackluster. If the best parts of this zine were isolated, they would probably fill about four pages, and it would be a great start. (SL)
5082 Wendover Rd / Yorba Linda CA / 92886 / romancandlesmusic@gmail.com

THE SWINGKID FANZINE #4 / $?
8 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This is the first truly DIY international encompassing fanzine I have seen in a long time. The author is from Berlin and was trying to make this a split zine with a woman from Russia. That never happened so after years of this being unfinished, the final product has been released. Interviews are included, with bands Gestammelorchester from Berlin and King Ly Chee from Hong Kong. A short punk scene from Nepal is juxtaposed nicely alongside an essay on censorship during the Iranian Green Revolt. Another great essay in this zine is about Taqwacore and HC punk bands from Islamic countries, which also lists several bands from several countries. Did I mention that this also comes with a homemade mix CD? The author painstakingly put together a mix called "We share the same world" with bands from literally all over the world. All in all nicely done Gunter! (DJ)
Gunter Meinhardt / Niederbarnimstr 12 / 10247 / Berlin / Germany / kamillentee.waldesruh@web.de

making WAVES
issue 1
featuring
Jeri Cain Rossi
DEBSEY WYKES
Veronica Ortuño
STEF PETTICOAT
Linder Sterling
Sharon Cheslow
LILIPUT
Alice Bag
Plus More

TASTE MAKER #1 / $5 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 38 pgs
A brand spanking new zine brought to you by Matt Average, with some help from Florida punk mainstay Bob Suren. The layout is concise, easy to navigate, and reminds me of *Flipside* in a lot of ways. If this premier issue is a sampling of what's forthcoming, the main focus of *Taste Maker* will be interviews. Aside from solid columns from the two aforementioned gentlemen (Bob's is slightly superior; he talks about different ways the punk scene has actually improved over the years), and a section called "Ephemera" featuring a bunch of live photos and set lists from various bands, the rest of the pages are devoted to interviews. If you're like me, and find most interviews to be more effective than Ambien in helping you fall asleep, you'll be happy to know that these discussions are not boring. The questions are generally short and direct, but also allow room for the interviewees to expound their views on various topics. As for who the interviewees actually are, we have: Glass Candy, Gary Panter, the Secret Society of The Sonic Six, Timebombs, and Total Abuse. An excellent debut overall, and if the teaser for issue #2 on the last page is any indicator, you're going to want to keep tabs on this zine. (KM)
tastemakerfanzine.blogspot.com

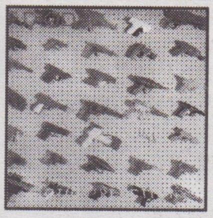
TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #235 / ?2.5
5.5 x 8.5 ? printed ? 30 pgs – Finnish
This fanzine is from Finland and not in English. Probably Finnish, but I hear (from Wikipedia) that people over there also speak Swedish so it might be that. Whatever the case, it is a pretty slickly done publication. The paper and printing is much higher quality than the rag you're holding in your hands right now and the image reproduction is excellent. The content follows the *MRR* fanzine style with columns, interviews, and reviews, with some news and art in there too. Obviously, people work hard on this thing and if there were 234 of these put out before this issue, my hat is off to them. It looks like a killer zine, wish I could read it! (BL)
PO Box 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #107/108 / $3.25
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
This is the 19th anniversary issue for this long running and reliably solid fanzine out of Columbia, Missouri. I'm not exactly a kid and I was in seventh grade when Boone, the creator and pilot of the project, put the first one out. There are a ton of show reviews in this thing. Seriously, if I had to go to as many folk punk shows as are reviewed here, I would strangle some crust fund kid with a mandolin string. There are lots of punk styles covered in here and I like the scene-in-a-nutshell method of reporting that the writing takes. There are interviews with Lemuria and the Thermals and a bunch of photos and writing about the Occupy movement. I have really gotten to like Boone's writing style and whenever the topic strays into a more political arena, I'm impressed by the insight displayed in connecting disparate events into an overarching narrative. A good read all around. (BL)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444

TURBO ZINE, MEMPHIS EDITION #3 / $?
8.5 x 5 – copied – 14 pgs
Goofy in a way I like. This is basically an overview of Memphis, with everything from band interviews to a multiple-choice questionnaire to a mad libs. There's probably a bunch of inside jokes I'm not catching, it's that kind of deal. Yeah, goofy. (MM)
no info

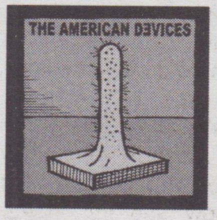
BONGO BEAT RECORDS

Your Host : Ralph Alfonso (1977)



Their 3rd studio album (1980) finally on CD. Includes "Catwalker" & **6 bonus tracks**. New full liner notes and repro of original front & back. **Completely remastered.**

THE DIODES: ACTION/REACTION



Rare compilation CD is now available again. Includes "Suck My Rocks", **liner notes + family tree of Montreal punk 1977-2006. All the original recordings 1980-2004.**

THE AMERICAN DEVICES

tired of waking up tired

1977 punk pioneers hit the airwaves with "Red Rubber Ball," "Tired of Waking Up Tired" and more. **All their 77-79 recordings plus unreleased tracks.** Lots of liner notes and pictures.

THE DIODES: TIRED OF WAKING UP TIRED

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PLUNT, ***Plunt***
Montreal pop punk. Girl drummer/lead singer.
Kevin Komoda on guitar.

SKINJOBS, ***Burn Your Rainbow***
Queer punk trio from Vancouver.
Lead singer Kim Kinakin (Sparkmarker)

RALPH, ***Sophisticated Boom Boom***
A wild ride through punk, garage rock & jazz
Diodes manager & writer Ralph Alfonso

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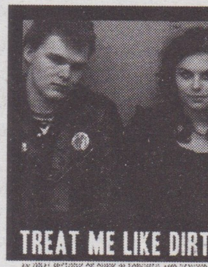

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